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THE
MICROCOSM.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

“ Great events often arise from trifling incidents. A point of
“ etiquette will sometimes involve a nation in war.”

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London :

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY
1801.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury-square.



249. S. 224.



DEDICATION.

THE effusion of a heart fraught with gratitude, is ever liable to be mistaken for flattery, and an acknowledgment of obligation, if accompanied by only just praise, deemed the language of adulation. But if to the character of a Senator, whose independent conduct, through a series of years, has evinced his being superior to the acceptance of Place, Pension, or titles, be added that of a private gentleman, whose tenants are permitted to live in ease and comfort, while those of too many possessors of large landed property, are daily raised to almost rack-rents, it will surely be beyond the power of even the ingenious passions of envy and malice, to torture the due attribution into

a principle unworthy the acceptance of conscious rectitude: yet, apprehensive of offending by any semblance of flattery, the author will forbear to express more particular sentiments, and will only, in simple language, make an offering (the acceptance of which will increase a list of unreturnable obligations) of the ensuing pages, written under various disadvantages, with little more to recommend them than an intention not reprehensible,

TO

SIR EDWARD LITTLETON, BART.

ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES

OF THE COUNTY OF

STAFFORD.

PREFATORY

PREFATORY LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO THE

REV. WILLIAM JOHNSTONE.

SIR,

THE obligation under which I think myself for your friendly advice, makes me determine upon answering your letter in this public manner, that I may at once offer you my thanks, and spare myself a formal preface, as the reply which your letter demands, will include all I can say upon the subject.

You first ask me why, as you are pleased to say, I have a turn for more serious composition, I chuse to employ my time in writing a novel which requires greater labor than simple moral essays; because invention must be added to a display of moral truths.

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To say I make emolument a subordinate consideration, would be absurd, and likewise discredited; but this, whether or not I am believed, I can assert with the strictest truth—that whatever might be my primary motive for rendering myself liable to public censure, one of the greatest pleasures the employ affords me, is to describe in glowing tints the beauty and pre-eminence of the Christian system in its primitive attire; with the happiness which ever results from habitual sentiments of true piety; and were I to make this attempt in theological language, and under a theological title, my efforts would probably be fruitless; the number of tracts from the pens of professed Divines, would throw my puny labors into obscurity. When the writings of Doctors; of Deans, and of Bishops are daily advertised, who would condescend to be instructed in superior duties, however excellent the precepts, by an humbler author? I wish to write to the *hearts* of my readers. I wish to draw the ductile mind to *be in love*

love with rectitude, and the design of conveying instruction; reproof; encouragement—of ridiculing folly, originating from, or ending in vice—of shewing virtue in her native beauty and inviting or rather alluring others into her paths, has ever been most successfully pursued by those who have had genius and ability to exemplify precepts in an interesting and well told story. The fabrications of our Fielding; Richardson; Sterne; Smollet: Hawkesworth; Goldsmith; Johnson, &c. have ever been esteemed amongst the first of English productions, even by those who affect to condemn this species of writing. And has not Spain boasted of her Cervantes?—France of Moliere; Le Sage; Fenelon; Rousseau; Voltaire?—Greece, of Homer? And Italy, of Virgil? Yet did not every one of these delight in fiction? Were not their most choice sentiments and important precepts delivered in the words of an imaginary hero? Even Milton chose the drapery of romance for his sublimest ideas. Story or

fable has been adopted from the earliest ages of the world, by the most pious, as well as most learned men that ever ornamented its surface. What but fables, are the inimitably simple parables in the Gospel? What but allegory, the Song of Solomon? And what the whole Book of Job, (written probably by Moses) but the finest of all novels that ever was composed? Indeed, there can scarce be named a writer of any celebrity, who has not, at one time or another, employed his pen (either in prose or verse) in something of the novel species, and yet the critics of the present age, too light, perhaps to form an opinion of their own, adopt (in words) the dry sentiments of the last century (which affected to set amusement at defiance), in expectation of acquiring thereby a reputation for that profound wisdom which, if really possessed, would but serve to render them unamiable companions, and unimproving instructors; for can it be supposed that the gayety of a juvenile mind will so readily acquire a relish for the information

tion

tion which reading affords, if it must be always confined to the moroseness of dictatorial teachers, as if it were sometimes indulged with a permission to stray in the flowery paths of instructive imagery? Certainly not; nor will dry dictates alone produce so good an effect; for to young people “example is better than precept;” for which reason it ought to be as much the endeavour of a writer to deform vice as to ornament virtue; a consideration seldom sufficiently attended to.

You will not mistake my meaning by supposing that I approve of an attachment to these kind of writings, without distinction. Novels whose tendency is to render any vice, however fashionable, enticing to a youthful eye, or which leads the puerile heart to entertain romantic ideas, ought to be reprobated in the severest language; but those which draw the mind to love, and to practise not only the gentle, but severer virtues; to shun every vicious principle, and in one sentence, to make genuine piety the

A 5 foundation

foundation of every action, cannot be condemned but by the pedant or the cynic—by an affectation of wisdom, or morose unamiable virtue—which last phrase, however, is, in my opinion, a direct contradiction in terms.

What kind of writings, let me ask, would you have the young people of this age advised to peruse? History? Travels? Poetry? or Plays? Does not the same objection lie against these as against novels? Is there not good and bad of *every* species? Does *all* history inform the mind and improve the heart? Will the account of every traveller open the understanding and elevate the sentiments of his readers? A taste for drama must still less be indiscriminately indulged, as the best and the worst of precepts are delivered in a dramatic form. And what more corrupting than some of the poetry which shines in superb covers on the shelves of our libraries?

You will perhaps say that a proper selection ought to be made of these publications. *And cannot this, with equal propriety be*
said

said. of novels? Why, except from what may be termed vulgar prejudice, should any one species of composition be condemned *in toto*? If you urge that young people ought to be confined to moral essays, and works of mere instruction, I must again ask whether this will be effectual to the design of alluring the juvenile reader to the love of study. Surely no: a young mind must be invited, not driven, to a fondness of improvement, and after the habit be formed, a relish for books more profound will be acquired. To this point I speak from close observation and experimental knowledge.

You have read *Studies of Nature*, written by James Henry Bernardine de St. Pierre, and you subscribe to the warmest elogium that can be given to the author. Yet even this great man, whose writings no one can attentively peruse without experiencing an elevation of sentiment, did not think it derogatory to his dignity to insert the novel [for such, whether the story was or was not founded in truth, it must be entitled]

titled] of Paul and Virginia, which exemplifies many of his precepts.

Some time back I met with the production entitled "Pompey the Little," with the preface to which I was much pleased, because my own sentiments, formed long before I read that work, were there presented. Fearless of the accusation of plagiarism, of which I am totally unconscious, and which is often unjustly attributed to many writers whose imagery and idiom are similar to that of some author, to whose writings they were utter strangers, I will transcribe some passages from the work above-mentioned, although the sense of some part of it is exactly what I have attempted to express: perhaps the better choice of words will more clearly elucidate that sense; at least it will evince that my opinions are not singular, and will give some authority, as the author of that publication was no mean genius, to my sentiments.

" To convey instruction in a pleasant
" manner, and mix entertainment with it;
" *is certainly* a commendable undertaking,
" perhaps

“ perhaps more likely to be attended with
“ success than graver precepts.

“ Can one help wondering therefore at
“ the contempt with which some people
“ affect to talk of this sort of composition ?
“ They seem to think it degrades the dig-
“ nity of their understandings to be found
“ with a novel in their hands, and take
“ great pains to let you know that they
“ never read them. They are people of
“ too great importance, it seems, to mis-
“ spend their time in so idle a manner,
“ and much too wise to be amused.

“ Now though many reasons may be
“ given for this ridiculous and affected dis-
“ dain, I believe a very principal one, is
“ the pride and pedantry of learned men,
“ who are willing to monopolize reading
“ to themselves, and therefore fastidiously
“ decry all books that are on a level with
“ common understandings, as empty, tri-
“ fling and impertinent.

“ Thus the grave metaphysician for
“ example, after working nights and days
“ *perhaps for several years*, sends forth :

“ V

“ last a profound treatise, where A and B
“ seem to contain some very deep mysteri-
“ ous meaning; grows indignant to think
“ that every little paltry scribbler, who
“ paints only the characters of the age, the
“ manners of the times, and the working
“ of the passions, should presume to equal
“ him in glory.

“ The politician too, who shakes his
“ head in coffee-houses, and produces now
“ and then, from his fund of observations,
“ a grave, sober, political pamphlet on the
“ good of the nation; looks down with
“ contempt on all such idle compositions,
“ as lives and romances, which contain no
“ strokes of satire at the ministry, no un-
“ mannerly reflections upon Hanover, nor
“ anything concerning the balance of
“ power on the Continent. These gentle-
“ men and their readers join all to a man
“ to depreciate works of humor: or if ever
“ they vouchsafe to speak in their praise,
“ their commendation never rises higher
“ than, “ Yes, ’tis well enough for such a
“ *sort of thing*,” after which the grave
“ observer

“ observator retires to his news-paper, and
 “ there, according to the general estimation,
 “ employs his time *to the best advantage*.
 “ *vantage.*

“ But beside these, there is another set,
 “ who never read any modern books at all.
 “ They, wise men, are so deep in the
 “ learned languages, that they can pay no
 “ regard to what has been published within
 “ these last thousand years. The world is
 “ grown old ; mens geniusses are degenerated ;
 “ the writers of this age are too
 “ contemptible for their notice, and they
 “ have no hopes of any better to succeed
 “ them. Yet these gentlemen of profound
 “ erudition will contentedly read any trash
 “ that is disguised in a learned language,
 “ and the worst ribaldry of Aristophanes,
 “ shall be critiqued and commented upon
 “ by men, who turn up their noses at
 “ *Gulliver, or Joseph Andrews.*

“ But if this contempt for books of
 “ amusement be carried a little too far, as
 “ I suspect it is, even among men of science
 “ *and learning, what shall be said to some*

“ of the greatest triflers of the times, who
“ affect to talk the same language? These
“ surely have no right to express any dis-
“ dain of what is at least equal to their
“ understandings. Scholars and men of
“ learning have a reason to give; their ap-
“ plication to severe studies may have des-
“ troyed their relish for works of a lighter
“ cast, and consequently it cannot be ex-
“ pected they should approve what they do
“ not understand. But for beaux, rakes,
“ petit-maitres and fine ladies, whose lives
“ are spent in doing the things which
“ novels record, I do not see why they
“ should be indulged in affecting a con-
“ tempt for them. People, whose most
“ earnest business it is to dress and play at
“ cards, are not so importantly employed,
“ but that they may find leisure now and
“ then to read a novel. Yet these are as
“ forward as any to despise them; and I
“ once heard a very fine lady condemning
“ some highly finished conversations in
“ one of *Mr. Fielding's* works for this curi-
“ ous reason—“ because,” said she, “ it
“ is

“ is such sort of stuff as passes every day
“ between me and my own maid.”

Speaking farther respecting the writings of the gentleman last mentioned, he adds—

“ They are, I think, worthy the attention
“ of the greatest and wisest men, and if
“ anybody is ashamed of reading them, or
“ can read them without entertainment or
“ instruction, I heartily pity their under-
“ standings. The late editor of Mr. Pope’s
“ works, in a very ingenious note, wherein
“ he traces the progress of romance-writing,
“ justly observes, that this species of com-
“ position is now brought to perfection by
“ Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr.
“ Fielding in England.”

Will what I have written above, be deemed a sufficient reply to the letter with which you favored me upon the subject of composition? If it will not, I must leave it unanswered, only acknowledging that I have in considerable forwardness several pieces of the species of writing you wish me to attempt—some moral; some dramatic, and *some more peculiarly religious,*

bu

but as I only write at intervals of time, I cannot fix any probable period for their completion.

It was suggested to me, upon the appearance of my former publication, that I was obliged to the pen of a friend for many of its parts ; but this, whether criticism “ severe, or mild,” awaits me, I think it equitable to contradict ; and to affirm that neither in this, nor in any other production, did I ever consciously introduce a line which owed its origin to another, except what I acknowledged by quotation.

“ Faded ideas float in the fancy like half forgotten dreams ; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.”

That I have frequently experienced this perplexity, I am forward to declare, as no piece of criticism would more sensibly affect me than that of being accused with endeavoring to pass off as my own the original sentiments of another ; for which reason I have marked with inverted commas

many

many passages in the ensuing pages, which I believe had never any other author, because their familiarity raised an apprehension that it was possible I had met with them at some former period ; and indeed I have frequently found my own ideas, and almost my own expressions, in writers I had never previously perused, which, though it created some surprise at the moment, is not, duly considered, a circumstance to be wondered at, as it is not improbable that two people unacquainted with each other should think and speak upon the same subject with similitude.

It was not till I had written a great part of the work with which I intend this letter shall appear, that I ever read one line in any of the writings of the author of *Cecilia*, *Evelina*, &c. yet I found many passages in them which might induce little critics to pronounce my having filched from these publications ; but little critics are most heartily to be despised, as a word, or even a letter misplaced, appears to them a fault of magnitude. *Real genius*—a phrase very
little

little understood—admires what they condemn; being experimentally convinced that a lively imagination cannot always be confined within the bounds of what dull people call strict propriety.

It is a misfortune to me, perhaps : greater to my readers, that I never am able to transcribe what I have written. My first copy has always been my last. Could I write over again the following volumes I should probably make great alterations in them; but the task would be extreme indeed not practicable. The work must be sent into the world, if sent at all, “with all its faults upon its head.” When I began, it was not my intention to carry it to more than half the length to which it has almost unavoidably been extended. The story is copious, and I could not compress it without either crowding the incidents, or relating, uninterruptedly, the simple matters of fact which lead to the final event. The first part of the work may be deemed uninteresting, but it is a *necessary hinge* for the rest to turn upon.

and without a full elucidation of the primary cause, the effect would appear improbable and extravagant.

I have been under no little perplexity respecting a title to the following pages, having fixed upon several which I was subsequently informed were monopolized.

The World as it is, &c.

A Picture of Life—were discarded upon this account; and after I determined upon **THE MICROCOSM**, I was told of its having been applied to a periodical paper lately published; but by the advice of a friend, who observed that a periodical paper was so distinguishable from a novel, that the same title, without any apprehension of mistake, might be applied to both, I still determined upon its adoption.

When I answered your first letter of enquiry, it was as I informed you, my intention to publish by private subscription, but being desirous of sending the volumes to the press sooner than it was possible I could more completely effect my purpose, I determined to *avail myself* of the favor of
a select



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CHAP.

Early in life, Mr. Spencer married the sole daughter and heiress of Mr. Charlton : a man who had acquired an immense fortune (report said upwards of half a million) in the capacity of a Turkey merchant, and who, being ambitious of an alliance with gentility, objected not to the smallness of Mr. Spencer's fortune, but admitted him cheerfully as a son-in-law. On his union with Letitia Charlton, who possessed and returned his entire affection, Mr. Spencer relinquished his intention of entering into public life.

In a few years Mr. Charlton, to his great joy, found himself grandfather to several lovely boys and girls; but none of them arrived to maturity, except one son and a daughter, who, in process of time were married—the first to a Miss Hatley, the other to her brother, Sir Everard.

Young Mrs. Spencer and the Baronet's Lady were, for a short period, very good friends, and met once in a week at either the Shrubby, which was the name of Mr.

Spencer's

Spencer's habitation, or at the more magnificent abode of Mr. Charlton, called the Aviary; but signs of animosity soon began to disturb the harmony of these nearly related families. Lady Hatley thought herself of too much increased consequence to give place, as in these family meetings it seemed expected that she should, to the wife of her brother, with whom she remonstrated, in very warm terms, on this unreasonable requisition of Mr. Charlton, as it was he, who with great solemnity, settled the precedence of the party. But as the harmony, so the animosity amongst these relations was short, for in two years after these marriages, an epidemic fever, which raged in all the neighbouring towns and villages, made such havock amongst Mr. Charlton's progeny, that Mr. Spencer, at the early age of forty-seven, found himself the only protector of a grandson and two grand-daughters; the first left to his care by his son, the two last by the lady of the Baronet. Edward, was the name of the little Spencer;

Matilda and Eleanor of the Misses Hatley. Mr. Charlton, indeed, was still living, but he was too infirm to ease Mr. Spencer of any part of the care which devolved upon him on this deprivation of his lady and children.

And this is the period at which our history—to ornament our work with the language of Mr. Fielding—chuses to commence.

And now reader let us stop in our career—or rather before we set out—to tell thee our determination.

We do not intend to write in direct imitation of any late or living authors; nevertheless we shall take the liberty of using the style—adopting the sense—and even transcribing the language of any of them which please us, whenever we find ourselves disposed so to do; and that, perhaps, without always stopping—as we shall, probably, be sometimes in great haste—to mark as quotations what we borrow. However as we do not mean to be guilty of deliberate plagiarism;
or

or wish to pass off as our own, even the *ideas* of another, we warn our perusers to expect to find what, perhaps, they may have met with in the works of some writer of greater consequence; desiring them to allow us what merit we deserve for the selection, without crying out, as we know some certain pretty little critics—by punsters not unaptly termed *crickets*—do, when they meet with such expressions as—*Shady groves—purling streams—verdant meads, &c.* that they are *quotations*, and ought to have been *acknowledged* as such. We would have these lispers—these infant chirpers to understand, that we have an idea of being elevated above the reach of their squeaking tones; that we mean to write just as we please; leaving it to their option whether or not to spend any portion of their time in *skimming* the surface of our pages; that being what they generally do to works of still greater importance.

With regard to the judicious—though we do not mean to make ourselves account-

able to any one—we should be unwilling to draw upon ourselves their severity for want of a little proper explanation, for which reason we inform them that we have in our lives perused many thousands of pages, and that we have so insensibly imbibed, from early years, the *images* of their authors, especially of those which most pleased us, that, to borrow the sense of one of our favourites, we cannot always separate our own native ideas from those which have been so imbibed.

We next declare that as we are creating a world of our own, we shall constitute what laws we please: and as those who come under our jurisdiction, will come voluntarily, and may at any time shake off their allegiance, we do not expect they will pretend to intermeddle—nor to censure, (except under this great proviso, that they can likewise AMEND) any thing which they may encounter within these our realms.

We are not, let it be observed, friends to unlimited monarchy: as, notwithstanding

we.

we consider ourselves the head of the government, we intend to be assisted, and even ruled, by Common Sense—Probability—Good humour, &c. &c. if we can prevail with these exalted personages to attend our levee : but as our intended counsellors may possibly be sometimes absent on other business, we hope—nay command—that a little cessation of their ministry may be overlooked.

Having thus cleared ourselves from intentional despotism, we shall next exculpate ourselves from all designs of forming a Commonwealth ; disallowing—as before disallowed—of every fancied-consequential upstart's presuming to censure, or even to applaud the work upon which we are entered ; as their approbation, given in the phrase of its being "*Mighty pretty*," we hold a greater libel than an open confession of its not suiting their understanding.

And now to give an instance of our authority, we enact a law that it shall not be

said every person can *read* who knows the sound of the words before him, because it may happen there shall be some who can even trace all languages to their origin, yet be quite invulnerable to the sense which an author of any refinement wishes to convey. Sentiment, it seems, is not now *in fashion*. The effect of Mr. Sheridan's School for Scandal has been to *explode* sentiment, though it was evidently the intention of that elegant writer to reprobate only the assumption of it, as a veil to hide a villainous mind. The surface-skinners of the present day, are happy in their mistake of his meaning, as they can thus take occasion to deery those sentiments in others for which, not having any in themselves, they have no relish. They know not how to distinguish buffoonery from wit, or dullness from wisdom; but pleased with an incongruous heap of phrases, which raise a laugh, and perhaps a blush, exclaim with Squire Tony Lumkin, they "*loves fun*." Fun, therefore, is the commodity in high sale:

sale : but we warn all those, who for the fun in fashion barter their understandings, not to sully these our pages ; at their peril we warn them ; because if they expect to find any thing in them in their own way, we have the vanity to presume that they will be greatly disappointed.

Another declaration, not to be receded from—is this, that we shall use our own language ; coining what words or phrases we judge proper, without considering ourselves amenable to any dictionary student whatever ; whether miss or master.

A third, and at present the last proclamation from our throne, is, that we shall assume, at pleasure, in imitation of other Sovereigns, the singular or the plural language ; and shall likewise show ourselves as either King or Queen, as suits the occasional dignity or delicacy of our sense and sentiments ; using, as we shall deem meet, I or WE, when we speak ; MADAM—SIR— or some word expressive of the union, if it should happen that we are disposed to re-

relate our having been addressed. And we decree that this dissertation shall, to all intents and purposes, serve as a preface, though we suppose, notwithstanding all we have been enforcing, we shall immediately be taxed with a base and premeditated imitation of our great ancestor Laurence Sterne: but we declare upon the word of Royalty, that the idea never arose in our mind till we were far advanced towards a conclusion.

And now, that we may give a little rest to ourselves, and to our well-beloved and devoted subjects, we here make our first section.

CHAP. II.

The Story moves, yet does not begin.

THE education of his grandchildren, was now Mr. Spencer's great concern. He wished to make them *good*, as well

well as *ornamental*, members of society ; being tinged with such obsolete opinions as to think that a gallant air in his boy, and a fashionable one in his girls, would not entirely compensate for the absence either of morality or religion: a trait in this excellent man's character which (if the truth that we are determined to observe, would permit) we should be glad to pass over, as we well know it will be apt to render him ridiculous.

"A fine preceptor for girls of distinction!" cries the lovely Florinda.

"A queer *Put* to form a lad of spirit!" exclaims with the added ornament of an oath, her favoured swain. "What a Gothic appearance must creatures so tutored, cut in fashionable life!"

But notwithstanding many of these sarcasms, and a great deal of contrary advice, Mr. Spencer persisted in his resolution of not permitting his grandchildren to go to any public seminary. He provided tutors for

for every branch of education, and had the happiness of seeing all the objects of his paternal wishes answer his expectation, in the proficiency they made under their respective instructors.

To lead our readers through the puerile joys and distresses of these our young people, would be tedious and unnecessary : suffice it the little Edward Spencer was esteemed one of the bravest and best humoured lads in the country, and Matilda Hatley one of the prettiest, sprightliest, and most agreeable amongst the girls. Eleanor was of a disposition different from both her sister and her cousin ; for as these were open, artless, and generous ; she was secret, cunning, and selfish ; but her person was attractive, and veiled from common observers the errors in her mind. Her eyes were black and piercing, her features regular, and the bloom of health animated her cheeks.

Matilda Hatley was of a fair complexion.

Her

Her fine blue eyes were expressive of the sweetest sensibility ; and the most obliging intention was visible in her actions.

When Edward, to whom no higher praise could be given than that of his bearing a strong resemblance to his grandfather, was just turned twelve, Matilda about two months younger, and Eleanor near eleven, Mr. Charlton left these lower regions after an illness of a few weeks, during which period he made a will, in some parts tinged with symptoms of a second childhood ; but it was too rational to be invalidated. . . Mr. Charlton constituted Mr. Spencer sole executor, and gave him all his possessions till the young people should respectively arrive at age, when they were to be paid ten thousand pounds each ; and if they married with Mr. Spencer's consent, given in writing, according to a prescribed form, the first born child of the three, whether son or daughter, living to the age of twenty-one, should be put in possession of the noble estate called the Aviary, upon which

which Mr. Charlton made it a condition that Mr. Spencer should reside till the event above mentioned, should it take place during the remaining term of his existence, that the mansion and grounds might be kept in perfect order; and for this purpose he bequeathed a very handsome annual sum to be expended at Mr. Spencer's discretion. It must be allowed that this magnificent as well as beautiful habitation, upon which it is proper to observe, the little selfish Eleanor had long since cast a wishing eye, well merited this consideration, as imagination cannot form any thing to exceed it in elegance.

Mr. Charlton, with great ingenuity, had a singular relish for improvements, and not thinking his own taste equal to his designs, procured some of the first artists of the age to embellish the Aviary, and spared no expence through a series of years to render it the admiration of all who beheld it.— That he succeeded in the accomplishment of his favorite scheme will be evinced in
the

the ensuing chapter, in which we propose to give some description of his house and gardens. To the possession of these he annexed a contiguous estate of twelve thousand pounds per annum; and he left the residue of his property (in case of failure of descendants) to be disposed of according to the judgment of Mr. Spencer, for whom he had always a great affection, and whose family name he so much preferred to his own, that he directed it by a clause in his will to be assumed by the possessor of the estate, (which likewise was to be entitled Spencer Aviary) for four succeeding generations, on the contingency of its descending to the female branches of the family.

Many whimsical particulars in Mr. Charlton's will might be diverting to such as can sport with the infirmities of old age; but we have too great a veneration for those who arrive at that period, to ridicule their foibles; though possibly some of our fashionable perusers might think they would produce *good fun*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Spencer Aviary.

THE mansion so much and justly the pride of Mr. Charlton's latter days, was composed of a very fine kind of stone, from a new found quarry upon his own estate, which was so beautifully veined that it had more the appearance of marble than of any other material. Of the form of the building we find it difficult to give any adequate idea, as though its structure, when examined, was found to be perfectly consistent, it appeared, at a first view to be a beautiful irregular piece of architecture; indeed, with the chapel, pavillions, temples, grottoes, alcoves, and numerous offices detached from the house, a traveller passing the park-pale, would have imagined it to be a little town, rather than a habitation for one family; even the very stable-yards were encompassed by walls that wore the

the appearance of handsome dwelling-houses, but not in that unvaried straight-line-form which generally distinguishes the offices belonging to the country seats of English gentlemen. The yards to the other offices and out-buildings were enclosed in the same manner; forming crescents, squares, half-squares, and rotundoes, several parts of the fabric were finished with domes; two or three with spires; and the walls either parapetted or turretted. In one of the apparent temples was a very harmonious set of ten bells, moved by clock-work, and which, though they rang a peal periodically, could occasionally be put in motion with very little trouble: but what particularly engaged the attention of the curious, was a detached building of considerable magnitude in the form of an ancient castle, the walls of which were entirely covered with the beautiful pink-and-silver cone cockle-shells that adorn the Suffolk shore near Baudsey Ferry. It is impossible to imagine any thing more elegant than

this

this edifice, the rooms of which were formed for various amusements: one wing was magnificently finished for dancing, and a neat little theatre filled the other; while the centre was adapted to the more common purposes of life.

The mansion house of Spencer Aviary was superb to an extreme degree. Every room was furnished in the highest style of magnificence, and nothing could exceed the convenience of the apartments, which were so numerous that though there was an agreeable connection through the whole, two or three distinct families might have lived in the house without incommoding each other. In short, if ever any structure merited the appellation of a palace, on account of its spaciousness, beauty, or grandeur; that of Spencer Aviary had a just title to the distinction.

CHAP. IV.

*A Ramble through Gardens, Groves, and
Pleasure-grounds.*

IN our last, we treated of the edifice, or, more properly, of the various edifices which composed the residence of Mr. Charlton, and to which, as has been intimated, the young mind of Eleanor Hatley had already directed her wishes, though she did not then know the conditions annexed to the possession of the Aviary estate.

It would give us great pleasure, because we are sure it would please our friends, could we convey an adequate idea of the enchanting grounds by which the stately structure we have been describing, was surrounded; but we confess ourselves unequal to the task, as the beauty of the place far surpassed all that the most raised imagination can portray.

Our celebrated near relation and dear friend,

friend, Sir Charles Morell, made a visit to Mr. Charlton, with whom he was acquainted at the Turkish Court, just before he published his incomparable Tales of the Genii, and he then told his friend, being charmed with the beauties of his habitation, that he would describe the gardens of the Queen of Pleasure from the ideas impressed by those of Spencer Aviary. As many of our readers may be unacquainted with the above-mentioned admirable production, we will give the description in Sir Charles's own language; leaving it to their judgment to substract what the inimitable writer added as the supposed effect of that enchantment upon which his tales were founded; and to make proper allowance for the different customs of the distant nation in which the scenes of his fiction lay; enjoining them, however, to keep the simple beauty of the place undiminished, in their eye, if they wish to retain a perfect idea of the gardens and pleasure-grounds of Mr. Charlton.

“ Abudah awakening at the cheerful

“ sound.

“ found of innumerable birds which sat
“ around him, and strove for mastery in
“ their sweet wild notes, found himself
“ lying in a lovely pavilion strewed with
“ fresh lilies and roses, and filled with the
“ most ravishing perfumes; the downy sofa
“ on which he reclined was of the finest
“ silk, wrought with curious devices, and
“ executed with such life and spirit, that
“ flowers seemed in the mimic work to
“ spring forth from under him.

“ The rising sun, which appeared over
“ the blue distant hills, and warmed the
“ awakening day; the choristers of the
“ groves, whose melody was softened by
“ the gentle motion of the air; the un-
“ speakable elegance of the pavilion, which
“ seemed formed by the powers of harmony,
“ and the delicious fragrance of the air,
“ transported the merchant with the most
“ pleasing sensations; he could not for some
“ time believe his existence, but supposed
“ he was still under the delightful vision,
“ which the night before had taken pos-
“ sessive

“ session of him. He turned his eyes on
“ all sides to meet with new delights;
“ which, though sumptuous and costly,
“ owed more lustre to their delicacy and
“ disposition, than to the expensive mate-
“ rials out of which they were formed.

“ But if such were the ravishing delights
“ within, Abudah thought them much
“ heightened when, upon being convinced
“ he was awake, he stepped forward out of
“ the pavilion, and beheld every enchant-
“ ing object that art and nature could
“ unite.

“ The pavilion itself stood upon a rising
“ mount in the midst of a most beautiful
“ green, and was partly shaded by some
“ upright palms and a scattered grove of
“ oranges and citrons, which on all sides,
“ by beautiful breaks, gave a view of the
“ neighbouring paradise.

“ The centre of the pavilion opened to
“ the lawn, which was beset with elegant
“ tufts of the most delightful verdure.

“ Blushing and transparent fruits pres-
“ sed

“ fed from between the foliage, and every
“ colored, every scented flower, in agree-
“ able variety, intermingled with the grass,
“ and represented the garden work of lux-
“ uriant nature. Here roses, with wood-
“ bine entwined, appeared in beautiful
“ confusion; there the luscious grape adorn-
“ ed the barren branches of the stately elm,
“ while beneath strayed the rich flocks, or
“ birds of various feather; some in numbers
“ upon the ground, and some paired in
“ trees, which added a new variety to the
“ scene.

“ At the bottom of the lawn ran a clear
“ and transparent stream, which gently
“ washed the margin of the green, and
“ seemed to feed it as it passed.

“ On the other side, a grove of myrtles,
“ intermixed with roses and flowering
“ shrubs, led into shady mazes, in the midst
“ of which appeared the tops of other glit-
“ tering elegant pavilions, some of which
“ stood just on the brink of the river;
“ others had wide avenues leading through
the

“ the groves; and others were almost hid-
“ den from the sight by intervening woods.

“ Abudab directing his steps towards the
“ stream, found there an elegant barge, man-
“ ned by ten beautiful youths, whose gar-
“ ments were of azure trimmed with gold.
“ They beckoned the happy merchant, and
“ received him with the utmost affability
“ into their bark; then all at once plying
“ their refulgent oars, they made the crystal
“ flood sparkle with their ready strokes.

“ The boat rode lightly on the buxom
“ stream, and as it passed through the
“ meanders of the current, every moment
“ presented a new and striking prospect of
“ beauties. - Hanging rocks of different
“ hues; woods of spices and perfumes,
“ breathing sweetness over the cool stream;
“ fruits reflected in double lustre in the
“ clear waves; shrubs dropping their roses
“ on them as they passed; flocks and herds
“ standing gazing at their own images in
“ the deep; others drinking the transparent
“ waters, and some, more satisfied, frisking
“ on

“ on the lawns, or chafing each other in
 “ sport among the trees.

“ At length the stream, growing wider,
 “ opened into a spacious lake, which was
 “ half surrounded by a rising hill, on which
 “ might be seen, intermixed with groves,
 “ various gay pavilions; palaces; theatres;
 “ rotundoes: obelisks; temples; pillars;
 “ towers, and other curious marks of ele-
 “ gance and luxury; various pleasure boats
 “ were sailing on the surface of the lake;
 “ some with gaudy banners fanning the
 “ winds; others with pleasing structures
 “ for shade and retirement: in one boat
 “ gay music; in another banquets; in a
 “ third deserts of the finest fruit; viands,
 “ cooling liquors, and gay company in
 “ all, who looked more blooming than the
 “ sons of the genii, or the daughters of the
 “ fairies. At the extremities of the swell-
 “ ling hill, ran glittering cascades, and
 “ over the pendent sides dropped down the
 “ most luxurious vines, whose modest leaves
 “ attempted in vain to hide their luscious

“ and transparent fruit from the eye of the
“ curious observer. At the extremity of
“ the lake, which, by its pure waters, ex-
“ posed the yellow, golden sand on which
“ it wanted, two streams ran toward the
“ right and left of the hill, and lost them-
“ selves amidst the groves, pasturage, lawns,
“ hillocks, and romantic scenes of the
“ adjacent country, where lofty gilded
“ spires, swelling domes, and other curious
“ labors, were partly concealed and partly
“ discovered by the blue expanse of sky,
“ which at last seemed blended with the
“ country, and luminated the prospect of
“ the groves.”

We previously enjoined our readers to make due allowance for the aids of enchantment, and for the advantages and customs of the eastern world : depending, therefore, upon their obedience to that injunction, we pronounce their being here furnished with an exact description of the paradisiacal gardens of Spencer-Aviary : but it still remains with us to give an account of a very extraordinary

traordinary repository for the feathered kingdom, of which Mr. Charlton, in his latter days, was so immoderately fond, that he was at an immense expense in making it complete. The name of this place, as the reader already conjectures, gave to the estate its title of **THE AVIARY**.

When Mr. Charlton purchased Beverly, there was on one side of the park a grove, composed of trees of almost every description, that covered between four and five acres of ground, in the midst of which stood a temple filled with cages for small singing birds. Pleased with the harmony of their wild notes, he instantly conceived a design of making an Aviary of the whole grove, and completed it, in a very few years, to his perfect satisfaction. The shape of this leafy habitation was nearly square; planted on every side with lofty trees that wore perpetual verdure; these were kept in such exact order as gave an idea of perfect symmetry within, instead of which, the eye upon entering was delighted with the most

chanting irregularity. The grove was robbed of many of its trees to make way for spacious walks; grass-plots; pieces of water, and various little temples; some open, and some surrounded with glass. In the centre, was a large rotundo, with sloping banks, set round with lofty ever-greens and flowering shrubs. The whole of this grove, now called the Aviary, was enclosed by net-work, part of which was made of strong silk and part of iron-wire; painted green. The height of the net at the top, was about twelve feet from the ground; but the trees growing through, bursting the silken squares as they enlarged, and rising several yards above, prevented its being much observed; for, even between the trees, slender fibres of vines, woodbine and ivy were so conducted upon it, that without inspection, it was not apt to catch the eye. In this enclosure were the feathered races of every description, that could be procured from every quarter of the globe, all which, as nearly as possible, were accommodated

accommodated in their own native manner. Birds of prey had situations separated from the harmless little songsters, which had full freedom to hop or fly about at pleasure, throughout the rest of the grove, and were rendered so extremely familiar by constant intercourse, that they would feed from the hand of their visitors without the least appearance of alarm. The walks and benches in this beautiful Aviary were kept in the most perfect cleanliness by a number of children who were delighted with their employ, and whose labors were directed by some old people, who could no otherwise spend their time either usefully or comfortably. Several little buildings, in romantic shapes, were fitted up with Franklin stoves, in different parts, which in the severity of winter warmed the place, without incommoding its inhabitants. The grove that composed the Aviary was formerly the boundary of the park, but Mr. Charlton added a considerable quantity of land to the district *within the pale* on that side,

and made a kind of pleasure-ground to encircle it. Not far from this spot was a crescent that contained fifteen habitations, in the front of which were neat little gardens, encompassed with white pales. These were residences for as many elderly or infirm people, whose weekly stipend was regulated by the price of provisions. At a small distance from this building, was another, which stood upon a square, having a large court in the middle. This was destined for the instruction of children, where thirty of each sex, whose parents were unable to provide for them, were boarded and taught every thing proper for such children to learn, and afterwards were apprenticed, or fitted out for service, as their strength or abilities directed: two masters and two mistresses of the most exemplary characters were selected for the superintendence of this seminary. In Mr. Charlton's time, the objects of both these benevolent institutions were habited in a uniform; *but this, Mr. Spencer judged it best to*
discontinue,

discontinue, as he wished to avoid the appearance which he thought that it conveyed of ostentation, and they were provided with neat dresses of various colors. The Crescent, and the Square, were the simple names of these habitations of charity.

The whole of Mr. Charlton's park was a fine dry spot, though it was diversified with some beautiful pieces of water, and this part, which had the additional advantage of being rising ground, was defended on the north-east side by a large plantation of oaks of ancient growth, through which were several spacious avenues.

Our readers who have taste for rural elegance, will easily conceive the surpassing beauties of Mr. Charlton's habitation. Sometimes they will fancy themselves walking through his gardens and various pieces of ground, destined for delight: at other times, sitting in a sultry summer's day in the midst of his Aviary, listening to the harmony of the little feathered choristers that hop before them on the verdant turf;

or viewing through the opening glades (the entrance to which were green wire gates, at that distance, almost imperceptible) the distant country. Then they will imagine themselves removed to his stately apartments, admiring the finest pieces of painting that ever the pencil of an artist produced, and which covered the walls of almost every room in the house. Besides purchasing at almost any price, some of the best works of the ancients, Mr. Charlton had full length pieces of all his descendants taken by the most celebrated modern masters. Amongst these, Mr. Spencer, drawn by Gainborough, struck with attention the eye of every observer, as the sweetness of his countenance, united to the fineness of his figure, gave a picture inexpressibly interesting; especially to those who knew that his mind corresponded with his appearance.

CHAPTER V.

A mere Trifle.

THOSE who have travelled through our two last chapters, will, perhaps, allow the beauties of Spencer-Aviary to be some little excuse for the ardent wish which Eleanor Hatley encouraged for its possession, while Matilda and Edward Spencer thought of no pleasure beyond that of residing there with their grandfather, for whom they had as strong an affection as their young hearts were capable of experiencing. The good man endeavoured to dispose of his parental love in as equal a manner as possible amongst his grandchildren, yet in spite of his care to avoid partiality, Edward and Matilda, by whom he was ever received with an artless, gladsome smile, had each a larger share than Eleanor, who always seemed as if she was afraid of

his inquiring eye : but he never permitted any preference to appear. Whatever money he gave to the two first, they were sure to dispose of early ; often amongst their less rich companions ; but Eleanor carefully deposited her's in her little cabinet, till she had an opportunity of going to a milliner's to buy some finery for her person ; for though she was covetous, she was very proud ; which qualities, strange as the incongruous union may appear to those unread in the book of the world, are often known, in this our day, to reside in the same bosom.

Eleanor Hatley had a strong desire to be deemed “ *a fashionable-looking girl* ” — a term she had heard used by some neighbouring ladies, as descriptive of all that a young woman ought to be : and she had a right to the distinction, for no girl of her age ever put on her cloaths with a better air ; every thing upon her looked genteel, and as if made for her ; yet, whenever the *fillets* appeared together, though Eleanor
might

might first catch the eye of admiration, it always rested upon Matilda.

The disposition which Mr. Charlton made of his estate, gave considerable concern to Mr. Spencer. He wished that there had been an equal division of the property; but if any difference *must* have been made, he thought that Edward Spencer had, in every respect, the preferable claim. *His* Father was the eldest child, and the only son left by Mr. Charlton's daughter. *He* was likewise the eldest grandchild and only grandson of the family. No wonder then that Mr. Charlton's will gave Mr. Spencer some uneasiness: but as it was not to be revoked, he determined to use the power which it gave him, by withholding his formal consent to the marriage of either of the Misses Hatley till that of Edward Spencer should be first celebrated. Not that this good man had the presumption to think of ruling the event. No: he only thought it right, as the matter in this point was vested in him, to direct in this single
C 6 instance,

instance, and leave the consequence to superior disposal. And surely he did not judge amiss : we, doubtless ought to use the means which appear to be put into our hands to produce a desired good effect, and then to rest resigned ; depending upon this truth—that though we may, at first, or even in the end, find our *expectations* disappointed, still our *happiness* will be the certain effect of a firm and pious trust in the supreme and philanthropic Disposer of all events.

“ O monstrous ! the writer of all this
 “ stuff must be some *antiquated old Parson*.
 “ I hate parsons’ writings and wont never
 “ read no more of this.”

Just as you please about that, Miss : for though I consider your disapprobation as the highest honour which I can receive, I am rather sorry you should deprive yourself of the improvement for which you seem to have so much occasion. But since you have interrupted my discourse, I will interrupt my narrative by finishing the chapter. :

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

An Introduction to some new Acquaintance.

AFTER the death of Mr. Charlton, Mr. Spencer removed to the Aviary, leaving his old habitation, which was a pretty rural spot, and not more than half a mile from the park-pale of his new one, to the care of a couple of servants who had long lived in his family, and had for some years been married. He wished to have the shrubbery kept in order, that Edward, if he chose it, might make it his home upon his marriage; an event which he could not help wishing might take place at an early period; and on the prospect of which he sent him abroad much sooner than he otherwise would have thought of doing, under the care of a young Clergyman, whose manners were polished; whose erudition was profound, and whose knowledge was universal.

In

In the neighbourhood of Spencer-Aviary, lived a Mr. and Mrs. Abington—a couple who had experienced a series of misfortunes through the ill treatment of their relations ; but who, happy in themselves, had retired to a small genteel house, in the village contiguous to Spencer-Aviary, to enjoy the remnant of their once splendid fortune in rural felicity, with their son and three daughters. In this retirement they were just fixed before the death of Mr. Charlton, who, intimately acquainted with the father of Mr. Abington, had invited him into the vicinity with an intention of being a friend to him ; an intention which the benevolent Mr. Spencer more than fulfilled. For this conduct Mr. Spencer soon found himself amply rewarded by the acquisition of a most valuable acquaintance ; Mr. Abington being the exact character to suit this good man's disposition.

The children of this couple had for some time been dispersed amongst their friends in London. George, who was the eldest, had

had been placed at Eton by a merchant, whose death occasioned the young man's return to his parents. Sophia, the second, and Emily, the third, were at a boarding-school at Chelsea, the governess of which, being the widow of a clergyman, who had enjoyed a considerable benefice from Mr. Abington's father, and being influenced by the obsolete principle of gratitude, earnestly entreated to be permitted the pleasure of educating the two eldest grand-daughters of her husband's benefactor. Miss Martha, the youngest, was, in this instance, out of the question, having been taken by Mrs. Dormer, a widow lady, who spent her time and her fortune at the different watering-places in this kingdom, till she submitted for the second time to the authority of a husband. On this event she dismissed her young companion; and Miss Martha went down to Beverly, (Mr. Charlton's village) before the rest of the children returned from school. George was the next who was introduced at the Aviary, where he was

very

very soon they received, and in a short time, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and he found themselves so happy in each other's society, that a firm friendship took place between them. This determined Mr. Spencer to make George the companion of his grandson in his travels, to the great satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Abington, and to the mutual advantage and happiness of the boys, who set out with their tutor and two servants, to make first the tour of England, and after that, of foreign countries. Through this, however, it does not suit our convenience to attend them, as we find ourselves engaged in other and more necessary affairs.

It is to be observed that previous to the arrangements of which we have been giving an account (for we are not to be circumscribed in our fancy, though it should lead us to relate events a little out of their rotation) Mr. Spencer and his grandchildren lived some time at Spencer Aviary ; where the improvements of the young people went on rapidly, and the affection between
tween

tween Edward and Matilda daily encreased, while Eleanor still kept herself more at a distance. Taught from the consciousness of her own cunning, she imbibed a jealousy that her sister and cousin were contriving something to her disadvantage ; but what, she was unable to conjecture. Mr. Spencer thought it time enough to acquaint them with the particulars of Mr. Charlton's will, when they should more nearly have attained to what are called *years of discretion*. At what period of life, however, these years of discretion commence, we never yet could find ascertained. With some persons they may possibly be advancing on the puerile side of twenty, while in others they may not appear till they have seen their great grandchildren. For instance--if a young lady of seventeen marries a gentleman verging upon fourscore, with a view to secure to herself the jointure of a foreign princess, it will, by all the prudent part of the world, be allowed that she is arrived at *years of discretion*, when,
at

at the same time it may be supposed, that the grand-climaclerical youth has more years to wait than it is probable death will afford him, before he can reach the period in question. As a second instance—an elderly widow gentlewoman, with a handsome dower, will sometimes accept a young flashy Captain, with no fortune but his cockade. Here it may be presumed the lady has *out-lived* her discretionary term, and that the gentleman will not reach his, till after the death of his *cara sposa*, when, if the quondam dowager has blessed him more years than he expected, he, as a proof of being at last discreet, holds out the golden lure, which his late dear left in his possession, to just such a blooming beauty as would have engaged his wishes when he first approached the hymeneal altar.

Before we dismish this subject, let us do that justice to some few unequally-aged couples, which we are convinced they deserve, by declaring it our belief that conjugal

gal

gal affection and a purely disinterested passion may sometimes unite the young and the old : but as we doubt that this is frequently the case, we hold ourselves justified in treating the subject with an air of levity ; though we should be hurt were we thus to pain any of those who, by the singularity of their choice, have drawn upon themselves the unmerited censure of having bartered their affections, and consequently their happiness for pecuniary interest.

We have said that Mr. Spencer did not think it necessary to declare to his grandchildren the tenor of Mr. Charlton's will, and when the digressing spirit seized our pen, were going to observe, that had Eleanor known the particulars, she would immediately have fancied that Edward and Matilda had already entertained a design of uniting themselves by a future marriage ; for as her little heart was capable of forming such kind of plans, she naturally suspected that cunning in others of which she was so early a mistress.

We

We will now suppose the time to be arrived when Edward Spencer and his friend set out upon their travels; about which period two misses of the name of Starlin, who bore some relation to Mr. Charlton, came down to Beverly. These ladies had twice visited Mr. Spencer during his residence at the Shrubbery, of which "*Sweet! pretty! dear! neat place!*"—these ladies, not yet perhaps arrived at *years of discretion*, would neither of them have had any objection to be mistress; an opinion which gathered some strength from their often "*protesting*" that it was "*ten thousands of pities so sweet a man—so charming a man—and so handsome a man too,*" as Mr. Spencer, should deny himself the happiness "*of an agreeable second lady!*"

These were the sentiments of both sisters, but the language only of the youngest; the other being a gentlewoman of too much form and consequence to give her opinion so familiarly.

Miss Starlin, whose name was Penelope,

was

was so nearly arrived at the period, which, whether in the married or single (when it has its due accompaniments) we truly venerate, that we should not particularly mention the circumstance, did not she lead us to observe it, by the affectation of a character ill suited to her time of life. The pretty, delicate, timid airs, which she always assumed, would convey, if represented to our readers, an idea of her not having counted twenty-five, when, in fact, she had long ago doubled that number. Miss Starlin had a fair complexion and light hair, which preserved in her an appearance of youth till a late period; but that appearance at length fled, and almost all the letters of threescore were now legible upon her forehead.

Miss Peggy Starlin, about a year younger than her sister, had been a pretty, and was still a very lively brunette. She was continually flirting and jumping about to show her agility; for as Miss Starlin chose the softness of eighteen, Miss Peggy thought

it incumbent upon her to assume the unthinking liveliness of a still more youthful age. Nothing could be more unbecoming than the conduct of these ladies; and instead of being respected on account of the years which they had reached, they were by those very years rendered the more despicable.

Do not mistake us, gentle reader, by supposing that we are so deficient in right sentiment as to be capable of satirizing the infirmities of nature: the weakest head, when united with a valuable heart, has our pity and regard, whilst a heart of guile, though connected with a head informed by the brightest intellect, possesses our abhorrence and contempt.

After the departure of the Misses Starlin from the Aviary, Mr. Spencer received a letter from a lady in London, intimating an intention of making him a visit, as she had a great desire to see the daughters of her deceased cousin, Sir Everard Hatley. For him, indeed, she had always professed
much

much regard; though for his sister, the mother of E. Spencer, her affections had been annihilated, in consequence of a considerable legacy having been left by a common relation to that lady, in preference to herself.

To her letter Mr. Spencer sent a polite answer; thanking her for her design, and requesting to be favoured with her company as soon as she could make it convenient to herself. In a few days, therefore, she appeared in the country, and was received by Mr. Spencer with that politeness and hospitality which always distinguished his character.

Mrs. Hutchinson—the name of our new visitant at the Aviary—made a stay there of several weeks; declared herself much pleased with her young cousins, and proposed taking them with her on her return to London, to spend some time in Berkley-square, where she lived *quite in style*; being a woman possessed of a large fortune, and who prided herself on her descent.

As

As Mr. Spencer could not object to the proposal, the young ladies were made acquainted with the leave which they had to attend Mrs. Hutchinson, and the eyes of Eleanor, now near fifteen, sparkled with joy, while those of Matilda were moistened with tears. Upon an enquiry into the cause of her sorrow, she expressed with sobs her unwillingness to go from her grandfather, and resisting many arguments to induce her to alter her wishes, she was left behind by Mrs. Hutchinson, who set off in the course of a few days with the delighted Eleanor as her only companion.



CHAP. VII.

Symptoms of Affection too refined for common Use.

FOR the period of nearly two years, nothing material occurred to any branch of the Spencer family worth our relating

lating. The exemplary philanthropist, who occupied the Aviary, employed all his time in an endeavour to benefit his fellow creatures; dispensing the superabundant blessings which the great Father of all had committed to his stewardship, in the manner which he thought would most conduce to the temporal and spiritual good of all within his vortex. Mr. Abington was his friend and assistant; and Mrs. Abington had her allotted share in the distribution; while her daughters, now all arrived at Beverly, were constantly called to attend the lessons which Matilda continued to receive from her several instructors. Sophia, the eldest sister, was Matilda's favorite; and indeed most deservedly so: for both her person and mind were formed to win the hearts of all with whom she was acquainted. She was about six months younger than Miss Hatley.

Eleanor's residence in London was lengthened greatly beyond the given term. Week after week; month after month, passed
Vol. I. *D* away,

away, till an entire twelvemonth had elapsed before she thought of fixing any time for her return. Mr. Spencer, at length, peremptorily insisted upon her leaving London; she having frequently put him off with first one excuse, then another, for her longer continuance with Mrs. Hutchinson, but now she found herself necessitated to obey his mandate, and promised to be at Spencer-Aviary, at the end of a month.

Matilda Hatley, and Sophia Abington constantly corresponded with their travelling relations. The letters on both sides were entertaining and instructing: with those of Sophia, Edward Spencer was so charmed, that he ardently wished for the time of their return, that he might see the fair who had captivated his understanding; while George Abington, pleased even before he left Beverly, with Miss Hatley's engaging form, found himself very much like being in love with the sister of his friend.

This kind of affection may seem very
strange

strange to some of our readers; while others may, happily, be of such a texture as to feel its refinement. To these, nothing more need be said; and to the former, all that we *can* say will be given in vain; as the something wrong in either their heads or their breasts, which occasions their wonder, will likewise render them insensible to explanation.

That these young people were all greatly prepossessed in each other's favor, and, at least, prepared for being what is called in love, is a matter of fact, which gave the good grandfather, who observed the progress of the bias in the fair ones minds, much satisfaction; but he would not mention it to Mr. Abington, least any thing should arise to disappoint what could not but afford much pleasure, in idea, to both him and his Lady.

The arrangements Mr. Spencer made at the Aviary were very benevolent ones; and as we shall not, till the return of our young
D 2 people

people, have much business upon our hands, we will offer them to the reader's inspection.

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CHAP. VIII.

Mr. Spencer's Arrangements of the Aviary, which those who object to Arrangements are not bound to peruse.

OUR present date is five years after the death of Mr. Charlton; at which period Mr. Spencer saw the Aviary estate in the situation in which he wished it should be before his death.

Mr. Charlton, as has been intimated, was a man of great ingenuity, but somewhat whimsical, and who limited all his ideas of improvement within the circuit of his park. The surrounding village, in a beautiful situation, was when he left it nearly depopulated, in consequence of most of the houses being too much out of repair
for

for the residence of people in genteel life : Mr. Abington's, indeed, which Mr. Charlton had purposely fitted up for him, was almost the only one in tolerable condition. The cause of the desertion of this pretty place originated with Lord Brumpley (of whom Mr. Charlton purchased it), who was so haughty, so despotic, and so oppressive, that nobody of any respectability would live near him, nor any one, who could get land elsewhere, farm under him. His terms were so severe that no persons of small, or moderate property could rise to his demands ; and his whole estate soon fell into the hands of a few men who were rich enough to live independently of their farms. Even to these he refused the permanency of a lease, as he wished to keep them in submission ; and on the slightest offence, particularly if it related to hares, pheasants, partridges, &c. to expel them from their occupations. If at any time they met him in any of his walks, they were obliged to turn out of his path, as he would scarce

permit them to look at—much less to speak to him, and even the old and reverend clergyman of the parish, who had been his tutor, was not exempted from a feeling of his insolent and offensive superiority.

We will now observe to our readers, who we suppose are of the graver sort, as the masters and misses that hunt for fun and story, skip every passage which might possibly afford some degree of instruction to their little tinsel minds, that “were it not so frequent, ’twou’d be wonderful,” how men whose understandings have received any benefit from the use of letters, can be so incorrigibly stupid as to persist in thinking any incidental advantages capable of giving one creature a right to treat another as if he were of a different order of beings. Do not mistake us, good Christian reader—we are not contending for such a levelling principle, as amongst some few malcontents has appeared in a strong and destructive form. No: we wish to have that due subordination continued,
which

which the Great Creator of the Universe has ordained to subsist in it, for the well-doing of the whole; and consequently for the good of individuals. But we would have the great and mighty ones to remember, that they are of no more consequence in the eye of GOD, than the most indigent of mortals. We want likewise to convince them there is a great difference between a condescending and a familiar behaviour. Allowing, as we have allowed, the necessity of a proper subordination, we think affability from the high to the low, the most likely means to preserve it in the world; because it then receives its security from the consent of the people, who are always more ready to pay homage when it is not apparently exacted, than when arrogantly demanded. To carry our hints still farther, the great inequality there is between the extremes of the subjects of this kingdom would not be so likely to raise commotions (as it is now to be dreaded that it some day will) if those in the highest

ranks would lay aside a little of that idle ostentation of superiority which they are so ready to exhibit, not only towards people whose situation is far removed from their own, but even to those with whom they must necessarily often mix, and whose degree is not more than a step or two beneath their own fancied elevation. What can more show the folly of mankind, or what more justly the ridicule with which it is treated by every man of real understanding, than such conduct as this? "The doffed hat," and bending body to a superior who receives the obeisance with a stiff-neck, and (if his haughtiness be in high style) with averted looks, is generally accompanied with a hearty contempt; shewed, probably in a sarcastic smile, as soon as he is past, and with a consciousness of real superiority.

Mr. Charlton was too much intent upon other particulars to pay much attention to the situation of his tenants, which was an early object of Mr. Spencer's solicitude.

He

He soon made a proper distribution of the land, upon which he built a great number of houses, all the old ones being in such a ruinous state that there was no living in them with that degree of comfort which his benevolent heart wished every individual around him to enjoy. Even the cottages which he erected for the laborers, were replete with all the conveniencies suitable for people in that department.

The farms were, now, none of them more than two hundred pounds a year, and many so low as thirty; it being Mr. Spencer's pleasure to enable persons with small beginnings to increase their property, that he might remove them when opportunity served, to larger occupations. When they first became tenants upon the estate, he tried them with short leases, and promised to recommend it to his successor, if he should not survive the terms, to allow them long ones, if they proved worthy. He likewise permitted them to sport upon their own ground, so long as they observed moderation;

tion ; in which point, and indeed in all others, they obeyed him ; for he was so greatly and universally beloved throughout the country, that his word was a general law ; and people were happy in the change of the possessor of the Aviary ; though Mr. Charlton was, in some respects, a tolerably good landlord.

As soon as Mr. Spencer had finished his arrangements respecting the farms, his next care was to refit the buildings in the village, and to draw together a decent set of inhabitants. This design was facilitated by the beauty of the spot, for soon after they were repaired, the houses were applied for by people of almost all descriptions ; several professional gentlemen, tradesmen, and common mechanics, chusing the situation, on account of its being at once agreeable and lucrative : this latter property it derived from the vicinity of many gentlemen's seats, and from Mr. Spencer's practice of advancing to young artificers divers sums of money, to enable them to begin business in a decent

decent manner. In short, he rested not till Beverly was genteelly, usefully, and numerously inhabited. All the families in a decent situation visited him as if in an equal situation; not as if his presence in their houses conferred a favor: but he was careful to prevent his returns being expensive to them. The second sort, who would have been pained had they been obliged to have mixed with the others, were hospitably entertained by his housekeeper and butler; while the poorest had frequent access to his kitchen: indeed, none who applied, except their characters were notoriously bad, were refused relief, and even the worst sort, were *charitably* treated, *because* they were admonished. Mr. Spencer (unlike Squire Ostentation and Lady Popularity) not only forbade the receipt of vails, but took particular care that the order was *observed* as well as given; for the least breach of his commands, in that particular, was never excused. His motive for severity in this article, for the observance of

which his servants were amply recompensed, was the humane consideration that several of his friends would find it inconvenient to pay his domestics. Mr. Spencer's table was always furnished for whatever company might make their appearance at the Aviary, whether expected or not. He might be said to keep open-house; every one being hospitably received, and entertained according to his wishes. But of all the actions which rendered this great philanthropist the blessing of the age, his constant endeavour to seek and relieve the silent sufferers, in delicate situations, stood foremost: his munificence on such occasions being so exercised, that the obliged was almost led to think himself the obliger, and none within his vortex were long in want of what he could bestow: it was indeed the business of his life to endeavor to increase the happiness of others, for which reason he took great pains to bring the rector and his parishioners to a lasting compromise respecting tithes, which he effected,

effected, to the pleasure and profit of both parties.

We will finish the account of this exemplary man, which, perhaps, most of our readers begin to think too long, with the reasons he gave to an arrogant Squire of the name of Wilbert, who remonstrated with him on the detriment his benevolent system was to his surrounding neighbours; particularly objecting to the size of farms; his treatment of his tenants, relative to their leases, licence to sport, &c. It was at a county meeting upon particular business, when Mr. Wilbert attacked Mr. Spencer respecting his conduct.

But before we give the substance of the good gentleman's reply, we will inform our readers that Mr. Wilbert was of that species of men which in make, mind, and manners, very much resemble the animal frequently celebrated in *Æsop's Fables* under the appellation of A BEAR; indeed, so great was the affinity, that we believe the chief difference between them consisted in
the

the one having, and the other having not, the power of speech. In the dialect in which his brother bruin would have delivered his sentiments, had the advantage of articulation been on his side, did Mr. Wilbert attack Mr. Spencer's arrangements at the Aviary, in the presence of a number of gentlemen. Mr. Spencer, with that animation, politeness, and decision, which ever distinguished him—spoke as follows.

“ With regard to the division of my
“ land, Mr. Wilbert, it has ever been my
“ idea that it is injurious to society for any
“ one man to have an enormous occupa-
“ tion, while there are so many honest,
“ industrious creatures, who would be
“ able to maintain a family, in a comfort-
“ able way, had they an opportunity of
“ cultivating a few acres; for the want of
“ which, they must go to daily labour,
“ and be miserable dependants on the
“ farmer, whose equals they originally
“ were. Thus called upon to justify my
“ proceedings, it is necessary for me to
“ declare,

“ declare, that I think it the indispensable
“ duty of every one who has any quantity
“ of landed property, to dispose of it in
“ such a manner as will most conduce to
“ the benefit of those who have not ; for
“ which reason, I always allot a small piece
“ to every cottage, that the labourer may
“ be enabled to keep a cow for the use of
“ his family. No individual is sent into
“ this world to live merely for himself;
“ and still less exempt than the rest of his
“ species from performing the duties of
“ society, is the man who is made one of
“ the stewards of the riches of the earth.”

We will not interrupt ourselves with recounting the objections of Mr. Wilbert to these sentiments ; as all he endeavoured to say, amounted to nothing more than a few native growlings, but finish, without observation, the sum of Mr. Spencer’s defence.

“ It cannot be imagined,” continued he, “ that, at my time of life, a wish to
“ gain popularity can have any share in my
“ motive for making the alterations at Be-

“ verly,

“ verly, to which you, Mr. Wilbert, so
“ strangely object. Self-interest, may more
“ properly be attributed to me than ostentation,
“ as I hold it next to an impossibility that any man will, or can, so well
“ cultivate a large tract of land as a moderate quantity. With respect to
“ leases, which you so highly disapprove—
“ self-interest, or, which is the same thing, the interest of my grand-children,
“ is here, particularly, kept in view ; for
“ what person of any prudence would be
“ at the expense of cultivating land, upon
“ the probability of another’s reaping the
“ benefit. If it be answered that no landlord of honor would turn a tenant out
“ of his farm without just cause—then why
“ *not* give him security for a term of years !
“ Why leave him dependent on their own
“ caprice—on the caprice of human nature ! Why—let me seriously ask—not
“ fet the honest-man’s heart at rest ! To a
“ bachelor, I never grant a lease, because
“ I do not, for many reasons, wish to have
“ one

“ one tenant upon the estate unmarried.
“ You next object to the permission I give
“ to the inhabitants of the village, as well
“ as to those who farm under me, to
“ sport, under certain conditions, upon the
“ estate.

“ *One* reason is, that I am convinced I
“ have, upon this account, more game than
“ I should have otherwise. Every one is
“ solicitous to preserve it; and from the
“ number of farm-houses and cottages
“ that are upon the estate, poachers have
“ small chance of escaping detection. If I
“ wanted any farther excuse on this head,
“ I need but advance the farmer’s having
“ at least an equal right with his landlord,
“ to the creatures fed by his labour and
“ at his expense.

“ You disapprove, likewise, of my ad-
“ mitting my tenants—(some of them;
“ for many of the lowest class petition to
“ be excused from going up)—to my own
“ table.

“ Without availing myself of the argu-
“ ments

“ments with which Christianity would fur-
 “nish me, let me ask if they are my ‘ser-
 “vants because they pay me an equivalent
 “for my land! Common unprejudiced
 “reason tells me that they are not! Some-
 “body must occupy my farms; or what
 “must I do with them? They would lie
 “upon my hands, and be useless: is not the
 “obligation, therefore, mutual between
 “the owner and the cultivator?”

Mr. Spencer then advanced several sen-
 timents respecting due subordination, and
 the most likely means to preserve it, and
 evinced the propriety as well as the obliga-
 tion of treating every man, be his station
 ever so humble, with the respect which he
 merits, from reason; from morality, and
 from the still superior arguments which are
 suggested by religion.

CHAP. IX.

A Picture of modish Affection.

Gentlemen and Ladies of all descriptions !

AS ye have been heartily tired with the long *prosing*—*preuching*—*sentimental stuff* (for that is the fashionable dialect); with which most of the preceding chapters have been *crummed*: we will now endeavour to treat you with lighter diet; confessing we were willing to offer you a little wholesome food, before we produced our flummery and whipt syllabubs. Whether ye have tasted—or if ye have, whether ye have had any relish for the solids we have fet before you, we cannot tell. Perhaps ye have fasted, hitherto, in expectation of the coming desert. But let us warn you, O ye lovers of frothy viands, that ye do not so vitiate your palates by feeding upon sweetmeats, as to destroy your powers of digest-
ing

of the pleasures which only can afford the amusement. However, as we acknowledge but a variety, properly intermingled, may be very salutary, we will here give some more trifles.

When Eleanor Hatley first returned from her tour to Spencer-Aviary, the great interest in her appearance struck every eye who beheld her. She was quite the belle of the season, to speak in modern language, *"the most accomplished looking woman;"* a representation which is supposed, as we have seen, to include all that is desirable in a woman. Miss Eleanor was certainly very much improved in her person; and having studied under some of the best masters of London, had attained to a considerable proficiency in dancing, drawing, music, &c. and yet, to an accurate observer she was far from being amiable; a cautious cunning, and a certain something of reserve, forbidding the social heart to court an intimate acquaintance with her. Miss Martha Abington, who greatly resembled

resembled her in mind and manners, thought her all perfection; and they very soon entered into what they called a friendship.

During Eleanor Hatley's residence with Mrs. Hutchinson, she had learned all the particulars of the will of her great-grandfather; and it induced her, as the reader from his present knowledge of her disposition will naturally conclude, to think of entering into some measures which might give her's, if not her, possession of Spencer-Aviary. Consistently with her wishes, she was, while in Berkley-square, addressed by a number of young smart, who attended the *little suppers* given by the lady of the house. On all these she looked for some time with equal indifference; till one above the rest at length attracted her attention, while she particularly engaged his, from the information which he had sought and gained of her family circumstances.

The name of this gentleman was Percival.

val. His figure was tall and striking ; his countenance keen ; his age twenty-three ; his temper like that of Eleanor Hatley..

Mr. Percival was the only son of a widow who was left by her husband, over whom she had always maintained an absolute sway, with two children and a tolerable estate, entirely in her own power. Her daughter, a beautiful and an amiable young woman, had, without her consent, married an officer of the name of Montague ; and since that occurrence had never been admitted into her presence. The son continued with his mother, and by her was tutored to advance his fortune with some credulous and rich fair. He had, however, failed in every preceding attempt, when, casting his eyes on Miss Hatley, who was young, and by her appearance a girl of fortune, he determined to be early in laying siege to her affection, which he supposed, unlearned as she seemed in the ways of life, might be secured without much difficulty. In this, however, he was considerably mistaken ;
for

for Eleanor Hatley, expecting something much superior to what Mr. Percival could offer, paid but little attention to his assiduities. When, upon more minute enquiry, he learned the particulars of Mr. Charlton's will, he was almost discouraged from any farther pursuit; concluding that, on that account, it would be difficult to gain her. But, educated in cunning, as Mr. Percival was, he was here again mistaken. The very circumstance which he imagined to be destructive to his wishes, accelerated their accomplishment: for no sooner was the young lady made acquainted by Mrs. Hutchinson with the arrangement established by her great-grandfather, and with Mr. Spencer's wish to have her cousin Edward first married, a circumstance with which Mrs. Hutchinson was much displeased, than she determined *to look about her*, and to secure, if possible, the coveted inheritance.

At the time of which we are speaking, she was not more than sixteen years of age,
yet

yet even then did this designing girl lay first one plan, then another, and then another, to draw her grandfather's consent to her marriage with some one of her admirers, (and she hardly cared which,) that flattered her vanity, before the return of her cousin. Yet she imagined it would be a difficult point to compass, as Mr. Spencer had declared that he did not consider it as unjust to with-hold the *formal* sanction to the marriage of his grand-daughters, which Mr. Charlton's will required, as he should not, by any exertion of his power as their guardian, prevent them from uniting themselves to gentlemen whom he approved; and as he thought that the very handsome fortunes which they had and would have, were sufficient for girls of even the first rank in England. This was very unnecessarily represented by Mrs. Hutchinson in heightened colors to Miss Eleanor, who immediately set all her little wits at work to form schemes for the accomplishment of her wishes.

In

In one of her reveries on this subject, Mr. Percival made his appearance. He perceived that she looked thoughtful, and with much apparent tenderness enquiring the occasion, with some management, after some finessè on his part and her's, he discovered it. An eclaircissement took place, and affairs were soon in such forwardness that they united heartily in the same cause. Eleanor Hatley saw in Mr. Percival the very Machiavel she wanted. Mr. Percival found in Eleanor all that he wished—a woman possessed of fortune, and ready to bestow it upon him.

A family compact now took place. Mr. Percival, before a visitor, now became an intimate in the family of Mrs. Hutchinson, who was easily brought to enter into the views of the young people; and before Eleanor left London, every thing was settled respecting their future proceedings. Accordingly, soon after her return into the country, Mr. Percival wrote a letter to Mr. Spencer, which was accompanied by one

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from Mrs. Hutchinson ; the first, a proposal respecting the young lady, and the other dictated by Mrs. Hutchinson, who directed a good understanding to bad purposes, as high a recommendation of the proposer, as language could convey.

From the character given of Mr. Percival, and the prepossession in his favour which Miss Eleanor thought fit to acknowledge, Mr. Spencer could not form any reasonable objection to the alliance : for though his grand-daughter's fortune might demand a gentleman with a larger estate, Mr. Spencer's sentiments, which Eleanor very well knew, would not permit him, on that account, to disapprove of her choice. Mr. Percival was a gentleman—a gentleman of good character—Miss Eleanor had given him her heart—and there was, between them, a sufficiency to support a family in gentility. This, to a man of Mr. Spencer's principles, was all that could be required. He answered both the letters with that explicitness which was inseparable

able from his every action, saying, that the character of the gentleman was such as could not be objected to, but that he could not give his consent to his grand-daughter's so soon entering into matrimonial engagements. This answer produced Mr. Percival's appearance at Spencer-Aviary, where he was received with politeness by its benevolent possessor ; with native good humour by Matilda, and with caution and affected modesty by the object of attraction.

Mr. Percival could suit his behaviour to almost every company, and he studiously attempted to be pleasing to the grandfather of his Eleanor, yet he failed in his design. Mr. Spencer saw—or instinctively perceived—an inexpressible something which prevented him from looking on Mr. Percival with pleasure as the future husband for Eleanor Hatley. Something like a persuasion, (for we know no apter phrase to express our meaning) seemed to prohibit every idea of congeniality between these opposite characters.

And here, gentle reader, we will stop to ask thee if thou art a stranger to the persuasion of which we have given an intimation? If thou art, no words can convey to thee any sense of it. If thou art not, thou knowest what we mean, without our saying any more upon the subject. But in either case, accept a hint which may be serviceable: never, without examination, rely too implicitly upon this feeling, lest, in thy haste, thou shouldst yield to a false impulse; but never inattentively discard it, lest it should be found that thou hast rejected the truth.

And now, of whatsoever complexion thou art, thou wilt be ready to ask of what religion we are professors.

Of the CHRISTIAN, good Sir, and desire not—indeed we think we cannot attain—any greater distinction.

CHAP. X.

Which paves the Way to other Matters.

MR. SPENCER could not mix his mind with that of Mr. Percival.

It was the sense of the last phrase that related to our story. What followed, was, we suspect, written by some sylph who gently stole our pen as we fell asleep at the word congeniality! for, ladies, we would have you understand that we have our surrounding genii, to whom we apply upon every emergency; and that these genii have their sylphs, who have strict orders to attend us very diligently. As it will therefore sometimes happen that we grow supine, and may perhaps drop or leave our pen, it will probably be taken up, to prevent the story from dropping likewise, by one or other of these aerials—etherials—or whatever epithet they may deserve; who, though of various orders, are all wise and good. For this reason we warn our readers,

and particularly our fair ones, to be careful how they find fault with what may be beyond the reach of their capacity ; lest they should happen to censure the work of one of these immaterial beings, (for whose performances it must be remembered, we are not accountable) ; because though our young ladies may not comprehend the force of the reasoning, nor the foundation of the principle, they may depend upon it, that what is produced by these our superintendents, cannot be erroneous.

Many little misses—nay, indeed some masters, and those pretty nearly approaching to the height of six feet—make it a rule to exclaim—“ Nonsense ”—“ Stuff ! ”—“ Ridiculous ! ” &c. whenever they meet with what they cannot understand. By which means, we beg leave to observe, that every line in the work of an author, of more than ordinary cleverness, runs the hazard of being saluted with these supercilious expressions, from the class of readers we have now in our *mind's eye*—a phrase, *my pretty dears !* which we acknowledge
to

to have borrowed from a play written by one William Shakespear, who, as having been a man of neither fashion nor fortune, can consequently possess but little estimation in your opinions.

But to return from our second, to our first digression, and to finish both—All we allow to the little gentry whose minds are not sufficiently capacious to admit the truth of our reasonings, is a phrase which we have heard from several pretty lips, the sense of which, for it has been put into a variety of forms, is this. “ *It may be true ; but I shall not believe it.*”

And now to advert to the lovers.

“ The good man could not mix his mind
“ with the mind of Mr. Percival.”

No ; for they were of very different textures. The one was of pure spirit ; the other a droffy substance, with *oil* floating upon its surface ; a very fashionable composition for present fashionable dispositions.

Mr. Percival could not easily be persuaded to relinquish his pursuit. The sight of Spencer-Aviary had rivetted his affec-

tions to that and Eleanor; who now, in compliance with the opinion of her lover, thought it right to make an open avowal of her attachment. Mr. Spencer, therefore, judged it proper to be perfectly unreserved, in respect to his intentions relative to the marriage of his grandchildren. He declared his determination of not giving the formal approbation, requisite to entitle a child to the Aviary estate, till he saw Edward Spencer a husband. To this they opposed every argument art could suggest; but to no purpose: the utmost they could obtain was an assurance that the celebration of their nuptials (after the previous execution of proper settlements) should not, by him, be prevented; with a promise, if it should be their choice to postpone their intention, of giving the required sanction after the marriage of his grandson; for the excellent man had no idea so presumptuous as that of ruling the event. *All* his meaning was, not to give consent to any proposal which might, probably, entirely cut off from this only male heir

heir of the family, every possibility of seeing his descendants in possession of the paternal estate.

As Mr. Spencer spoke with deliberate firmness, Mr. Percival and Eleanor Hatley thought it prudent to appear satisfied with his determination, and Mr. Percival returned to London; obtaining leave to correspond with the young lady, and sometimes to visit at the Aviary. On these occasions he took abundant care to remove any prejudice that Mr. Spencer might have entertained against him, on account of his solicitude to secure, with Miss Eleanor, a probable right, for one of his children, to the estate, which was the great object to both the lovers, as they erroneously were termed. Mr. Percival's art was not entirely unsuccessful; for though it could not remove Mr. Spencer's prepossession in his disfavor, it prevented such an increase of it as could not have failed taking place with a man who had such a share of penetration, had not Mr. Percival with the utmost cau-

tion concealed the objectionable parts of his character.

Affairs now went on without any particular variation, till the return of Edward Spencer, with his friend, from foreign countries, an event which gave great joy to every individual concerned. Mr. Spencer saw in his grandson all that he wished to see. He was, indeed, a fine young man in his person ; had an excellent understanding, which had been properly cultivated, and a disposition that gained him universal approbation.

George Abington was as much respected as his companion, and had similar advantages of person ; though not quite such regularity of features ; but Matilda Hatley thought he wanted no improvement.

CHAP. XI.

Of small Consequence.

WE will pass over a variety of little preliminary incidents till the arrival of the period in which the partiality of Edward

Edward Spencer for Sophia Abington, and that of George Abington for Matilda Hatley produced an acknowledged affection, which met with the approbation of both families. Accordingly on the day which completed the twenty-first year of Edward's life, was he united to his Sophia, amidst the congratulations of his surrounding friends; after which they retired to the Shrubbery; Mr. Spencer having kept that mansion in order for his grandson's reception.

Previous to the celebration of the wedding, Mr. Percival, had for some time, been a visitor at the Aviary, and had received a promise from Mr. Spencer that he would give the required sanction to his marriage with Eleanor on the day that was to unite Mr. George Abington with Matilda; which was to be fixed at no very distant period.

After the visits occasioned by this first wedding were over, and the happy couple settled in their new habitation, which though

not so magnificent as the Aviary, was convenient and elegant, Mrs. Hutchinson, accompanied by Mr. Percival, made another visit to Mr. Spencer and his grand-daughters, and at her return, obtained the promise of seeing the young ladies before their entrance into the conjugal state. Miss Eleanor agreed to the proposal with alacrity; but Matilda gave rather a reluctant consent to their entreaties. Just before this party left the Aviary, the death of a Mr. Appleby occasioned the sale of an estate near the village of Beverly. The house in which he had resided was large and ancient; but it was in a pleasant situation. For this estate, Mr. Percival agreed, and, in a short time, by the assistance of his mother, completed the purchase. This spot was particularly convenient to Mr. Percival's views, as it was contiguous to that which devolved to the Misses Hatley, upon the death of their father, which it was agreed should be divided between them by two celebrated surveyors, upon their respective

spective marriages. It was likewise settled that Mrs. Percival should reside with her son and intended daughter-in-law (retaining the house in London for an occasional abode), and that George Abington and Matilda should live at the Aviary with the venerable ancestor, during his residence in that envied habitation. To this proposal, Eleanor immediately acceded: her reason—though not her professed one—was her dislike to continue under the penetrating eye of her benevolent parent; whose disposition, as she was consciously convinced, was very opposite to her own, with which that of Mrs. Percival was greatly more congenial.



CHAP. XII.

The Story continues dull.

THE young ladies have now been some time in London: Eleanor immersed in its gaieties; and Matilda fighting for the

the tranquil pleasures of Spencer-Aviary, from which she never before was so long absent ; while Mr. Spencer was expecting their return with some impatience, though enjoying the prospect which the indisposition of the amiable wife of his grandson opened to his wishes. Mrs. Spencer was, indeed, in what is called *the family way*, to the great satisfaction of the parties immediately interested. Even Eleanor Hatley, whose wedding day was fixed, received the intelligence with a smile, which we beg leave to assure our readers was sincere. This young lady, with the advice of her worldly-wise mother-in-law elect, had furnished herself with so many reasonable motives for being perfectly satisfied with this event, that she did not even wish it otherwise.

Matilda, who during her residence in London, had frequently been visited by Mr. George Abington, a young man deserving of more attention than we have been able to afford him, now returned to Spencer-Aviary ;

Aviary ; but Eleanor complied with the entreaties of her London friends to continue in town till within two or three days before that appointed for the double nuptials. In the mean time Mr. Percival had completed every thing for their reception at the Lodge, which was the name of his newly purchased estate ; it being determined that the London party should go directly thither, and after the ceremony, retire to it again.

This proceeding was not, in the least, agreeable to Mr. Spencer, whose truly beneficent soul wished to see cordiality reign unboundedly throughout the universe, and most particularly amongst the individuals of his own family : but Eleanor, once fixed in her plan, was not to be diverted from its execution.

The day was now arrived which was to convey the Londoners to Beverly, and the coach driven to the door. Eleanor Hatley, all evident delight, was going down to Mrs. Hutchinson, to tell her that she only waited
the

the return of her maid, who was gone for some ribbands which the milliner had omitted to put up with the rest of the bridal finery, when her foot slipped from one of the stairs, and she fell into the hall. She was immediately heard by the servants, who ran to see what occasioned the noise, when they found her lying without any signs of life. The whole family were now about her ; Mr. and Mrs. Pereival, who had just before arrived at Mrs. Hutchinson's, were very much alarmed. They immediately sent for a surgeon, and before he could reach the house, for a physician. Upon carrying her into the parlour, she somewhat revived, but was totally unable to stand. When the gentlemen of the faculty arrived and examined into the nature of the injury she had received, they found that she had dislocated, in a very bad manner, her right knee. Instead of being conveyed into the coach, she was carried to her chamber and put to bed, from whence, both the medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion

nion.

nion that she would not be well enough to be removed under a month. Upon hearing this, she was like a mad woman, and the violence of her passions actually occasioned a delirium. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Mr. Spencer, who, with Matilda, instantly set off for London, where they found Eleanor in a very dangerous situation. The prognostics of the doctors were more than verified : she was not able to leave her bed for five weeks, but at the end of that period, mended very fast, and began to be extremely urgent to go down to Beverly, that the matrimonial schemes might be resumed ; for Matilda would not, on any account, think of entering into the conjugal state during her sister's confinement.

The period fixed for the two marriages once more arrived. On the preceding evening Eleanor and her friends reached the Lodge, from whence, as it was reckoned dangerous for her to walk, though but a few yards, she was carried in a sedan to
the

the village church, where she was met by her sister and a large party from the Aviary, Shrubbery, and Mr. Abington's; but she could not be prevailed upon to return with them, assigning, as a new cause of objection, her inability to join in their festivities.

On the Sunday following the nuptial ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. George Abington, in conformity to the fashion of the times in which they lived, appeared at church, and after that, received and returned the visits of the surrounding gentry; but Eleanor (whom for the sake of distinction we shall hereafter term Mrs. Richard, or Mrs. R. Percival; except when we shall choose to say old Mrs. and young Mrs.; for that we shall do at pleasure), only received and returned cards of compliments; postponing her ceremonial till her perfect recovery.

We now see the family at Spencer-Aviary—that at the Shrubbery—and that of Mr. Abington, in perfect harmony with each other and with all the neighbourhood; every

every one admiring and taking examples from their conduct ; while the Percivals confined themselves within their own narrow circle, and consequently were neither beloved nor respected. Miss Martha Abington, indeed, was their constant visitor ; she having formed a close alliance with Mrs. Richard Percival, by whom she was united by a similar discordancy of disposition. Miss Emily, now called Miss Abington, was the delight of the other party : *her* temper resembling that of her sister Spencer.

CHAP. XIII.


The Introduction of a Stranger.

THE benevolent parent of these families now saw two of his grand-children as happy as he could wish them to be ; Eleanor was not, perhaps, unhappy ; but her mode of conduct when it pressed upon
his

his mind, was an abatement of his tranquillity. He thought she was excessively wrong; he did not approve of the people with whom she had connected herself; but he wisely endeavoured to shut the disagreeable part from his view.

Mrs. Spencer was now advised, by her physicians, to forbear too much exercise; and it was thought proper for her to return, for the last time before her confinement, the visits she owed in the vicinity. The last she made was to the Lodge; in which she was accompanied by her grandfather and the Abingtons.

Towards the approach of night, Mrs. R. Percival was taken extremely ill; Mr. Edward Spencer was the first who observed the change in her countenance, and sprang across the room to support her in his arms, as she was near falling from the easy chair in which she leaned, not yet being so recovered as to be able to sit upright. She was now carried up stairs, and put to bed, where she requested being left to herself,



at least with only one servant. About an hour after, receiving for answer to their enquiries that she was better, but not able to see company, the Spencers and Abingtons took their leave and returned, as was before agreed upon, to the Aviary, where it was determined Mrs. Spencer should continue during her confinement. When they met in the morning, Mrs. R. Percival engrossed their first conversation, and by universal desire a servant was dispatched with enquiries about her health; the answer to which threw them into the greatest consternation; for it was, that "*She was as well as could be expected, and that the* CHILD *was very well, likewise.*"

The whole of the artful schemes which had been carried on amongst the Percivals, now flashed upon Mr. Spencer's imagination. Eleanor's lengthened stay in London—her going from thence to the Lodge, instead of to the Aviary—the affected continuance of lameness; always thought to be beyond the occasion—her refusal to receive company,

company, or to be seen by any one out of her easy chair—and the air of effrontery with which, as it was now recollected, the whole of their conduct had been distinguished, convinced every one that the criminal proceeding had resulted from a deliberate determination to disappoint, if it were possible, Mr. Spencer's just wish of fixing the family of his grandson in the paternal estate. This conviction was so justified by the reply of Mrs. Percival, in the presence of her son, to the enquiries which were made, that Charity herself refused to waste a sigh on the guilty and fallen fair one.

Frustrated as Mr. Spencer's views were by this event, his concern for the infamous conduct of his grand-daughter, was what sat most heavily upon his mind. Every principle in his heart revolted against the proceedings of the Percivals; who, with the utmost audacity triumphed in their success.

Soon after the return of the servant from the Lodge, Mr. Clarkson, the accoucheur of the village, called at the Aviary to enquire

quire about Mrs. Spencer's health. This gentleman, who was very prudent and skilful, had been summoned to Mrs. R. Percival about an hour after the departure of the Aviary party from the Lodge, and had delivered the lady of a son. He therefore confirmed to Mr. Spencer the substance of the servant's message.

The news now became public. Every body inveighed against the vile conduct of the Percivals, except Miss Martha Abington; and every body else determined upon not visiting them. However, as on her recovery, Mrs. R. Percival went to church in form, and sent cards of invitation to those from whom she had received cards upon her marriage, many, who where previously determined to avoid any intercourse with her, were induced by her measures, to call upon her; and she appeared so openly to defy the world's opinion, that whenever she had company, the little Spencer-Hatley Percival was carried down to be admired. Patty Abington, who, young

as she was, had already treasured up many certain signs and tokens which would give an insight into the future events of a child's life, saw, from a ring about his ankle ; a spot on his neck ; a red mark upon his arm, &c., that Master Percival would live to be the greatest man in the country ; and, by a mole-spot near his ear, predicted his being, one day, a prime minister.

To all this, Mrs. R. Percival gave strong credence, and was every day seeking for fresh information respecting her son's destiny, which her friend ceased not to affirm would be marked with fortunate circumstances.

Some time after the birth of Master Percival, Mrs. Spencer presented the family with a lovely girl, who was named Letitia. The beautiful features of this infant struck every beholder with admiration, and every one lamented the treachery which had deprived her of her birth-right, as Spencer-Aviary might with justice be termed.

About six months after the above-mentioned little lady made her appearance upon
this

this variable theatre, Master Percival was attacked by the measles ; a disorder at that time prevalent amongst the children of the neighbourhood. All the physicians in the country were summoned, and the utmost attention was afforded him by every female in the family ; but notwithstanding all their care, and in spite of Miss Patty's predictions at his birth, this presumptive heir to Spencer Aviary died on the seventh day of his illness. Mrs. Richard Percival was now in a state of distraction ; and no wonder. All her plans disappointed—at variance with her family—her reputation blasted—and to no purpose ! She was at this time, again *enceinte*, and the violent perturbation of her spirits nearly occasioned her death ; but the strength of her constitution was triumphant, and she was, in due time, delivered of another son, who was christened Stephen, the name of Mr. Percival's father. Patty Abington was now called upon to read *this* child's destiny, which, she said, would certainly be what

she had pronounced for the other, the marks upon which she had for some weeks observed to fade, and therefore expected its death, though she would not shock her friend with her apprehensions.

Mrs. R. Percival's health was now pretty well established, but her spirits seemed to be sunk beyond restoration; and, at times, her intellects were thought to be affected, so greatly had the disappointment preyed upon her mind. At length she sent a supplicating letter to Spencer-Aviary—acknowledging and lamenting her crime—owning the justice of the dispensation which had deprived her of her child, and imploring a return of favor from her grandfather and cousins: and in a little time, a general reconciliation was the consequence.

Soon after this, Mrs. Abington received a letter from the only brother who ever shewed her any affection. His name was Ruffel. He had resided for many years in the island of Madcira, where he had acquired a handsome fortune. From him

Mrs.

Mrs. Abington had frequently received considerable sums of money. In the early part of his life he married a lady who died in a few years after their union, and as he had not any family, intended to make the children of his sister Abington heirs to his property. On this account he sent to request that his nephew would immediately come over to him, as he had been some time ill, and was apprehensive that he should not recover.

This letter was an interruption to the happiness of the social families, but as the requisition could not be refused, he set off with all possible expedition for Madeira; leaving his lady under an affliction, which all her friends exerted their endeavors to alleviate.

CHAPTER XIV.

To young Widows.

PEACE and frugality seemed now to be established at Beverly. Every one appeared happy except the gentle, the tender, the amiable Mrs. G. Abington, whose anxiety for a beloved husband debarred her from sharing the apparent felicity around her; but the excellency of her understanding, disposition, and principles, prevented her from disturbing her friends with the terrors which she could not remove from her spirits. She sighed in secret, and in company endeavoured to be chearful.

We, just now, used the phrase "*apparent* felicity;" Mrs. Richard Percival at that moment crossing our ideas. This lady was indeed incapable of experiencing felicity in reality, while the daughter of her cousin was the presumptive heiress to Spencer Aviary. However, she determined to dis-
semble

semble her chagrin, nursing the idea that kind chance, as she termed it, might, possibly, put an end to the existence of the little Letitia, as it had done to that of her first born son ; and this possibility, by familiarity rendered probable, became so continually the subject of her contemplation, that she was never happy but when musing upon the event in perspective. Happily, for the relief of her mind, her husband and his mother indulged her in conversing upon her favorite topic, being no less desirous than herself to see one of their descendants in possession of the Aviary.

Continual was now the expectation of the Abingtons to hear from Madeira, yet day after day, week after week rolled on without that expectation being fulfilled. All that were concerned began to be alarmed ; and Mrs. G. Abington felt more than her share of the common uneasiness. Every rap at the door—every horseman she saw, threw her into tremors ; and every day,

near an hour before the usual time of the arrival of the post-boy did she sit in a bow-window with her eye fixed upon the road which led to the house, to watch his coming; springing to the door when she saw him, yet then not daring to ask him for letters. In this situation she continued for some time, till at length Mr. Abington wrote to Mr. Russell for intelligence, and at the end of three months received the following reply.

MADDEIRA, *Nov. 9th.*

“ Your letter, my dear brother, has given
“ me concern beyond expressing. How
“ shall I answer it! What words use to tell
“ you that George has never yet reached
“ this island! I give you the dreadful in-
“ formation too abruptly, but you are for-
“ tified by Christian philosophy, and as you
“ have prudence in no ordinary degree,
“ you will, I am certain, be properly deli-
“ berate in communicating the intelligence
“ to the amiable woman whom our dear
“ boy

“ boy married ; to his mother, and to his
“ sisters. I fear—I greatly fear poor George
“ is entirely lost to us. By degrees I wish
“ to tell you what I doubt is a certainty;
“ yet cannot prevent the ardor of my as-
“ sult from showing, at once, the fatal
“ truth. Let me say that *it is indeed all*
“ *over with him.* As soon as I received
“ your enquiring letter, which told me he
“ had sailed from Bristol in the *Enterprise*;
“ Captain Williams, I lost all hope. The
“ certainty of his death succeeded in an in-
“ stant, as intelligence of the fate of that
“ ship had been received at our port some
“ weeks before yours reached my hands.
“ The *Enterprise* had sailed from England
“ in company with the *Dolphin*, the *Har-*
“ *mony* and the *Leopard*, and had fallen in
“ with the *Tiber* and *Baltic*. They kept
“ near each other for several days, after
“ which they encountered one of the most
“ dreadful storms I ever heard described ;
“ and were driven westward for twenty-
“ eight hours. When the second morning

“ appeared, the Harmony and Tiber were
“ within sight of each other, and both took
“ up some wreck known to belong to the
“ Baltic ; and a boat, which was ascertain-
“ ed by the name on it to have been that
“ of the Enterprize. Of all these ships the
“ Dolphin was the first that was heard of.
“ She touched at this island to refit, being
“ bound, with the Harmony and Leopard,
“ to the East Indies: these two last men-
“ tioned came separately within a few days
“ after, and the next morning the Tiber
“ arrived, but the Baltic and Enterprize are,
“ doubtless, gone to the bottom.

“ The affliction I feel upon this dispen-
“ sation of Providence is greatly beyond
“ expressing, and almost beyond even your
“ imagination. George was to me as a
“ son. He was coming at my request, and
“ to my assistance ! By my means, his pa-
“ rents have been deprived of their chief
“ hope ; and I have been the occasion of
“ my own loss.

“ These recollections aggravate my grief ;
“ though

“ though rightly considered, they ought
“ not to occasion any difference in our sentiments upon the event. If we do a right
“ thing from right motives, whatever may
“ be the result, we are justified : to judge
“ by the effect is the wisdom of a fool.

“ I present these considerations to my
“ mind’s view continually, yet cannot, at
“ times, forbear to *recriminate* upon myself.
“ But to the All-wise Disposer of events I
“ endeavour to resign, knowing that his
“ goodness, as well as his power and wisdom, is exerted in his dispensations for
“ his children ; considerations which will,
“ I hope, have that force with you and
“ yours I am conscious they ought to have
“ with me.

“ Soon after I wrote my last, my disorder took a favourable turn ; and, contrary to all expectation, I am now entirely recovered. My affairs are likewise
“ in so favourable a train, that I mean to
“ quit Madeira and sail for England in the
“ first ship in which I can have tolerable

“ accommodations, and hope to end my
“ days with you and my sister. I will not
“ now say what an abatement I find in the
“ joy this intention has afforded me in con-
“ templation.

“ You will present my affectionate re-
“ membrance to my sister, Sophia, Emily
“ and Patty; and will believe me to be,
“ with the most faithful fraternal sympathy,

“ Yours,

“ GEORGE RUSSEL.”

My tender-hearted readers will require no information respecting the effects this letter produced upon the interested inhabitants of Beverly. The married fair, whose heart beats high with conjugal affection—whose delicate sensibility is ever awake to the welfare of the beloved of her heart—whose intelligent eye receives additional lustre from the refined ardency which glows in her breast, when she first catches sight of him after an absence longer than she expected—can feel for and will deeply sympathize

sympathize with the poor Matilda, when instead of receiving the assurance which her fond hope led her to expect, of the safety and approaching return of her dear George, she was told that in this world *she would never see him more*. Not that Mr. Abington communicated the fatal tidings in such explicit terms. He only began to prepare her to receive them, when her fears, equally strong and in continual balance with her hope, told her every thing at once. She saw the whole in vivid colors through the intended concealment, and sank, e'er he could enter upon the dreadful particulars, into the arms of the distressed mother of her lost husband.


Every consolation that could possibly be given under such circumstances, Mrs. G. Abington found in the tender soothings of her surrounding friends ; but nothing could remove, or indeed alleviate, the poignancy of her distress. Yet she did not murmur or repine : she was too good a Christian to be rebellious. Her grief was of the tender

kind, and she prayed and strove for resignation : but for several years her thoughts were so perpetually, so entirely devoted to the memory of him whom she had lost, that she seemed almost as if in continual expectation of seeing him ; and would scarcely believe that her deprivation was real. Never could the faithfulness of her affection be prevailed upon to listen to any of the numerous admirers who visited, on her account, at Spencer-Aviary. The progress of time made no abatement in her constancy ; nor could she, at the expiration of the usual period, be persuaded to lay aside her mourning habit. Yet her grief was chiefly solitary : for when in company with her friends, she endeavoured to put on the resemblance of cheerfulness, that she might not darken their enjoyments. Thus lived Mr. George Abington—admired—beloved ; and a pattern of conjugal fidelity.

The sorrow of the family for the heavy loss they had sustained, was still lively when Mr. Ruffel arrived from Madeira, and it

was

was not till long after, that their "grief" was so mellowed by time as to subside into a pleasing remembrance." Mr. and Mrs. Abington, for their only son; the sisters, for their brother; Mr. Edward Spencer, for *the friend of his heart*, and the benevolent grandfather, for the worthy and amiable husband of his Matilda, felt very poignantly this loss to their society; and we find ourselves disposed to sympathize with each individual.



CHAP. XV.

Neither sentimental, nor otherwise.

AFTER the event last mentioned, nothing material occurred at Beverly for a considerable period, except the increase of the families of Mr. Edward Spencer and Mr. Percival. Lititia, the eldest child of the first, was at the time to which

we chuse to advance, between two and three years of age, and one of the loveliest little girls ever beheld ; with a disposition uncommonly sweet, and an understanding already distinguishable.

The next in seniority, and younger only by a few months than Letitia, was Mr. Percival's son Stephen. Within a year after him, Mrs. Percival had two children at one birth, a boy and a girl ; the first called Robert ; the other ~~Barbara~~, in honor of the notable dowager, her grandmother. Mr. Spencer's second child was a daughter, of the name of Lucy, whose birth was succeeded by that of a still-brother.

Diminished only by the still-remembered loss of Mr. George Abington, happiness seemed to reside in the hearts of our *favorite* families at Beverly. Mr. Ruffel enlivened every party in which he mixed ; as there was a vein of humor in his disposition which seemed always new and pleasing. By his means the Abingtons were in a state of affluence. Except Miss Polly, every
body

body regarded him with esteem and affection; but that young lady had so small a share of tenderness in her composition, that the attachment between her and Mr R. Percival engrossed all that she possessed. Like this her nominal friend, she was proud and covetous. She was likewise conceited and envious in a high degree. The universal approbation given to her sisters and sister-in-law, was a continual bane to her happiness. She could not endure their being celebrated for qualities which she thought, and which the Percivals assured her, shone much more conspicuously in herself. She had a good face; was sufficiently genteel, with an understanding above mediocrity, and cultivated by education: for Mrs. Dormer had taken care to have her instructed in the fashionable branches of female learning. She, likewise, had the happy art of putting on her cloaths in a modish style, and had acquired that dignified appellation of "a very fashionable-looking young woman." The fancied
knowledge

knowledge she had obtained of future events from signs, marks, &c. she gained from an old female servant of Mrs. Dormer's, who had early imbibed those ideas; and who had predicted that Miss Martha would be raised by marriage to high rank. This the old fortune-teller had assured her would be her destiny, unless the gentleman whose star met her's at her birth, should die before he saw her. A fate so consonant to the young lady's wishes, obtained her implicit belief, and whenever she heard of the death of a young nobleman she sighed, on the apprehension of its being that of her consort-elect. However inconsistent this foible may seem to be with a good understanding, it was really found combined with one in Patty Abington; who, though empowered by nature to be a pleasing companion and a useful friend, prostituted her talents to the most opposite purposes.

Mrs. Percival, by whom it is to be understood, we always mean the elder, saw
Miss

Miss Patty's failings and made her advantages of them; for more cunning—more true subtilty than this Dowager possessed, never inhabited the breast of a female. She wished to keep Miss Patty in the interest of her family, therefore represented the injustice which she said her relations did her by not considering her as the first of her name.

“A young lady of *your* talents Miss “Martha,” would this artful dame exclaim, “ought to be looked up to upon “all occasions.”

“So I think, and always did think,” said Mrs. R. Percival, with seeming carelessness in her manner. “Patty Abington is an “honor to the name she bears.”

“Nobody doubts that,” rejoined Mr. Percival. “You are taking very unnecessary pains, ladies, to point out what every “body sees. But when you, my dear Miss “Martha, are married into the rank you “certainly were formed to adorn, you will “find every body will do you justice.”

Miss

Miss Martha had sufficient understanding to receive this adulation in a decent manner, attributing their praises to their kindness; nevertheless, she was consciously satisfied that what they said was true.

About this time almost all the children in the neighbourhood of Beverly were attacked with that frequently fatal disorder called the chin-cough; or, as we think more properly, the whooping-cough. The little Spencers and Percivals suffered with the rest. Letitia was the worst, and it continued upon her so long, that the physicians apprehended its leading her into a consumption. Change of air was strongly advised, and the anxious friends immediately endeavoured to find an eligible situation, within a proper distance, to which their little darling might with safety be removed. After some enquiry, a woman who had formerly lived at the Aviary in the capacity of a chamber-maid; was married from thence, and left a widow with a daughter then six years of age, was deemed
a proper

a proper person to be entrusted with the care of the little sick Letitia ; she being reckoned very clean and healthy, kind to the several nurse-children with whom she had been entrusted, and fixed in an airy spot, called Hilton, about three miles from Beverly. The only objection was the size of her habitation, which was so small that she could not lodge an attendant for the child ; but the advantages were so peculiar, respecting situation, &c. that it was determined Letitia should be carried to her house immediately. This was accordingly done, Mrs. Ellenson being very glad to take the charge of her, as there was no doubt of the trouble being handsomely recompensed. The child had not been at Hilton more than three days before her health appeared evidently to improve, and as the air seemed so well to agree with her, the doctors advised her being continued there till she should be perfectly restored. Twice in each day was the little Letitia visited by two medical gentlemen of the
first

first repute in the neighbourhood ; and it seldom happened that she was not seen both morning and evening by one or other of the anxious friends from the Aviary, the Shrubbery or Mr. Abington's, so interested were they all in the life of this beautiful little girl. Mr. Russell was her constant visiter ; and even the Percivals assumed a semblance of concern ; which few people believed to be sincere. When the child relapsed, Mrs. R. Percival's hopes were all awakened : when it mended, they fell ; and according to the answers she received to her constant morning enquiries were her spirits good or bad for the day.



CHAPTER XVI.

To young Parents.

SHORT, hitherto, has been the period of tranquillity enjoyed by the descendants of our good Mr. Spencer.

Will

Wilt thou, O reader ! from that consideration presume to pronounce that they were not the favorites of Heaven ! If thy complexion leads thee to form such a dangerous conclusion, we advise thee to endeavour to root from thy heart the pernicious principle which actuates thy judgment. Remember that the Great Parent of the Universe is not less merciful, than powerful ; not less good and kind, than wise. The lenity which would benefit one, would eventually injure another of the children ; to all of whom this care is equally extended. At proper seasons, we have each of us our share of the good things of this world. Even what *we* call happiness is more equally dispensed than a cursory view may induce us to suppose. If my *young* readers of whatever *age*, are not acquainted with this truth, they have much knowledge to acquire. Thinkest thou, whose circumstances are but straitly proportioned to thy station, that the rich and great are at the summit of sublunary felicity ! Learn, if thou art so ignorant,

norant, to know better. Teach thy heart to believe that these outwardly ornamented ones have perplexities from which thou art exempt. And dost thou, who art exalted in thy situation, look down—not with pity but with pride—upon those who are below thy ideal exaltation; fancying they are not worthy to enjoy the blessings of the earth! If thou dost—let me advise thee to accelerate thy freedom from this more dangerous mistake. Open thy mind to the knowledge of their being in possession of gifts, favors, joys, to which thou, perhaps, wilt ever remain a stranger.

The little Letitia Spencer was several weeks under the care of Mrs. Ellenson; during which time the strength of her constitution seemed to vanquish her disorder; but one morning, when Mrs. Spencer was at Mr. Abington's, she received an alarming message from the nurse, importing that the child had been ill all night, and begging to see some of the family immediately. Alarmed at the intelligence, Mrs. Spencer requested

requested her mother and sisters to go with her to Hilton; accordingly, the coach being then in waiting, they all set off, and when they arrived at Mrs. Ellenson's found the child asleep, the doctors having just before, given it something composing. The nurse seemed in great distress; said, that Miss Spencer had been ill almost continually, since eleven the evening before, and that at eight in the morning she was seized with convulsions; upon which the nurse had thought it necessary to send, first to Doctor Wilfred and Mr. Clarkson, and then to Mrs. Spencer, as it appeared to her that the child was in the greatest danger imaginable. The medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion that her danger was *not* so impending; comforting Mrs. Spencer with telling her that if the child could be kept in a gentle sleep, they hoped she should soon be well again. The doctors then departed, leaving the anxious mother and her friends at Hilton, at which place they continued till late in the evening, and then

then set off for the Aviary, where they found Mr. Spencer, Mr. Abington, Mr. Russell, and Mrs. G. Abington, in anxious expectation of some account subsequent to what they had received from Mr. Edward Spencer, who about the middle of the day went to make enquiries. Mrs. R. Percival had likewise been at Hilton, which was nearer to the Lodge than to either the Aviary or Shrubbery, and had put on a face of such concern when she was told of the child's danger; with how much sincerity the reader may be left to conjecture. There were some people who, upon observing the signs of sorrow which she rather officiously displayed, did not scruple to intimate that it was "*a thousand pities*" little Miss was nursed so near to "Mr. Percival's," and maliciously insinuated that Mrs. Ellenson had lately been very much caressed at the Lodge, though they expressed their hope that nurse knew better than to give the child "*any stuff to make it bad.*" Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, we ourselves

selves are somewhat apprehensive that this artful, envious family was capable of forming designs of a sable hue, though we are unwilling to condemn, in an affair of such consequence, without a sufficient evidence of guilt.

Upon the declaration of the medical gentlemen that they did not apprehend any danger of a relapse, and with a promise from Mrs. Ellenson to procure a man to sit up in her house throughout the night; that in case of any unfavorable alteration he might be dispatched for assistance, the anxious party returned to the Aviary; and retiring earlier than usual, with the hope of getting some rest after the fatigue of mind they had experienced, most of the family were asleep when a violent ringing at the gate occasioned an universal alarm. Mr. Edward Spencer ran to a window, when he was conjured by a man from below to hasten to Hilton, as Mrs. Ellenson feared Miss Letitia would die before any body could get near her. The man, whose name was

Taylor, said he had set out the moment the alteration in the child took place, upon a horse which was kept in readiness, but that just before he reached Mr. Clarksom's he was thrown with violence into a ditch, the creature having been frightened while going full speed, by something lying in a hedge ; that when he got up he was obliged to hasten on foot to the doctor, as the horse had galloped off, and that afterwards he had run every step of the way to the Aviary ; he concluded with begging some of the family would go to Hilton with all possible expedition, as he was terribly afraid it would else be too late to see Miss alive.

All this the man had full time to say to Mr. E. Spencer, who seemed to wish to prolong his stay at the window, dreading to communicate the intelligence to his lady, whose presence, as he justly concluded, could not possibly benefit the child, and who probably would suffer injury by the journey. But it was impossible to keep from her the knowledge of the truth, and

as impossible, when she was acquainted with it, to dissuade her from going. The whole family was now informed of the occasion of the alarm ; the coach ordered, and Mr. E. Spencer, Mrs. Spencer, and the two Mrs. Abingtons driven off for Hilton. The night was exceeding dark and they could not go very fast ; but had they been two hours sooner Mrs. Spencer would have received the same dreadful information—that of the death of her darling child. The first object which struck her sight when she rushed into the house, was the lifeless infant upon the lap of the nurse, who vowed she never would remove it from that situation, till some of the family arrived. Neither of the doctors had been in time to be of service. The child was dead before they reached the house ; indeed before the messenger was gone a hundred yards from the door. When our readers are told that this poor babe had died in convulsions, and that it had bled from its mouth and nose, of which strong marks were visible upon

its little face, the most heroic heart will not wonder that Mrs. Spencer, when she beheld the shocking spectacle, should fall senseless into the arms of her surrounding friends. It was long before they could recover her ; and when they succeeded, they only awakened her to the most poignant grief.

“ My dear Sophia,” said Mr. E. Spencer, with his own heart labouring with its feelings, “ moderate, if possible, the violence of your affliction, lest you endanger a life still more precious than that which is lost. Think upon little Lucy ; and think upon me. Letitia, dear as she was to us, was not our only happiness.”

He could say no more ; for at that moment the recollection of her infant beauty, and the thousand future charms which the parent’s eye had anticipated, rushed so forcibly on his mind, that he reproached himself for endeavouring to make his Sophia think lightly of the loss.

But we will not any longer detain our readers at Hilton. The mourners, at length depart-

departed, leaving orders with the nurse to prepare such things for the funeral as were immediately necessary, and to be ready to attend the child's removal on the next morning. At the appointed time Mrs. Ellenson, her daughter, and the infant-corpsé were conveyed in a mourning coach, attended by a suitable number of servants, to Spencer-Aviary; from whence the little body was carried to the village church and deposited in a vault made by Mr. Charlton for the reception of him and his descendants. In this repository was likewise laid the deceased child of Mr. Percival: for though, at that time, the inhabitants of the Lodge did not stand very high in Mr. Spencer's estimation, he would not refuse Mrs. R. Percival's request of admitting the innocent offender into the vault intended for its ancestors. Not in the church, but in the *church-yard*, was this repository sunk; for Mr. Spencer, at whose suggestion it was built, did not deem it right

to make a sepulchre of a place destined for offering public worship to the Great Supreme.

CHAP. XVII.

To the numerous Families of the Quaintlys.

THE funeral over, the Spencers and Abingtons once more began to glide into a melancholy tranquillity. The afflicting remembrance of Letitia was at length, in some measure, sunk in the feeling of other cares; not only for Lucy, but, as Mrs. Spencer again discovered symptoms of pregnancy, for the yet unknown. What retained, for a considerable period, the memory of the lost child, was the inheritance of the Aviary estate. But to the will of Heaven they endeavored to resign themselves; being too sincere Christians to murmur at any evident dispensation of Providence. Mrs. R. Percival's criminality, re-
speckling

specting the first born, had failed of its object, and she had only exposed *herself* by her conduct. With the Spencers there was no guilt; and though no object upon earth could have equalled in their estimation the restoration of the child, the piety of the mourners effected their submission.

There were not wanting some, who, influenced immediately by events, without waiting for that explanation which is frequently given by the final result, presumed to justify Mrs. R. Percival's conduct previous to her marriage; pronouncing Mr. E. Spencer's loss to be a demonstration that it was GOD's will the estate should pass to her family, as she had now two sons, strong healthy boys, and a daughter; all older than the little Lucy. The evident probability, indeed, that after the lapse of a few years, the Percivals would preside at the Aviary, drew many *ductile* hearts to bow before their shrine; as, from the same censurable flexibility, they had previously done homage to the inhabitants of the Shrubbery.

An elderly dowager, whose policy led her to worship the rising sun—to exalt the high and oppress the oppressed—met Mr. Ruffel one afternoon at a neighbouring gentleman's, and began a conversation upon the death of Mr. E. Spencer's daughter, an event which, as she said, betokened the design of Providence to give the estate to Mrs. R. Percival's family.

Mr. Ruffel had much urbanity, but he had likewise a warmth in his temper which, when mixed with a native vein of humor, was sometimes caustic and bitter, in an encounter with vicious folly:

“ And so, Mr. Ruffel,” says Mrs. Quaintly,
 “ Mrs. Spencer has lost her little girl! Ah!
 “ Well!—I always thought, but I did not
 “ like to say any thing, yet I always
 “ thought—”

She paused: Mr. Ruffel looked as if expecting the rest of the sentence; but she only gave her head a motion that was between a nod and a bow, as if she had said:
 “ excuse me Sir, I shall not say any more.”

But

But he would *not* excuse her. He asked what she meant, and what she had further to say upon the subject.

"Why then Sir," said she, "I mean that I think Mrs. R. Percival is the lady designed by Providence for the estate of her ancestors, and that Mr. Spencer's endeavor to secure it to his grandson was, doubtless, very presumptuous."

"Mr. Spencer, Madam", returned Mr. Russel with some show of asperity, "is a *stranger* to presumption. His heart is the residence of every great and good sentiment. Had you and I, Mrs. Quaintly, half his worth between us, we need not be afraid of the machinations of Satan;" a phrase often made use of by this lady.

Mrs. Quaintly's character was such as justified Mr. Russel's abrupt treatment of her. She had several times, in his presence, dared to insinuate that such and such people were favored by Heaven, and that such and such were under its frown; from an opinion which she had.

presumptuously formed from the appearances of their worldly fortunes. Once Mr. Ruffel had opposed a judgment thus founded by saying—"Instead of supposing
" that the Almighty places in the most
" prosperous situations those whom he best
" loves, we may sometimes be led, from
" observation, to conclude the direct contrary. Look," continued he, " at Mrs.
" Reeves! Can you any where point out
" to me a better woman! ? and yet through
" all her late life she has been in adverse
" circumstances, while you, Mrs. Quaintly,
" are happy in a competency. How will
" you reconcile *this* to your system?"

" How Sir!—Why Sir!—Pray Sir!"—was all Mrs. Quaintly could return.

" O! I know very well," said Mr. Ruffel, seeming to understand her exclamatory monosyllables, " that you go constantly to
" public worship; that when you are there
" you keep awake and make very loud
" responses; that you sing psalms in a
" high note, and fix your eyes upon the
" preacher.

“ preacher. I likewise know that you are
“ very severe upon all deviations from your
“ own regular conduct, and greatly more
“ value the resemblance of piety than that
“ which lies hid in the heart.”

The conversation was then interrupted; but Mrs. Quaintly, from a recollection and feeling of Mr. Ruffel's severity, was led to revive the occasion of it by mentioning the loss of the Spencers in Letitia: and thus provoked Mr. Ruffel to make the observation ending with the word Satan.

At the conclusion of his speech, Mrs. Quaintly boiled over with rage.

“ I do not know, Sir, what you mean
“ Sir ! But I would have you to understand
“ that I think myself as good as any Mr.
“ Spencer whatever ; and that I have no
“ more reason to be afraid of Satan, than
“ he has.”

“ You have not so *much* reason, in my
“ opinion, Madam, to fear his *resentment*,”
coolly replied Mr. Ruffel, “ as, I dare en-
“ gage for it, you never did half so much

“to disoblige him. Pray Sir,” continued he, turning suddenly to a gentleman who sat next him, “do you hold your intention of going next week to London?”

“I do Sir,” answered the gentleman, whose name was Kelby, “and hope I shall not be disappointed in my expectations of your accompanying me.”

“I mean to be there about the tenth,” returned Mr. Ruffel: “let us agree to go together.”

The gentlemen settled the particulars of their intended excursion, and then Mr. Ruffel took his leave of the company, leaving Mrs. Quaintly ready to burst with vexation.

CHAP. XVIII.

A Journey to London, and an Episode.

ACCORDING to the time and plan proposed, Mr. Ruffel and Mr. Kelby set out upon their journey to London; in which, not being otherwise particularly engaged, we will accompany them. A stage-coach being the vehicle chosen by both the gentlemen: they took their places in one that carried six passengers, four of whom were seated when they went in. Their option of situations being consequently small, Mr. Kelby filled the vacancy between two gentlemen upon the back seat; and on the opposite one Mr. Ruffel was wedged in between two women of remarkable corpulency. For some miles there was an universal silence, till, at length, in consequence of some particularly rough road, a general complaint arose of the inconvenience of
common

common stages ; a fact of which nobody all the time was so sensible as Mr. Ruffel, suspended and absolutely pinioned as he was between the ladies.

“ Mercy !” cries the fat one upon his right hand, “ we shall, for certain, be all “ jammed to pieces before we get to *Lau-*
mun. I was a monstrous *fule* not to take
 “ mama’s advice of travelling in post and
 “ chaises, as mama would have had me
 “ done. To folks that are used to stages
 “ it does not matter ; but to me ’tis a
 “ *mortal* punishment to be thus *squozen*.
 “ Set *fudder* Sir,” said she, bouncing her-
 self into the middle of the seat, to the great
 annoyance of poor Mr. Ruffel and the fat
 lady on his left hand, “ I am sure you
 “ might *gi* one a little more *rume* together
 “ if *ye woude*.”

“ I do not know what you mean Ma-
 “ dam,” said the other lady, “ by being
 “ *squozen*, as you call it, but I expect
 “ every instant that the little basket of eggs
 “ which I have got in the corner here be-
 “ hind.

“ hind me, to carry as a present to my
“ cousin in town, will be *smashed* all to
“ *bits*, and then we shall be finely *bedaubed*.
“ As to a post-chaise—perhaps you cou’d not
“ afford to pay for one; but I am certain
“ this is the last time I will ever be pegged
“ into such a *rumbulating vehicle* as this.”

Violent was now the contention between these two *great* personages; each assuring the other that she was as able to pay for a post-chaise as herself. The voice of the first was loud and hoarse; that of the other shrill and squeaking, and the exertion of them both filled the carriage with such horrid dissonance as almost distracted the auditors. At length Mr. Ruffel begged they would finish the dispute; protesting that he was *sensibly* convinced they were both endowed with *immense* property; and he concluded with a request that the basket of eggs, which the left-hand lady had mentioned, might, for general safety, be placed behind him, as there was in that triangular vacancy a safe repository. Neither

ther of the ladies understood the extent of the gentleman's inuendo; yet construing it into some affront, they both, like true English women, joined to defend themselves against the enemy; and thus contrived to render Mr. Ruffel's situation so extremely disagreeable to him, that he determined to take a post-chaise from the next stage. Finding however the two gentlemen had no farther to travel, he altered his intention, and taking the backward seat with Mr. Kelby, continued his journey in the same vehicle without farther annoyance. The business that carried him to London being finished in two days, he visited Mrs. Percival, who had been in town for some time. The occasion of this lady's journey to the capital may perhaps be sufficiently interesting to our readers to justify us for pausing in our chief narrative to explain it.

It has been mentioned then, that Mrs. Percival had a daughter who had married, without her consent, a gentleman of the
name

name of Montague : from this daughter she received a supplicating letter, mentioning that she was under the most severe affliction ; having just lost her husband, after an illness of only a few days ; and her little Harriet, the only surviving child of five, being then very dangerously sick : that in consequence of these afflictions she was herself greatly disordered both in body and mind, and that she earnestly implored her mother to come to London, that she might give her pardon and blessing to a penitent and dying child, whose inability alone to travel prevented her from throwing herself on her knees before her parent.

This letter produced not the least effect upon either the mother or the brother, to whom a part of it was addressed ; and they agreed not to notice it. They were indeed generally influenced by the same turn of thought ; and though Mr. Percival, since his marriage had made him independent of his mother, was of course less mindful of her edicts, their dispositions were so
similar

similar that they usually formed the same opinion of persons and things; especially on occasions where their interest was concerned.

In a short time after, Mrs. Montague ventured another letter, in which some part of the first was repeated, with a confirmation of her declining state. This letter added that it had, for several months, been believed she was in a consumption; that her attendance upon Mr. Montague in his illness, together with her grief upon the event, had so rapidly increased her disorder, that her dissolution must soon be expected; that it was with the greatest difficulty she sat up to finish her letter, and that the life of her child likewise was thought to be in danger.

Mrs. Percival received this affecting letter in the presence of her son; her daughter-in-law, and Miss Martha Abington. Having with the greatest indifference read it aloud, she seemed, when she had finished it, to be struck with a sudden thought, and
sat

fat in a musing attitude. After a silence of some minutes, she said—"Richard I think I shall go to London."

"Not with my consent, madam," replied he.

"I think I shall go," said she, "however."

"What, to reward an undutiful daughter!?"—tauntingly asked Mr. Percival:—"you could not do more at a request of mine."

"When you know my motives Sir," said his mother with some acrimony, "perhaps I shall have your permission; for you seldom refuse to listen to your own interest."

Much altercation passed on this subject in the presence of Miss Polly, which led that young lady to conclude that Mrs. Percival looked forward to the death of both her daughter and grand-daughter as to events which might put the other branch of her family into the possession of wealth that

that perhaps, in strict justice, ought to go to another quarter.

This was indeed Mrs. Percival's view, which, after Miss Patty was retired to her chamber, she set in such glowing colors before her son, that he not only approved of her going, but resolved to accompany her, to the entire satisfaction of his lady, with whom self-interest was ever the material point in view. After staying two or three days to settle some business in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Percival, attended by her son, set off for the metropolis, and after sending to acquaint Mrs. Montague with her arrival, made her a visit; but Mr. Percival could not be prevailed upon to favor his sister with his presence.

The prediction of the unfortunate young widow, respecting her dissolution, was speedily verified. She died soon after she had received her mother's *verbal* forgiveness; and had recommended to her protection the infant Harriet, who seemed at that

that time not likely long to survive her expiring parent. For this child, however, Mrs. Montague requested with the greatest fervency that Mrs. Percival would give her a good education, though half of Mr. Montague's property should be expended for the purpose.

Mrs. Percival gave the promise which her daughter required so earnestly with her departing breath, and Mrs. Montague closed her eyes for ever.

After the funeral, Mr. Percival assisted his mother in the pecuniary business which his sister had left unsettled, and then returned into the country, just before the period of Mr. Russel's visit to the dowager. This gentleman finding the lady in a state of evident discomposure, after the civilities and enquiries were dispatched, requested to be informed of the cause of her uneasiness. In reply to this question, she informed him that about half an hour before his arrival she had been rudely attacked by a sea-officer of the name of Montague; and she proceeded

proceeded to give him the particulars in the following words :

“ You are not, Mr. Ruffel, unacquainted
“ with the history of my poor Harriet.
“ You know she married much against my
“ approbation to a gentleman who died a
“ few months back ; that subsequent to that
“ event, my daughter (before in an ill state
“ of health) grew rapidly worse, and in a
“ short time, left to my care her only child,
“ who was then thought to be affected with
“ the same disorder which carried off her
“ poor mother, but who recovered upon be-
“ ing removed into fresh air, and seems
“ now growing strong and hearty. You
“ are, as I said, acquainted with these cir-
“ cumstances, as my son, who has frequent-
“ ly journeyed backwards and forwards
“ since my late abode in London, told me
“ he saw you just before his last coming
“ up.”

“ He did, Madam,” said Mr. Ruffel,
“ and informed us of the particulars you
“ have mentioned.”

“ Well

“ Well then Sir,” continued Mr. Percival, “ whether you know what I am now
“ going to mention, or not, I will proceed
“ with saying that Mr. Montague, my
“ daughter’s husband died intestate, but
“ that Harriet, as soon as I arrived in London, and engaged to take care of her
“ child, sent for an eminent lawyer to take
“ in writing her last wishes, which were
“ that I should be her sole executrix, and
“ have absolute power over her daughter
“ and all her effects ; urging me to give
“ the child a good education, though the
“ chief of her property should be expended
“ on that account. Acting under the
“ power of this will, which was duly executed, and reducing all her effects, her
“ clothes excepted, into money ; I found
“ the whole produce to be no more than
“ eight hundred pounds. As this, however, added to what it will be in my
“ power to give her, will be sufficient to
“ support her as a gentlewoman, I have determined to comply with my daughter’s
“ entreaty

“ entreaty of having her properly educated,
“ and intend to carry her down to Beverly
“ to be instructed there by the preceptors
“ whom my son must provide for his own
“ children. Till she is of an age indeed
“ to be benefited by their instructions, I
“ have thought it would best to continue
“ her with the woman, under whose care
“ she now is at Hampstead, in a situa-
“ tion which is remarkably healthy; and
“ where many children of considerable
“ quality are brought up. This is certainly
“ rather an expensive plan, but I shall not
“ hesitate to defray the charges out of my
“ own pocket, as I do not wish to increase
“ my son’s family unnecessarily; and if the
“ child be now carried down, there must be
“ a servant on purpose to attend her.”

Mrs. Percival stopped to receive Mr. Ruffel’s approbation and then continued—
“ Thus, Sir, had I placed every thing in a
“ proper train, when, just after my son’s
“ departure for Grantham, to inspect the
“ condition of my estate near that place,
“ I was

“ I was insulted by the Mr. Montague I
“ mentioned ; who having heard of the
“ death of his brother, and of his brother’s
“ wife, and not knowing that they had left
“ any child, came to demand their effects.
“ It was not till I had sent to the ~~dowager~~,
“ who made the will, and had given him a
“ direction for his little niece, whom he
“ is now gone to see, that I could satisfy
“ him.”

Mrs. Percival ended her narrative with requesting Mr. Ruffel to accept the office of a trustee for the little Harriet Montague, as the lawyer had desired her to nominate one, out of her own family, with whom, in case of her death, the effects would be secure till the child should arrive at age. Mr. Ruffel immediately complied, for he had a heart fraught with urbanity ; and likewise took into his hands the little patrimony ; for which he gave the most ample security.

Mrs. Percival could not but look upon
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this as a high obligation, and made her acknowledgment accordingly.

After this transaction, Mr. Ruffel soon returned to Beverly. In a few weeks, Mrs. Percival followed; and the related families seemed to live in greater harmony than heretofore.



CHAP. XIX.

Which sums up Particulars.

AS we have lately accomplished so much business, we will here stand still and take a view of the situation into which we have brought our heroes and heroines; beginning with Mr. Spencer.

That good—that great man, though now somewhat advanced in years, having passed his first climacteric, was the life of every party with which he associated—the idol of

of the poor—the veneration of all ages and degrees of both sexes.

Mrs. G. Abington—as she resided at the Aviary with her grandfather—must next be mentioned. “The charming widow” was the appellation which generally distinguished her. More than three years were now passed since she lost the beloved of her heart; yet was her affection as lively as ever, and her grief nearly as poignant. Both outwardly and inwardly did she continue to mourn, and though not yet twenty-five, steadily determined never again to listen to any of the overtures of marriage; which were almost constantly made to Mr. Spencer on her account. Indeed this amiable woman was universally admired and beloved; and every body was solicitous to soothe her sorrows.

At the Shrubby, Mr. Edward Spencer and his lady lived an enviable life of conjugal happiness; still, however, at times lamenting their lost Letitia; but little Lucy, and after her a daughter, for whom Mrs.

G. Abington stood sponsor, and who was named Matilda ; with another, in process of time, called Caroline, drew their attention from the one they had lost. Mrs. Spencer never but once was *enccinte* with a son, and that was still-born.

Mr. and Mrs. Abington with Mr. Russell lived in great harmony ; Miss Abington and Miss Martha, completing the family. The first had been engaged to the son of a neighbouring gentleman who died not long before the time appointed for their nuptials. This event was a great affliction to her ; and with a constancy resembling that of her sister-in-law, she seemed deaf to all new solicitations. This young lady with a most excellent understanding, united a disposition so charming, that it rendered her the delight of her friends. She passed much of her time at Spencer Aviary, where she was often accompanied by her uncle Russell, of whom she seemed to be the favourite niece ; that gentleman not being very fond of Miss Martha, and observing that Mrs. Spencer
had

had ample happiness in a most excellent husband.

Miss Martha continued to be just as we have described her. Her lovers were few; yet she had two or three good offers of marriage, to which her friends wished her to attend. But though it was thought that she did not dislike any of these suitors, she refused them all, because they were not of the quality she was told and believed the man ought to be to whom she should condescend to be a wife. Possessed with this idea of her own consequence—vain of her supposed native charms and accomplishments—Miss Martha looked with contempt on those who were, in every respect, her equals, and with whom, would her temper have permitted, she might have lived a life of happiness.

A similarity of disposition united the Percivals in all the grand concerns of life; but with respect to its more trifling incidents they were continually jarring: and as “small things, more than great,” contribute or

destroy domestic happiness, their house was frequently a scene of discord. Mrs. Percival, the elder, was artful, or rather cunning, to an extreme degree, and this induced her to suspect in others the existence of that quality of which she was conscious in herself. The duplicity which her own long experience had found prevalent, she concluded to be universal. Self-interest biased all her actions, and if that object could be attained she was indifferent as to the means.

Her son, with kindred qualities, possessed a disposition not so pliable as that of his mother. He loved power, as well as riches, and was haughty to all around him.

His lady partook of the principles of both the mother and the son; while her character asserted some peculiarities of its own. She loved adulation, and was in all respects very proud. The tempers, in short, and behaviour of the three induced many to fear, but not one to love or respect them; unless the attachment, professed by

Patty

Patty Abington were to be honoured with the name of either affection or esteem. The probability, indeed, of their future consequence engaged the attentions of many; but some would not scruple to assert, in allusion to the strange relapse of little Letitia Spencer, that this reverfionary consequence was dearly earned.

The eldest child of the Percivals has been known to the reader by the appellation of Stephen; the second and third by the names of Robert and Barbara. They had afterwards another son whom they called George, and a second daughter named Deborah, in honor of Mrs. Hutchinson, who frequently visited at the Lodge, and was sponsor to this youngest child.

We do not recollect any one who has acted a material part in this history, whose situation we have not here recapitulated, unless it be that of Nurse Ellenson: and to her, as we are unwilling to be thought capable of neglecting any individual, merely from the circumstance of rank; and are de-

firous of exhibiting another amiable trait in the character of the good Spencers, we will now direct our attention. Fearing probably the suspicion of having been careless of her infant charge during its illness, which we will do her the justice to say was by no means the case, this poor woman still wore the semblance of deep affliction for its loss. The concern under which she persisted to appear, so greatly affected Mrs. Spencer, that, willing to quiet apprehensions and expecting to find in her a good and faithful attendant, she offered to take her to the Shrubbery ; an offer which she accepted with tears of joy and thankfulness streaming down her cheeks. But when she was preparing to take possession of her new place, she went to Mrs. Spencer with a letter, that moment received, as she said, from an old aunt in Yorkshire, who had not spoken to her, nor taken any notice of her since she married. The purport of this letter was to inform her of her aunt's being very ill, and to desire that she would come
to

to her, to reside with her as long as she lived; and on the event of her death, to inherit what she was worth; a property which Mrs. Ellenfon represented as considerable. To such a plan, no objection could be made: the poor woman, therefore, disposed of her household effects, and receiving from Mrs. Spencer a very handsome present, took her place, with her daughter, in the next stage coach, and left the neighbourhood of Beverly.

And now, chronological reader, thou wilt observe that we are advanced some years farther in our story than when we began this chapter; and that in the course of some of our last pages, several grandchildren have been born to Mr. Spencer. As thy imagination therefore, may perhaps be somewhat fatigued by the speed of our journey, and the number of its incidents, we will give thee an opportunity to repose.

CHAPTER XX.

The Guardian.

A REPUTATION for economy is a magnet to the thoughts of dying parents, careful for what is called the welfare of their children ; though we must confess that we ourselves should be more strongly attracted by the renown of generosity, and consequently should not chuse such a man as Mr. Percival to be the guardian of our son and heir. But the father, whom we are going to mention, entertained in this respect sentiments very different from ours.

Mr. Seymour was a gentleman descended from a noble family, who lived upon a fortune of about five thousand pounds a year, in the northern part of Leicestershire. The name of a very pretty seat in the middle of the estate, was Martin's Priory. A part of the farm which Mrs. Percival possessed on the borders of Lincolnshire was intermixed with some lands belonging to Mr. Seymour,

Seymour, of which an exchange was made to the benefit of both parties ; and this contributed to increase the acquaintance between the families. From this transaction Mr. Seymour, an honest, plain man, in a bad state of health, imbibed such an opinion of Mr. Percival's management, that he accepted his offer of future service, by constituting him his executor, and sole guardian for his son, who was a year older than Mr. Percival's eldest. The will gave the executor unlimited power over the estate till the little Henry should arrive at the age of twenty-two. Two hundred pounds a year were allowed for the child's board and education till he should arrive at the age of ten, after that time, five hundred were to be annually allotted for the same purpose, it being Mr. Seymour's desire that his son should be as well educated as possible without going out of England ; a measure to which he expressed a strong objection. If the orphan should die before his arrival at the stipulated pe-

riod, the whole property was to revert to the elder branch of the family, then resident in Ireland; Mr. Seymour's lady leaving him no other child than this, during whose minority Mr. Percival was to receive one hundred a year for his care and trouble.

Mr. Seymour was called from his territorial inheritance when Henry was between seven or eight years of age: of which event, Mr. Percival being immediately apprized, went down to the Priory and saw every thing, relating to the funeral, decently performed; settled the affairs which called for present attention, and returned to Beverly with his young ward.

Henry Seymour, the youth whom we now beg leave to present to our readers, is well deserving of our highest notice. His person, his abilities, and the qualities of his mind were such as we are apprehensive we shall not be able to do justice to, without giving room for the imputation of undue partiality. Let our fair friends suppose what their favorite swains were at his age—
let

let the fond mother keep in her eye the image and rare endowments of her darling son.—In short—let imagination create one of the finest figures, it can portray, animated by an intellect of the first order and sparkle, and Henry Seymour will shine in some degree displayed.

Our great Richardson—a distant relation to one part of our family, though his genius was inherited by another branch of his own—drew, as a perfect character, his favorite Grandison; and indeed we do homage to our kinsman's admirable picture, and wish to make our advantage of it by saying, that Henry Seymour and young Grandison were very much alike in many respects. We cannot, perhaps, boast of his being quite so *good* a youth, truth obliging us to confess that in some particulars, he bore an affinity to the Tom Jones of our cousin Fielding; though he never was so depraved either in taste or inclination as that celebrated hero. Full of fire and sweetness was his temper, and though he was, sometimes,

times, what rigid people would call “an unlucky child,” or “a wild boy,” he had a considerable share of refinement in his sentiments. You might, at the same instant, observe in his air and manner, spirit and greatness—a quickness of resentment with a softness of disposition.

Which of my young female readers does not instantly look forward and form an idea of what Henry Seymour will be when arrived at the age of one or two and twenty!

“*I, Sir, do not think any thing about it*”—cries Miss Pruderilla. “*Nor I, I am sure*”—exclaims Miss Anthropy; while the smiling Honesta wonders at their insensibility, and confesses she should be greatly pleased with the addresses of such a lover.

Of the two first mentioned young ladies, I must beg as a particular favor—that they never will open one page more of our works, as no where in them will they find one sentiment in the least congenial with their *particular* dispositions. Those whom we write to please, have urbanity, benevolence,

lence, and affection in their souls ; and will not hesitate to acknowledge the sympathy which they are capable of experiencing.

Mr. Percival, upon his return to Beverly, turned his thoughts towards constituting a seminary in his own house, *prudently* determining that the stipend allowed for the education of the little Seymour should defray, in a great measure, the expences attending that of his own children. To facilitate this economical scheme, he furnished a hitherto unoccupied wing of his house, and engaged various teachers to instruct the young ones in every useful and ornamental science. A footman was, likewise, retained in the name of Master Seymour, whose business it was to wait upon the children in general. To save appearances, he wore the Seymour livery.

As we intend to devote this chapter to the infantine part of our acquaintance, we will give a short hint of the persons and dispositions of some of this class with whom we mean to be upon an intimate footing in
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the course of time, and we will begin with the eldest son of Mr. Percival. This boy, then, bore so strong a resemblance to Master Blifil, that had his existence been previous to the period in which our worthy kinsman labored, it would have been suspected that he had drawn the portrait in question from our Stephen Percival; who, however, in regard to figure, had considerably the advantage of young Blifil: there was indeed something of a *lurking* in his countenance that deformed a face by some people thought handsome. We, indeed, never were of the number of those who entertained that opinion, as we have always been partial to *expressive* beauty—to beauty that exists independently of feature—shape—complexion: that is chiefly formed by that animating—fascinating quality—sweetness of disposition; which, when united with a good understanding and rectitude of principle, enlivens the skin; gives brilliancy to the eyes; regularity to the features; grace to the form, and, in short, constitutes that

irresistible

irresistible something for which not one of our predecessors has yet found a name ; and for which, as we do not presume even to an equality with our deceased celebrated friends, we will not pretend to invent an appellation.

The children of Mr. Percival, George only excepted, were very much alike each other in most respects, and seemed to partake of the qualities of both their parents. Yet there was this difference between them—the two eldest were subtle and slow ; the girls pert and peevish ; but they were alike proud ; selfish, and conceited, a similarity which is not to be wondered at, when it be considered that the example and precepts given by their father, mother and grandmother, tended to cultivate these unamiable qualities. George, however, as has been intimated, differed greatly from the rest, for he was as honest, and as free-hearted a lad as any in the country. In person, he was somewhat like the others, who were all reckoned handsome ; though their complexions, like

like their father's, were rather bad. In this respect, George had the advantage, if the apparent difference were not in fact occasioned by the vivacity and sweetness of his countenance.

The little Misses Spencer did not, in any particular, resemble the young ones we have been describing, either in make, mind, or manners; for they were three very lovely and agreeable children; the amiableness of their native qualities being improved by the instruction which they received from their parents and other friends. Mr. Russel made them frequently his companions, and might almost be deemed their tutor; as he took particular delight in giving them lessons.

The seminary at the Lodge being properly established, Mrs. Percival thought it would add to the prudent plan to carry the little Harriet Montague to Beverly, that she might be educated at a trifling expence; for, excepting the stipend of a governess for the young ladies, Henry Seymour defrayed the sum total. This managing

naging dame found another plausible pretext for the removal of her young charge : the woman with whom she had placed her, grew too fond of her; and as she was a most winning little creature, Mrs. Percival was apprehensive she might so gain upon the affection of those about her, that they would not only spoil her by indulgence, but instil into her young mind ideas too high for the fortune to which it was wished to confine her expectations. The little Harriet had been removed from Hampstead and put under the care of her old nurse, Mrs. Watkins, who lived at Chelsea. This woman had imbibed such an affection for the child as made her very unwilling to part with her, and to the great displeasure of Mrs. Percival, she took leave of her with streaming eyes.

From what we last said, our sagacious reader will conclude that the above-mentioned Dowager had not much regard for the poor little orphan-girl under her protection. In truth she had not. She hated both

both its father and its mother; and she hated the child itself. A wish to enlarge the property of her son, was her motive for troubling herself about it; for which reason she wished for its death; as its inheritance on that event would legally revert to his family; and so great was her aversion to this innocent little creature, that the idea of taking her from those who had long known her, and indeed from all the friends she had in the world, was a great inducement with Mrs. Percival for removing her to Beverly.

This child, now about seven years of age, was one of the loveliest that ever appeared in our village. She drew the attention of every beholder from the family of Mrs. R. Percival; and thus induced that lady to imbibe a dislike to her soon after her arrival at the Lodge. In truth, the poor little girl did not seem to be much regarded by any of the principals of the family, though out of it, and amongst the servants, she obtained universal favor; and no wonder;

der; for both in person and mind she seemed born to create affection. Her face was beautiful beyond description; her disposition uncommonly sprightly and sweet; her understanding, with the proper reference to her age, was astonishing; and her heart, with all her native wildness, so tender, that if she heard the relation of any affecting circumstance, her face would instantly be covered with tears, and it would be some time before she could recover her usual liveliness.

Such was the little Harriet Montague, who, at an early age, was deprived of parental tenderness, and left to the care of relations whose hearts were turned against her; and from whom, the more she merited fondness, the more she obtained hatred. But for Mr. Russell, whose partiality for her was soon distinguished, and who, in some measure, considered himself as her guardian, her education would not have been much attended to: but he interested himself very particularly in her improvements,

ments, a circumstance which made Mrs. Percival repent of having ever brought her to Beverly. She could not, however, with any decency, remove her, unless it were in compliance with Mr. Ruffel's often expressed wishes (for he observed how negligently she was treated) of having her educated at the Shrubby. To this proposed scheme Mrs. Percival would not accede, nor would she permit her ward's going to this house, when, upon any plausible pretence, she could prevent it. Indeed she never would suffer her charge to be absent from her for more than a few hours together ; which led some people to believe that she was very fond of the child ; while others, who were more shrewd, considered her behaviour as a cloke for the indulgence of a secret dislike.

Having now set in distinct view our rising generation, we will leave them to pursue their puerile studies, while we advert to other business.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

The Inn.

UPON a supposition that our readers are sufficiently refreshed to proceed on their journey, we will convey them to the Crown in Beverly ; a large and respectable inn, kept by a widow of the name of Clinton.

About the period at which our last chapter closed, a chaise arrived at the above-mentioned Crown-inn at a late hour in the evening with two gentlemen, who upon alighting, ordered supper and beds, and requested Mrs. Clinton, with whose appearance they seemed pleased, to oblige them with her company at table.

During the time of supper the gentlemen made many enquiries respecting the different families in the neighbourhood of Beverly, and asked such particulars about
the

the Abingtons as led Mrs. Clinton to conclude one of them to be a gentleman who had been much talked of for being in love with Miss Abington, whom he met with at Ipswich, on a visit to an old school-fellow. The gentleman was said to be of high descent and possessed of a large estate; and as he likewise bore an exceedingly good character, it is not to be wondered at that Miss Abington's friends strongly urged her acceptance of him; but she, still constant to her first attachment, could not be prevailed upon to listen to his solicitations. The affair was, therefore, laid aside.

The gentlemen at the Crown enquired about various other persons in and near Beverly; but this appeared to be only an artifice to prevent Mrs. Clinton's guessing their errand; and she was the more confirmed in this conjecture, as she overheard them talk of writing to Mr. Abington in the morning, and as one of them asked, in a manner which showed that he did not
want

want the information, if that gentleman had a large family. Mrs. Clinton replied, that he had only four children living.

“ Have any of them been married, Madam ? ”

“ His eldest daughter, Sir, is Mrs. Spencer, and his son, who was lost at sea, married the oldest Miss Hatley.”

“ The daughters will then, I suppose, be large fortunes ; for Mr. Abington is a rich man, I presume.”

“ He has now, I believe, a very handsome income,” answered Mrs. Clinton ; “ but formerly, I have heard, his circumstances were rather adverse.”

“ Then you have not long known the family, Madam ”—continued the second gentleman.

“ I have lived in Beverly, Sir,” replied she, “ only three years.”

“ Is it not rather extraordinary,” asked the first, “ that so amiable a young woman as Emily Abington should determine to live single ? ”

As this question, from its importing that they knew more of the family than they professed to do, seemed to confirm Mrs. Clinton's conjecture, she replied with a smile—"I do not know what to say as to its being extraordinary, but I am often sorry for it, because I think she would make an exemplary mistress of a family."

"Pray," asked the other gentleman, partly turning the subject, "what is become of the Miss Hatley who married the son? Does she continue a widow? Or is she married again?"

"She is not married Sir," replied Mrs. Clinton, "nor will she ever again; I dare aver, be a wife."

"I am sorry for that," said the gentleman, who spoke last; "as by what I have heard of her character, she would make as exemplary a mistress of a family as her sister-in-law."

"Mrs. George Abington," said Mrs. Clinton, "is one of the most amiable women in the universe. She is mistress of
"a family—

“ a family—of the family at the Aviary ;
 “ and shines in that, as in every other ca-
 “ pacity ; but she is too much attached to
 “ the memory of the husband she has lost,
 “ ever to think of another.”

“ Such a constant widow is a singular
 “ character in this age, Mrs. Clinton,”
 said the same gentleman ; “ but pray is
 “ there not a sister of her’s who lives at a
 “ seat called the Lodge ?”

“ There is Sir. Her name is Percival.”

“ Is she any thing like the young wi-
 “ dow ?”

“ In person there is a slight similitude,
 “ but they are reckoned different in their
 “ dispositions.”—was all Mrs. Clinton’s an-
 swer.

The Spencers, Mr. Ruffel, and several
 others in the vicinity were now talked of
 till the travellers retired to repose. Having
 experienced some previous fatigue, our gen-
 tlemen slept considerably longer than they
 intended, and perceiving when they awoke,
 that the morning was pretty far advanced,

agitated party into an adjoining room; but it was a long time before any of them could be brought to moderate their transports.

When Mrs. G. Abington first recovered from her swoon, she opened her eyes; fixed them upon the face of her husband; threw her arms around him, and giving a violent scream, again returned to insensibility. This she repeated so often, that it was judged necessary to separate them, and to send for Doctor Wilfred, who ordered her some medicine and desired she might be kept as quiet as possible.

Were we to describe the revivals and relapses of this tenderly affected and truly amiable woman, we should tire the patience of almost all our readers. It was several hours before she could see, and speak to her husband with any composure. Her joy was, indeed, inexpressible; nor can it be imagined but by those whose bosoms beat with the fondest purest affection, and who have been under the apprehension, nay, have
felt

felt the pang of losing the object of their attachment. These, and these only, can possibly form an idea of the extravagant joy Mrs. G. Abington endured at seeing the man whose loss she had so long mourned, with undiminished affection, restored at once to life and her. Surely no sublunary bliss could exceed what she, on this occasion, experienced !

As soon as the lady was removed to another room, and the remaining friends had reduced *their* transports to some degree of reason, Mr. Lewis, accompanied by Mr. Lenox, went to impart the important intelligence to Mr. Abington, Mr. Ruffel, and the two single sisters. Amazement and joy again contended for mastery when the story was related, and it was some time before they seemed to give full belief to the truth of the intelligence. At length they seated themselves in the coach with Mr. Lenox and Mr. Lewis, and arriving at the Crown, had the happiness of folding to their hearts their long-lost relation and friend.

It was hard to say which of the seniors showed the highest tokens of joy. They seemed to be all equally delighted; and now, Mrs. G. Abington being sufficiently recovered to be conveyed, our joyful company were removed to Spencer-Aviary, where we will leave them in the midst of as much happiness as this terrestrial state ever afforded.

CHAP. XXII.

Symptoms of Learning.

THAT our readers may not be left to form an idea of our taking upon us to relate as facts, things impossible, it will be necessary to give some account of the seeming mystery which brings to view a person who (to show, in imitation of other great authors, the depth of our learning), we will say was long since supposed to be a
subject

subject of Neptune and Amphitrite; condemned to their regions by Abeona, who, as our poetical readers well know, is the queen (we like not the word goddess) of voyagers.

In the twelfth chapter of these our profound lucubrations—for it may be supposed we are often necessitated to commit deprecations on the rights of Nox, Somnus and Morpheus (personages brought in to give farther proofs of our profound erudition); being obliged to obey the dictates of our great Lady Clio; whenever she chuses to convey her instruction—in this chapter, we say, it may be observed that the death of Mr. George Abington was never affirmed, the belief of it resting only upon conjecture; which however, was founded upon the strongest presumptive proofs: yet strong as they were, the conjecture was fallacious. One of the boats of the Enterprize (the ship in which that gentleman had sailed from England) was, as has been related, discovered and taken up by the Tiber. The

probability that this was the boat in which some of the ship-wrecked mariners had endeavoured to save themselves, was confirmed as a certainty, by the relation Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis gave of their adventures.

The storm they had encountered was terrible beyond description. The crew and passengers were eager to quit the ship for the boats, which they did with all possible dispatch, and the one in which Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis escaped from the sinking vessel, was in about four hours after discovered; pursued, and taken by an Algerine corsair. The pirates fastened the boat to their ship, but not so securely as to prevent its breaking away in the night; and its being afterwards found by the *Tiber*, occasioned the conclusion of the loss of the ship and crew: it is indeed probable that the rest of the unhappy creatures became a prey to the ocean, as they never afterwards were heard of.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Captives.

MR. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis (the son of a gentleman in London, going upon a voyage of pleasure to Lisbon) with eleven of the sailors who were taken by the corsair, were carried to Algiers and exposed to sale. Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis were bought by the same master, who proved to be an acquaintance of the father of Mr. Lewis, and being a very remarkable person, was by that gentleman soon recognised. This circumstance, which the young captives thought would produce their enlargement, was the sole cause of their long detention. The renegade—for such he was—who had purchased these gentlemen, was the son of a dignified clergyman in London, whose name was Whittington. Early in life he

shewed a strong penchant for visiting foreign countries, and being one of many sons, his father, though unwillingly, was prevailed upon to consent to his making a voyage to Algiers, with a view of increasing a small sum left him by a distant relation. The voyage of this gentleman was prosperous beyond expectation, and during his residence in Africa, he had a rich lucrative employment offered to him by a rich renegado, on *the trifling condition* of renouncing the profession of the Christian faith. To this, as Plutus was the only deity he truly worshipped, he readily subscribed; and assumed the turban without hesitation: but as he was not so hardened as to wish his father to know of his apostasy, he changed his name from Whittington to Lorimer, and causing a letter to be written to his family with a fabricated account of his illness and death: he corroborated the story, by remitting through the means of his friend, the renegado before mentioned, a part of the property which he
had

had carried with him to Algiers. When he found himself therefore remembered by Mr. Lewis, he sent both the young captives into the country, where he had some land with a small house upon it; to which he often retired. In this place they were kept by the overseer, in constant employ, and in strict confinement, with an injunction that they should not be permitted to send away any letter or message; so afraid was the ci-devant Mr. Whittington that his father should receive intelligence of the sacrifice which he had made to avarice. However, some months before the return of Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis, Mr. Whittington-Lorimer was seized with melancholy; which so rapidly increased, that he was soon rendered incapable of following his usual occupation at Algiers, and entirely resided at his country house. Conscience had laid hold upon him! CONSCIENCE—that sovereign exiled from almost every nation under Heaven, had fixed her

her iron fangs into the inmost recesses of his heart. The glories he had acquired faded in his eye: those he had renounced, mocked his bankruptcy of faith by appearing in their brightest, native colors. Poor deluded Whittington!—thy case so similar to that of many who wear a grinning mask, excites at once our pity and contempt! Hear, O ye inhabitants of this favored isle!—Hear and believe that this worst of all plagues—an accusing conscience—may cross the Mediterranean! Hear! believe! and beware, O thou renowned MALIGNOSUS! of the approach of this pestilence! If it seize *thy* heart—thy callous and hitherto impenetrable heart—great and terrible will be thy affliction! Thy thousands, annually laid by for the worst of purposes, will *cankerise* thy soul! Thy coronet will prove a coronet of thorns; and thy years will be stunned with imaginary cries of the oppressed; whose clamours, if thou turnest not
thine

thine eyes inward—and alterest not thy doings, will reach the vaulted roof of Heaven, and be registered in the book of unchangeable decrees.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Captives continued.

WE were so deeply affected by the horrible idea of the punishment which, either in this world or in the coming one, the gentleman whom we mentioned at the latter end of the last chapter, might possibly experience, that unable to proceed with the subject which last employed our pen, we laid it aside till we should find ourselves in a better disposition to continue the progress of our story.

——— Mr. Whittington-Lorimer was seized by the fangs of conscience. That is the thread which must pierce our relation

tion of the facts. The conflict in his mind between his old and his new ideas, greatly shattered his constitution. In hopes to bargain for peace of mind, he determined to starve his body; without one thought of altering his way of life.

Miserable! mistaken man! Will the Great Giver of Peace be *bribed* to make happy the wretch who refuses to accept his offered favors! Will he come into a compromise, and receive the worthless sacrifice in payment for the indulgence the sinner requests of living unmolested in his favorite vices! No: the price of inward peace will not be lowered. Obedience—or repentance with reformation, is the demand: it cannot be obtained on any other conditions. Nor indeed can any other of greater lenity be proposed; as the performance of these, when once entered upon, is not only easy, but extremely pleasant.

To relieve our frowning readers—we will pass over the first months of our conscience-stricken, and at length truly penitent Mr. Whittington—

Whittington-Lorimer, and proceed to the time of his confining himself to his country house.

During his residence at this place, he often encountered with his two captives, who though they were kept employed and confined, had never been treated with rigour ; their work being chiefly to attend a small botanical garden contiguous to the house. In this, Mr. Whittington walked several hours every day, and, at times, would enter into some conversation with our two friends, who perceiving his melancholy, ventured to take some little notice of it in their discourse, and, at length, to offer him some advice ; and this, willing to catch at every gleam of comfort, he listened to with attention.

In this manner did the captives in no long space of time render themselves of so much consequence to their master, that he first made them his companions and then his confidants ; committing to their secrecy the cause of his melancholy. Mr. Lewis
and

and Mr. G. Abington had not profited so little by the severity of their fate, as to be strangers to the consoling arguments of Christianity; and from these, as they were offered to him, Mr. Whittington received so much mental relief, that he kept the proposers of them with him as much as possible. But though his mind was healing, his body seemed to be in a swift decay. In a short period he was obliged to confine himself to his chamber; and soon after, to his bed. During the last stage of his illness, he seemed to be quite an altered and a happy man; and desirous of settling his temporal affairs, he made his will; dividing his property, which was immense, into four equal parts—one to his father, who, as he had been informed, was still living; one to his connections in Algiers, and the two other shares to Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis, as some compensation for the years of slavery he had inflicted upon them; making it his request that they would continue with him till he died; and that as

soon

soon as possible after that event, which he seemed convinced was near, they would see his father and family, and unfold by degrees, the circumstances of his recent death; his shameful renunciation of the Christian faith, and his subsequent repentance and return. This they promised to do, and this performed; taking passage in the first ship that sailed after his decease, from Algiers to London; where being landed in safety, they soon found the Whittingtons, who (though now divided into several families) all resided in the metropolis. After due preparation, the story of the defunct was, with all possible tenderness, unfolded, which gave such grief to all, especially to the father, that the account of the affluent circumstances in which he died was disregarded. A rare instance, O reader, of the force of principle!

Our gentlemen now told the afflicted parent that previous to their departure from Africa, they had put affairs into such a train, that nothing more would be necessary than

than to draw bills upon a very respectable English merchant then at Algiers, as soon as they should receive an account of the disposal of the effects which they had left unsold. The good man made acknowledgments to them for the part they had acted, and said, that had the son given them the whole of his property, he would still have died their debtor: and more for the service which they had been the means of rendering him, respecting his future existence, than on account of the slavery to which for so many years he had subjected them.

“A queer way of reckoning,” says the man of the world. “I have not been used to such arithmetic.”

Most likely not, reverend Sir. Pounds, shillings and pence, are better suited to the dröfiness of thy substance; and since thou thyself settest so little value upon that part of thee which, greatly against thy interest, thou wilt find to be immortal, thou canst not be offended that we put thee down as a poor and worthless soul, however rich thou

thou mayest boast thyself to be in possessing large quantities of the entrails of the earth. And so reverend Doctor—your Worship—or your Honor: your Lordship or your Grace—or your any thing you please—we take our leave of all your worthless distinctions, with an intention to meditate on the amazing difference between thee and that truly rich man who now trembles at the sound of thy august footstep and bows down at thy presence, because he hath not ——

But he will spare the mortifying demonstration, and permit thee to enjoy in as much quiet as thy great enemy, conscience, will give the leave to do, this thy day—thy only day—of boasted superiority over thy at present oppressed fellow-immortals.

CHAP. XXV.

The Captives finished.

AFTER our quondam captives had performed their promise to the dying Mr. Whittington-Lorimer, they proceeded, after first sending a preparatory note, to the house of Mr. Lewis's father, where their presence occasioned a tumult of joy; and they then posted down to Beverly, with the intention of employing the same prudent intervention of a previous note: but their design in this respect was frustrated by the unexpected arrival of the Spencer carriage, which was going to convey the family to a town about a dozen miles distant from the Aviary, in compliance with an engagement, which they had made to spend *a long day* with some particular friends: to these, as soon as any one was sufficiently composed to consider the propriety of such a measure, they sent a messenger with excuses.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

For which we cannot find a Title.

EXCEPT we should unexpectedly be decoyed from our intended path, we will now confine ourselves to the families with whom we are intimate at Beverly: that is to say, to the Aviary with Mr. Spencer, Mr. George Abington and his now happy Matilda:—to the Shrubby with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spencer, their Lucy, Matilda and Caroline:—to Mr. Abington's with that gentleman, his lady, Miss Abington, Miss Martha and Mr. Ruffel;—and to the Lodge with Mr. and Mrs. Percival, their five children, Stephen, Robert, Barbara, George and Deborah, Mrs. Percival the elder, Henry Seymour, and the charming little orphan, Harriet Montague.

Beloved

Beloved Readers !

You have here a second recapitulation of the families with whom we wish you to be particularly acquainted, and will probably be affronted by our supposing it necessary so soon to refresh your memories ; but as we have travelled over vast tracts of the globe since we were last at Beverly, it ought not to be construed into an offence to your retentive faculties, that, to make circumstances perfectly easy to your recollection, we give ourselves the trouble of taking a distinct review of our friends in that neighbourhood. We will indulge you in a little *grumbling*, as we know it is a disorder to which you are prone, provided you forbear unloyal expressions ; but if any proof shall be brought against you of abusive language, we shall immediately expel you from the honor of being our subjects.

Given from our high court of judicature, and written with our own hand.

* * * *

The

The families of Beverly were now in apparent friendship with each other ; and on three sides it was perfectly sincere, but the Percivals consulted only their own interest in the union : they wished to conciliate the esteem of Mr. Spencer, who had it largely in his power to give what they deemed substantial proofs of his favor. The chief object that excited the envy of Mrs. R. Percival was Mrs. Spencer, to whose children she had a particular aversion, veiled with a show of fondness, which, so strong was the general dislike to this woman, few people believed to be real. The suspicion raised by the unexpected loss of Mr. E. Spencer's little girl, never perfectly subsided. Mrs. R. Percival's great kindness (which we have been rather unwilling to mention) to the child's nurse—her remark of the "*poor woman's*" deep sorrow upon the event—with her often officiously-expressed belief of the "*good creature's*" honesty—so preserving alive the whispered ap-
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prehension, that it rather gathered strength than otherwise, by the progress of time : but the family was rich ; high in rank, and looked up to as the future sovereign of the village. It was therefore revered, and its smiles courted by the perspective eye of self-interest.

The inordinate fondness of Mrs. R. Percival for our celebrated Spencer-Aviary, could not be gratified by the view of its being possessed by one of her children. No: she wished—it was a wish formed in early life—to be herself the mistress of that magnificent habitation ; and to achieve this object, she had sacrificed, and was willing still farther to offer up, if occasion required, the consciousness of perfect rectitude. Her son Stephen—the heir apparent to Spencer-Aviary—she educated with ideas of the necessity of a perfect submission to the will of his parents, and infused a belief that it was in her power to withhold from him the estate ; a power which she vowed she certainly

tainly would exert, if, upon his arrival at a proper age, he should refuse to sign such articles as she might prescribe.

Whether Mrs. R. Percival had actually the secret art of making this young man, as he grew up, believe, and submit to her power ; or whether, by promising implicit obedience, he had an eye to the jointured estate, which, from a hope of their eldest child's inheriting the Aviary, the Percivals had reserved in their own disposal ; or whether he considered that the signature of a minor could not be binding in a Court of Justice, we do not take upon us to affirm ; but certain it is that Stephen Percival, whose characteristic vice was avarice, very solemnly engaged by every method that could be devised, to submit to the edict of his parents ; or, in other words, to yield to them, when he should become entitled to it, the possession of the Aviary ; even declaring that he should be content with the view of being master of the Lodge during the term of *their* existence :—and in

this determination he continued firm, notwithstanding there were not wanting those who assured him that his power would be absolute. But as we have advanced considerably too forward in point of time, we will, in imitation of many a gallant officer, pursue a retrograde direction.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Tutor and Tutors.

A Young gentleman of the name of Barker, who is henceforward to direct the studies of the juvenile party, at Beverly Lodge, shall open this chapter. This gentleman was educated for the church, and had taken deacon's orders. He was the son of a clergyman who had not one quality to recommend him to the rich and powerful; being only a sensible; learned, and good man: circumstances which were
scarce

scarce ever known to advance, in the clerical line, any one who was destitute of the more valuable possessions of birth and fortune.

Mr. Barker the elder, passed the whole term of his life, upon a curacy of sixty pounds per annum, and having at an early age, lost a wife of whom he was extremely fond, the education of this their only child was his sole care, and thus young Barker was matured in the great and good principles of his father. He was recommended to Mr. Percival by a gentleman who lived near the estate of Mr. Seymour ; and much honor did he reflect upon his recommender by the exertion of his too singular abilities.

Mrs. Mitchel, the governess, was a human being of a cast quite different from Mr. Barker. In her youth, she had figured in what is called LIFE ; and perfectly knew the fit and the unfit, respecting dress and fashionable decorum. No one entered a room with a better grace, or was more skilled in polite discourse. Mrs. Mitchel

was the widow of a gentleman who had a small place at Court ; but living beyond his income, was obliged to go abroad, and after a short absence, died at Vienna. The lady now saw herself alone in the world, and endeavoured to make the most of her attractions ; but her pride, if not her principle, forbade her listening to any *temporary* overtures, and no lasting ones, of sufficient consequence, were offered to her acceptance. She therefore closed with the proposal of Mrs. Percival, with whom she had long been intimate, of superintending the seminary at the Lodge, for which office she was extremely well calculated in the opinion of the fashionable ladies of the present age. Had we, indeed, been consulted, we should have preferred Miss Jermyn, who procured a recommendation to the Percivals from the clergyman of the Parish. This young lady was daughter to a gentleman who practised physic in a village near London. Her wish of being able to assist her mother and three sisters, who, at her father's death, found themselves

themselves in inconvenient circumstances, induced her to seek a situation of pecuniary advantage. She had been educated by a great aunt, who put it out of her own power to perform her promise of providing for her niece, by giving way to her inclination of doing a greater *act of charity* in suddenly marrying a spruce young footman, for whom she had previously given a bond to the Parish officers, to prevent his being thrown into jail on account of two separate crimes very opposite to that of murder; the *smart-money* for which, some former levies of the same kind had rendered *the poor fellow* unable to discharge. But the good old lady had not denied herself the pleasure of being of service to her niece, by the above-related exertion of *pure PHILANTHROPY* before she had rendered her perfectly qualified for the large fortune of which she brought her up in expectation, by giving her what, without the usual inversion of language, might be called a finished education. Miss Jermyn, with a genteel person

and a pretty face, had a good understanding; a pleasing disposition, and politeness of manners. She was an adept in French and Italian; a proficient in music and drawing, and had, likewise, a competent knowledge of geography.

It has been insinuated by your *misanthropists*, who grudged Miss Jermyn's aunt the exercise of her *beneficent* principles, that it was very cruel in the ancient gentlewoman to afford her niece such an education, and then deprive her of the suitable fortune she was continually bidding her expect: and indeed my dear ladies, whatever may be your *motive* for condemning the good woman's conduct, we perfectly agree in your opinion: but we advise you not to be too severe, lest that severity should direct a scrutinizing eye to examine *your* conduct, which, however precise you may look upon the occasion, will not, perhaps be able to endure a minute investigation.

Miss Jermyn's fine qualities were not of sufficient consequence to procure her admission

mission into Beverly Lodge; but they gained her a situation a hundred times more desirable. She was received at the Shrubbery. The little Misses Spencer were consigned to her tuition, and the excellent and revered parent of the family, took her under his protection.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A Tribute to filial Affection.

WHENEVER we mention Mr. Spencer, we are immediately sensible of such an elevation of sentiment as makes it inconsistent to talk of such earthly beings as the Percivals. Indeed we hardly know of any one whose given character, after his, would not form an anti-climax. A Suffolk gentleman of the name of Kilderbee, with whom we once had the honor of being intimately acquainted, but

who is now translated (for he scarcely seemed to die) to a brighter—to his native region, bore the strongest similitude to him of any one that ever existed.

And now, reader, we cannot proceed any farther. Short as this chapter is, we must put an end to it, for the particular recollection of this gentleman, whose image is almost constantly in our idea, brings such a variety of affecting incidents to our view, that we must drop the pen.

CHAP. XXIX.

Childhood.

MUSIC, drawing and dancing were taught the young ones at the Lodge and the Shrubbery, by three gentlemen who attended occasionally upon the two families; under whose tuition the children, in general, made the expected progress; but the little Harriet Montague shone conspicuous, to the mortification of the whole family of the Percivals, in every branch of knowledge.

At

At an early age she could speak both French and Italian with precision. Music was her native science ; her soul was harmony itself. In drawing, she excelled all the rest, and in dancing, fixed the attention of every one present. Her reading was just and melodious, and she soon wrote a fine, swift hand. As she grew up, she delighted in the study of geography, and, indeed, in every study which could render a young woman amiable and accomplished. Yet it did not appear that she labored at anything ; for such facility had she by nature, that she often caught what it was not intended she should ever learn. Mr. Russell saw the wish of the Percivals to keep her backward ; for which reason he frequently visited the Lodge during the hours devoted to the teaching of the children, that he might, as much as possible, prevent a neglect of Miss Montague ; and, this gentleman was known to have so much interest with Mr. Spencer ; that the Percivals did not chuse to hazard a disobedience to his injunctions respecting his favorite. Not that Mr. Russell was so

impolitic as to declare his partiality to the little Harriet: he knew mankind too well to do that; for such a declaration would doubtless have been an injury to her, rather than a benefit.

Mrs. Mitchel soon entered into the views of the family, to render the Misses Percival as accomplished as possible, and to leave Miss Montague to nature, lest, being too much polished, she should prevent the pre-ferment of the daughters of the house, by eclipsing their charms.

Mrs. Mitchel, therefore, was so kind as to with-hold from Harriet her particular instructions; and thus to save this young lady from the contagion of those pernicious principles which she freely imparted to her other pupils. These, in process of time, became distinguished for their *good-breeding*, while Harriet shone with that true politeness which, in a good heart, originates from a desire of pleasing; and which, when restrained and directed by a good understanding, is greatly preferable to a punctilious observance of the rules of cold and formal

formal civility; and will ever render its possessors not only amiable, but valuable companions. Yet, let it be remembered, that our Harriet was not *deficient* even in fashionable manners; only it did not appear that she *studied* to excel in them. She had from nature a great share of diffidence and timidity, which her abundant vivacity prevented from being apparent to a disagreeable excess, and which, of consequence, effectually excluded every degree, both of conceit and forwardness. Indeed, before she was checked by consideration, she was one of the wildest little creatures that ever lived, yet at the same time one of the tenderest. At sight of Mr. Russel, whom both she and the Percivals, in imitation of the little Spencers, always called uncle, she would jump and clap her hands, as if she knew not how to contain her transport. The good gentleman's partiality for her, which this fondness of her conduct necessarily encreased, and which he could not always sufficiently disguise, sometimes caused

a little

a little jealousy among the children ; Mr. Ruffel, who frequently carried them cakes and sweetmeats, being held by them all in great estimation.

“ Pray Miss,” said Miss Percival, one day to Harriet, “ what business have you to call “ Mr. Ruffel uncle ! I am sure he is not “ any uncle of yours.”

“ As much as he is yours Miss,” returned Miss Montague ; “ and my guardian, “ into the bargain.”—For so Mr. Ruffel would sometimes order her to call him, to the dislike of Mrs. Percival ; who repented that she had ever troubled him about the child’s affairs.

“ I am sure, cousin Harriet,” said Miss Deborah, “ Mr. Ruffel cannot be your uncle, for your papa was nothing but a “ soldier.”

“ Do not abuse my papa, Miss Debba,” returned Harriet, the glow of resentment covering her little face ; “ he was as good “ as your papa : and nurse Watkins has “ often and often told me he was a fine “ gentle-

“gentleman ; and my mama was your
“papa’s sister, Miss ; and she was a lady.”

“And you shall be a lady too,” joined
in Henry Seymour, who always sided with
the pretty Harriet, “for all *your* crossness,
“Miss Debba ; or yours either, Miss Bab ;”
speaking with a haughty air to Miss Per-
cival.

“A pretty lady !” said Master Percival,
“for I heard my mama tell Mrs. Quaintly
“that she would have only eight hundred
“pounds ; and perhaps, if all her papa’s debts
“were paid, not that ; for mama said so
“yesterday.”

“But she shall have more than that ;
“brother Stephen,” said little George ;
“for I will give her some of my money
“when I am a man.”

“And pray who will give it to you ?”
asked the sullen Robert. “Perhaps papa will
“not let you have any, because you are the
“youngest ; for Stephen and I are both
“before you.”

“Well, I shall not quarrel with you,
“cousin.

“ cousin Bobby,” said Harriet, jumping about the room, her anger being subsided; “ for it is not worth while. Mr. Ruffel loves me, and my cousin Spencers love me ; and if you do not, I cannot help it you know ; but I shall love you for all that.”

A summons into the teaching-room prevented any farther altercation, and a visit, in the evening, from the family at the Strawberry made them all friends again.

“ Pray,” said Lucy Spencer to her mother, as they sat at tea—“ pray, mama let me stay all night with my cousin Montague; or else let her go home with us.”

“ She cannot go without your other cousins my dear,” returned the mother; “ but we will ask Mrs Richard Percival to give them all leave to return with us, as tomorrow will be a play-day.”

“ I wish we could have Harriet,” said Caroline; “ and I wish for George, and Master Seymour ; but, mama, I do not like my other cousins.”

“ No

“No more do I,” added Matilda, “they are so proud and so cross.”

All this was whispered to Mrs. Spencer by her little girls, as they sat beside her upon a sofa, for which she reproved them, and her sharpness so affected the gentle Lucy, that she dropt a tear and promised to love all her cousins, if she might love Harriet best; to which Mrs. Spencer forbore making any reply, as she could not but approve her daughter's partiality.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Dialogue between Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchel.

MY dear, criticising, chronological, snapping, snarling readers, will now begin to calculate the age of the young ones whose conversation made a part of our last chapter, and upon a cursory review, will give themselves the consequence of having found an absurdity in the puerile dialogue,
by

by imagining that there must be too much difference between the years of the oldest and the youngest to allow its consistency.

The period at which we now write is a very pleasant one, and we find ourselves in such perfect good humor with all around us, that we will condescend to prove our not having made any mistake in this particular, by arguments perfectly level to the capacities of the persons in question.

Henry Seymour, now arrived at the age of twelve (for we advance in our history with what speed we think proper, without asking leave of the tardy imagination of any gentleman or lady whatsoever) was one year older than Stephen Percival, who had only by three years the start of his youngest sister, Miss Deborah.

“How ! how ! how is that !” cries one and all. “The eldest of five children no more than three years older than the youngest ! it cannot be ! it is not possible !”

Notwithstanding the impossibility, my
good

good friends, it really was the case, as Mrs. R. Percival *told those who told them that told us*—a proof-positive for assertions still *more impossible* than this, and which I dare say you have often advanced in that court of judicature—a tea table circle, when instigated by envy to assist in the condemnation of some female culprit, whose criminality consisted in her being young, beautiful, lively, and agreeable ; and of course a monopolizer of general admiration.

Mrs. R. Percival's speed in producing her *first* child has been reprobated by at least three fourths of our friends, but her subsequent celerity will, it is to be supposed, pass without any censure. When it be recollected that she once had two at one birth [Robert and Barbara], a circumstance which we declared in due form and time, our sagacious criticsers will allow that a less period than we have given, would have been sufficient for the birth of the five.

We do not, madam, wish to be thought *very* nice calculators, therefore will leave it to
your

your more profound wisdom to satisfy the cavillers, while we proceed with asserting that Stephen Percival was only eleven, when Deborah, his youngest sister completed her eighth year. The little Spencers were nearly of the age of their cousins; Caroline, the youngest of both families, being born when Miss Debby was six months old; after which Mrs. R. Percival was two or three times *enceinte*, but from various accidents as frequently miscarried. Harriet Montague was some months younger than Master Seymour.

And now, readers, if you have any other objections to raise, we request you to be expeditious in producing them, lest our condescending humor, which begins to evaporate, should go off entirely. We are already fatigued with the concession we have made to your querulous dispositions, and we cannot, much longer, have patience with your futile observations. In one word—have you any thing more to object?

“No, no, no,” methinks I hear you all
say

say in one voice ; “ we only wish to have
“ you proceed with your story, which we
“ must say has been very slow in its pro-
“ gress.”

In that opinion we agree with you, and will endeavour to hasten our moments ; but must first give you a little piece of conversation which about this time passed between old Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchel, and as we suppose you have sufficient taste to be fond of the drama, we will to indulge you, as well as to spare ourselves the trouble of frequently repeating “ says one and says the
“ other,” give you the short dialogue as it passed, after previously desiring you to imagine the ladies seated in an arbor while the children were playing on a grass-plot before them. When the ladies had given some attention to the manœuvres of the young ones, they thus began :

Mrs. Percival. Upon my word, Master Seymour grows a very handsome lad.

Mrs. Mitchel. He does indeed, madam,
and

and has quite the appearance of a youth of fashion.

Mrs. Percival. Very much so, I think ; but he seems to want ambition.

Mrs. Mitchel. Mr. Barker too forcibly, in my opinion, inculcates humility ; which, I affronted him last night, by saying, is a mean unfashionable virtue.

Mrs. Percival [*observing the children*]. I can hardly help thinking, Mrs. Mitchel, that you endeavor to give the manners of Harriet Montague a higher polish than will suit her future situation.

Mrs. Mitchel. Indeed, madam, I never take any pains with her. What she possesses, she has from nature, or catches by accident : I mean as to accomplishments ; for Mr. Barker takes particular care to instruct her in knowledge. As to French and Italian—she speaks those languages nearly as well as she does English. Drawing, she cannot be kept from ; and music, in which you know Mr. Russel insists upon her being instructed, she

she actually seems to *inherit*. It likewise appears as if she had been taught to dance from infancy.

Mrs. Percival. Why, all that is true; and I cannot but say I am sorry for it; as her fortune will inevitably be trifling; for I shall not rob my son's family to give it to the child of a man to whom I had always a dislike. If it was not for that impertinent Mr. Ruffel, who has such a great sway with old Spencer, I would remove her from Beverly.

Mrs. Mitchel. You surely, madam, have a right to do as you please with your granddaughter.

Mrs. Percival. True: but were I to send her away, decency would oblige me to give some account of her, and then I know Mr. Ruffel would soon get her to either Spencer-Aviary, or the Shrubbery.

Mrs. Mitchel. Well then, let him maintain her; and let him, likewise, give her a suitable fortune.

Mrs.

Mrs. Percival. No : such a proceeding would alter the plan upon which I have resolved. A rooted dislike to her parents occurs with every recollection of them ; renders their offspring disgusting to me, and presents her as inimical to the interest of my son's children. Let what will be the consequence, I will, if possible, prevent her entrance into either of the before-mentioned families ; which is the reason (lest it should increase their fondness), why I so steadily refuse her visiting therewithout me ; telling Mr. Ruffel (for I was *obliged* to take a little liberty) that I had promised my daughter to keep her perpetually under my own eye, after she should be old enough to imbibe instruction ; that my promise bound me, or I should be happy in Harriet accepting their invitations.

Mrs. Mitchel [*smiling*]. The liberty you mention, my dear madam, *must* sometimes be taken with people who think so oddly as the Spencers, and most of the Abingtons do.

do. Miss Martha excepted, I protest I do not think there is one amongst them with rational ideas.

Mrs. Percival. Indeed there is not : their sentiments of charity, generosity, and disinterestedness, are quite romantic. They seem to live not for themselves, but for other people. But observe that child—Master Seymour I mean ; how gallantly the little rogue carries himself ! His attention seems fixed upon Barbara. It would give great satisfaction to us all if she could fix him for life.

Mrs. Mitchel. To effect which, I assure you madam, I have exerted my utmost efforts ever since I perceived what your wishes were ; and told him, the other day, in plain terms, that I thought Miss Percival would make him an elegant little wife.

Mrs. Percival. Excuse me, Mrs. Mitchel, that I say you did not then proceed with your usual adroitness. If you wish young people to form an attachment, prohibit their intimacy. Nine times in ten, this method will

succeed. It is however very early with our couple. A year or two hence, and we will try to manage them.

Mrs. Mitchel. With deference, madam, to your superior experience, I think in such juvenile days, the best mode is to encourage the ideas I have endeavored to instil; and then, as these sentiments begin to be lively, before too much familiarity with them has brought on an indifference, to forbid, all at once, with much gravity, as if it was already a matter of consequence, any farther particular acquaintance.

Mrs. Percival [*after a short consideration*]. Mrs. Mitchel, I submit to your opinion: you certainly have projected the best method of proceeding. Pursue your plan; I hope it will be successful. If it *be*—depend upon what I say—you shall not go without a distinguished reward; for I will acknowledge to you that this is a matter upon which we have all set our hearts.

A considerable deal more, to the same purpose passed between these artful women,
who

who perfectly understood each others meaning. Mrs. Mitchel was as subtle as most of her sex ; and as to Mrs. Percival—she was a perfect female-Machiavel.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Youth. Self-detection ; and a Treat for the tender Passions.

IT is six years since the date of our last chapter. Henry Seymour is consequently eighteen, and Miss Caroline Spencer between thirteen and fourteen years of age. The ages of the intermediate ones, the reader will easily calculate. But beware, O ye susceptible sons of Britannia ! how you take into your mind's eye the image of Harriet Montague ! She was—we cannot say *what* she was. Take her altogether, she was charming in the extreme. She was beautiful. She was *bewitching*. We once heard a lovely, lively young woman compared to the sweet wild tones produced by

an *Æolian* harp. Such was our *Harriet*. But she was more. In her serene moments (and surely never gaiety, softness and serenity so sweetly modulated each other before), her appearance, manners and conversation harmonized the soul like the finest and most perfect music that ever was composed.

Richardson has given us his *Pamela* ; his *Clarissa Harlowe* ; *Miss Byron*, and *Clementina*, as models of beauty and accomplishment. Fielding has favored us with a *Sophia Western* ; and other writers with other descriptions, but there is not one amongst them that depicts our *Harriet Montague* ; for she did not bear any resemblance to *Pamela* : nor was she so grave as circumstances made *Clarissa*. Not so prim as the fashion of the times rendered *Miss Byron* ; nor so stately as the pride of *Italy*, *Clementina*. Neither was she like *Sophia Western*. In short, she was such an assemblage of charms as perhaps never before met in the form of a female. To mention the
fine

fine and easy proportion of her frame—the loveliness of her complexion—the roses in her cheeks—the peculiar beauty of her hair—her lips—her teeth, or even her eyes, excelling as they were, would be injustice to every unnoticed elegance and grace; as every feature, and every part of her frame merited equal distinction. But fascinating as was her exterior, it was her MIND that perfected her power over all hearts but those of the Percivals. The quickness, the fineness, the depth of her understanding; so duly tempered by the diffidence, timidity and sweetness of her disposition, which was softness itself, though lively beyond idea, rendered her, not only a truly pleasing, but an enchanting companion. Every fashion became her: everything sat well upon her, and her appearance at once evinced sentiments of gentleness and consequence.

Could such a youth, as we have described Henry Seymour to be, live insensible to such an assemblage of beauties? No: he saw—he admired—he loved her perfections.

The rising charms of Miss Montague grew in his heart ; encreased with his sentiments of existence ; and his affection was fixed long before he was conscious of any particular attachment. Often would he compare Harriet with Miss and Miss Debby Percival ; turning his eye upon first one, then another of the young ladies : resting it with an almost involuntary caution, when he saw himself observed, upon the latter or her sister ; which led the elders to think their plan would eventually prove successful.

Could *Harriet*, it will now be asked, be insensible to the partiality of *Henry Seymour* ? She was. She saw not that he regarded her with any distinguishable attention. Henry Seymour—to whose superiority every generous youth submitted with pleasure—whom every woman beheld with approbation—long experienced the most tender and ardent affection, while its lovely object continued unconscious of the effect of her attractions. She knew, indeed, that she
was

was in possession of his friendly regard ; and was sensible of the continual proofs which every day afforded her of his esteem ; but love, however strange it may seem to some of my readers, had not taken off the veil, which he wore, of fraternal affection, and Harriet was not conscious of there being any other sentiment between them than that which cemented the hearts of brothers and sisters.

We wish here to stop the progress of our tale, by again presenting to our friends the image of the youth who so early yielded to the tender passion ; but we cannot find language to give an adequate idea of the elegance of his figure ; much less are we capable of doing justice to his mental merits. It has been said that not one of the heroines of our Richardson or Fielding would answer the description which justice demanded us to give of Miss Montague. With equal truth it may be affirmed that Henry Seymour could not be drawn from their heroes. Of the person of Pamela,

Mr. B. we never could form any distinct idea. Sir Charles Grandison and Tom Jones stand more confest, and, in appearance, they perhaps would, in some respects, portray our favorite : but his mind, though he had many of the qualities of both, was upon the whole, different from either. The figure of Mr. Seymour was tall and commanding ; yet the greatest condescension and gentleness appeared in his manner. The most lively sensibility, with traits, perhaps rather too conspicuous, of impetuosity presided in his countenance and actions. Like his Harriet, he had a great deal of vivacity ; yet, like her, was entirely void of any inclination to be *witty*—a modish accomplishment uncongenial with the sweetness of their dispositions : but it has been observed in both that when provoked to it by the tart folly of their companions, the weapon of wit was not beyond their reach ; though very seldom used.

And here let me request of the smart retorting Misses of the present age, that they
would

would endeavor to restrain, rather than encourage, the faculty of repartee. Good sense is not to be displayed by a quaintness of expression ; a well adapted phrase, or a glibly-given opinion. No: this habit of conversation—this knack of talking, may be acquired by an early commerce with the world ; by a native unfeminine assurance, or by an immoderate quantity of simple self-conceit. Good sense consists in *idea*, however imperfectly expressed ; and is to be discerned in an evident *justness of thinking*, rather than by much talking. Be you, therefore, my dear young lady, more desirous of speaking with more rectitude than fluency. Endeavor to appear less bold and forward than diffident and withdrawing. Men *listen* to the soft still speaker, when she is not affectedly so, at the same time that they would be emulous to subdue and silence a noisy one. If at any time you are drawn into an argument, let it be seen that you are not more desirous of convincing than of being convinced, and let a com-

plaisant attention to your opponent be constantly visible, divested of an apparent eagerness to reply. In short, let your conversation be that of a sensible and an amiable young woman, rather than of a *learned gentleman*; which latter similitude will assuredly procure you the contempt of both sexes.

To return to the attractive person of our Mr. Seymour—the color of his hair was a fine hazel brown; that of his eyebrows considerably darker. His eyes, like Miss Montague's, were soft and sparkling: for their color we can hardly find a comparison; that of bright coffee seems to be nearer than any other. His nose was a beautifully shaped aquiline. The bloom of health played upon his cheeks, and with all his gentleness, intrepidity was conspicuous in his actions.

We have said that Harriet was insensible to the affectionate partiality of Henry Seymour; and that she regarded him as a friend and brother: but the time approached
when

when she was to be made sensible that her attachment to this amiable youth was composed of sentiments more warm and lively than those of bare esteem.

Sitting one morning in an arbor, with a pencil in her hand, taking a view of a distant prospect, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchell entered into a Chinese alcove which joined the arbor at its back, and fearful of being discovered at that employ, in which she was always discouraged, she slid to one corner, where she thought she should remain unseen, without the least idea of being privy to their conversation. The ladies sat down upon one of the benches ; and now Harriet trembled for the consequence of her folly in not immediately quitting the arbor at their approach to the alcove ; but she hoped that they would not stay long, and apprehensive of an angry lecture for not being better engaged, she ventured to sit still. At length Mrs. Percival, who at her entrance was reading a letter, said to Mrs. Mitchell.

L 6.

—“ these

—“these arrangements can easily be made after our young men are gone to college.

“And is Henry Seymour,” asked Harriet of herself, “going to college?” “Why “yes, to be sure”—was her mental reply: and she sighed at the certainty which her reason gave her of the circumstance. “I “shall then see him but seldom:” and she sighed again involuntarily, motioning (forgetful of her situation) to leave the arbor, for her seat seemed uneasy. But she recollected herself, and sat still. At that juncture Mrs. R. Percival entered the alcove and told the two ladies that a letter was just arrived from Mr. Bullion, who very readily accepted the proposals respecting his daughter, and that he wished the nuptials to take place between her and Mr. Stephen Percival on the day the young gentleman should become possessed of Spencer-Aviary.

This piece of intelligence, new as it was, did not affect, though it surprised Miss Mon-

Montague. The idea of Mr. Seymour's leaving Bervery was predominant.

"It would be a clever thing" said Mrs. Percival, "if the same day which unites Stephen and Miss Bullion, should join Barbara and Henry Seymour."

Harriet was as if thunderstruck.

"I see no reason why it should *not* be," replied Mrs. Mitchel, "for his partiality for her is very discernable."

"I think it is," added Mrs. R. Percival, "I often catch him gazing at her with attention."

A summons from the house now relieved Miss Montague, by occasioning the ladies to quit the alcove. For a few moments she paused; then burst into tears.

"Mr. Seymour to marry Miss Percival!" exclaimed she in her mind. "Well, and why should that disturb *me*!" "I wish them both happy" — continued she to herself, while a second shower of tears covered her lovely face. "He will then be my cousin, and now, though I sometimes

" &c

“ call him brother, he is not, in reality, any
“ relation. But Miss Percival is so cross—
“ however if he loves her—”

At that moment Henry Seymour appeared at a distance. For the first time in her life she saw him with displeasure, and lest he should enter the walk which led to the arbor, hastily quitted it and went into the house a round-about way.

The remaining part of the morning was spent by Harriet with new sensations. She often asked herself the cause of her disquiet, but could not give any satisfactory reply.

At dinner, her eyes appeared red and swelled, which, in silence, was particularly noticed by Mr. Seymour. He knew how negligently she was treated by the Percivals, and concluded that their unkindness had been the cause of her uneasiness. Towards the evening of this day Miss Montague walked to a little grove, which was at a short distance from the house, and seated herself upon a bench within its enclosures. She sat some time musing and wondering
why

why she was not so happy as usual, and when she had almost persuaded herself that nothing was the matter, her cousin Barbara, *as Mr. Seymour*, glided across her imagination. "Good Heavens, how happy she will be!" exclaimed the now partly conscious Harriet, in a whisper to herself. "Well, and shall I not be glad to see her happy! She is not, indeed, very kind to me now, but perhaps when she is married she will ask me to visit her."

These would have been her expressions had her thoughts been put into language.

Just then, she again saw the principal object of her contemplation. Mr. Seymour had been exceedingly distressed all day on account of the unusual solemnity of Harriet's countenance, and being determined to enquire into the cause, he watched for an opportunity of speaking to her alone, and at length saw her leave the house and direct her steps to the grove before-mentioned.

And now, however improper the period may be deemed by some of our impatient readers,

readers, we shall leave Mr. Seymour in his approach to the fair, whose heart was unusually fluttered by his appearance, while we give an account of the regulations that had been made in the family at the Lodge since the young people were no longer to be considered as children. Miss Debby, indeed was scarce fourteen, but she was such a pert, womanly girl, both in her person, manner and conversation, that an observer would have judged her to have been as old as Miss Montague, whom Miss Percival appeared to *exceed* in age, having the countenance and behavior of a young woman of twenty. It was probably owing to the encouragement these two Misses had to bring themselves forward, that they attained this show of womanhood; as upon all occasions—"Do not you think so Barbary?" And—"what is your opinion Debby?"—were the questions put to these young ladies by their injudicious friends, who received their answers with approbation; while every reply made to the
address

address of a stranger, by the charming Harriet, was treated with such contempt, that had she not had more than a common share of vivacity, it must have damped her spirit; but she rose superior to every insult, and smiled away, though sometimes with a sigh, every instance of unkindness. Mr. Barker, Mr. Russell and Henry Seymour were her constant friends; and indeed every creature who knew her but the Percivals, and Mrs. Mitchel; who cordially closed with the views of the family.

The regulations of the house, which we had almost forgot having entered upon, were, that the female part of the family should now inhabit the suit of rooms formerly fitted up for the common reception of the children and teachers, and that the gentlemen should pursue their studies or amusements at the other end of the building; meeting the ladies only at the hours of eating.

This was an arrangement of Mrs. Percival's,

val's, who objected to a frequent intercourse of the young people; as being detrimental to the plan of the securing to Miss Percival the affection of Henry Seymour; and rightly judging that too constant a familiarity would be apt to destroy the ardency of the attachment, which Mrs. Mitchel had persuaded her that she had observed between the destined couple.

The mode pursued had certainly the pre-saged effect of keeping in continual liveliness ~~the predilection~~ of the juvenile Henry; but Miss Montague, and not Miss Percival, was the chosen object of the lovely youth; a circumstance which never entered into the heads of any of the managing family. Whether the young couple were instinctively cautious of permitting their almost insensible bias to be discovered; or whether the passion on both sides was so pure and, for a time, so gentle, that it did not affect either the words or the actions of its victims, we cannot determine; but certain
it

it is that none but Mr. Barker, who saw the dawning tenderness with pleasure, had the least idea of their mutual partiality.

The family of the Percivals lived as the phrase is *quite in style*, and entered into every gaiety which the country afforded. Continually visiting or visited, they had not much time for reflexion. Mrs. Mitchel, though regular teaching was now laid aside, remained at the Lodge in the character of an instructing friend, and Mr. Barker, who occasionally continued his lectures, staid to go with the young gentlemen to college. Miss Montague, sometimes at her own request, that she might uninterruptedly pursue her favorite studies, and sometimes on account of the fulness of the carriages, was often left at home, when the ladies visited in the vicinity, except when they went to the Abingtons or Spencers, where Mr. Ruffel always insisted upon seeing her with her cousins. This good friend frequently made her presents of money ; both that she might gratify the charitable disposition of
her

her heart, and appear as genteel as the rest of the family.

On the evening to which we were arrived when we began with the arrangement at Beverly-Lodge, all the ladies, Harriet excepted, were gone to visit at Havington-Hall, where many matters of vast importance were talked over, which, if related; would greatly entertain some of our friends; but we must now hasten to the recess where we left our favorite, who at the instant of our deserting her, observed the approach of Mr. Seymour, and doubted not but he would proceed to the place of her retirement, it being a spot frequently visited by all the young people.

As the intelligence she had gained in the morning was of such consequence in her opinion as entirely to engross her ideas, it was a natural supposition that it must be a prevailing circumstance in the contemplation of others; at least of those who were so much concerned in it, as was the object now in view, and fearful lest he should sus-
pect

pect its being the cause of her seriousness, she determined to endeavor to appear as cheerful as possible, and to keep her sitting as she would have done, had she not been acquainted with the intended event.

As he approached nearer to the grove, her heart throbbed in an unusual manner, and she was alarmed at her own agitation. When he entered, she looked confused. She blushed : she trembled ; and her meditated show of indifference, vanished in a moment. He saw her perplexity, and seating himself beside her, took one of her hands, and asked with anxious tenderness, the occasion of her discomposure.

“ Nothing,” said she in a faltering accent ; “ nothing of consequence.” “ You cannot,” returned he, “ be thus affected without some cause. What have I done that I may not be trusted with your grievances ?”

“ You know,” said Miss Montague, with the first evasion she had ever practised, “ that I am sometimes a little sensible of the
“ unkind

“unkind treatment I meet with from my
“relations. But,” continued she, wishing
to turn the subject, “you are, I understand,
“soon going to college.” Then immediately
recollecting the inference for which
the observation gave room—“Not that *that*
—not that I—”

She could not say more, for venturing to
look up, she saw Seymour’s eyes fixed upon
her face with expressive transport, while he
seemed to wait in anxious expectation of
farther confirmation of the now presaged
cause of her concern. But finding she could
not proceed, and too generous to increase
his own happiness by paining a delicacy
which he knew to be real, he replied, “I have
“long contemplated, with regret, the ne-
“cessity of my absence from Beverly ; with
“more regret than I can express : for what
“shall I do” [tenderly pressing one of her
hands in his] “when I cannot see my Har-
“riet every day !”

The strongest fit of a tertian ague could
not more forcibly have affected the frame
of

of the lovely girl, than did this sentence. She trembled excessively, and her cheek was suffused with the brightest crimson. For a few moments she could not speak, during which time Mr. Seymour, likewise, seemed almost incapable of articulation. At length, however, she recollected herself, and said with an averted eye:—"You surely mean, when you cannot every day see Miss Percival."

"Miss Percival!" echoed he, with real surprise. "What comparison can Miss Percival bear in my idea with Miss Montague!"

"Do not flatter," said she, half angry. "Do not dissemble. You need not surely disguise your sentiments to one whom you have so often called your sister."

"My sister!" replied the ardent youth. "My *more* than sister—more than *friend*. No existing creature is so dear to me as my Harriet."

This was the first time anything expressive of more than fraternal affection had passed

passed between our amiable couple, and it was not entirely unpremeditated. Henry sought, indeed, to find his Harriet, that he might inquire the cause of grief which he perceived in her countenance, but he had not, at that time any farther intention. He had long been conscious of her being vested with a power over his happiness, and wished to make her sensible of the ardency of his sentiments, and to find that her gentle heart beat in unison with his own ; yet he feared to change his style of addressing her, lest he should deprive himself of the felicity he had always found in her unrestrained conversation whenever, by accident, he could engage her alone. The effort Miss Montague made to turn his idea from a subject which (because it was uppermost with her) she apprehended was a leading idea with him, by mentioning his going to college, was the incident that involuntarily led Mr. Seymour to speak in the language of his heart. And in the language of his heart he *did* speak ; for
nothing

nothing but the words of truth fell from his lips.

The subject was now advanced—the path was opened ; and so exquisitely sweet was the entrance, that the young travellers had no power to resist the incitement which drew them on to proceed.

Reader ! Art thou of a phlegmatic habit ! Canst thou not of thyself conceive the soft, the bewitching happiness of the scene before thee ?—where two pure hearts—unhackneyed in deceit—unskilled in the arts of delusion, are unfolding to each other the gentlest, yet most ardent passion that ever warmed the human breast ! If thou *art* insensible to this kind gift of nature, what can we say to animate the dreary wilderness of which thy frozen mind is an epitome !!! We commiserate thy wretchedness, and will do what we can to warm thee into life—to thaw that ice-lump called a heart which occupies thy bosom. We will lead thee into the midst of an Arcadian grove, where, if thou wilt open the eye of

imagination, thou mayest see one of the most beautiful maids in the Creation, seated under a spreading oak, delicately, yet candidly, acknowledging what it was not in her power to deny—that Beverly, when Seymour was gone, would no longer confine her ideas. Thou mayest see one of the finest figures; one of the handsomest of British youths, rapturously bending over the face of his Harriet, whom he ventured to support with an encircling arm, listening with the supremest of earthly delights, to the hesitating accents which, though they did not expressly confirm, led him to hope that her heart was all his own.

Avert not thine eye from our picture, O Genius of Purity! There is not even in our imagination, one trait uncongenial with thy essence. The fabled Diana herself might have gazed with approbation—with pleasure, upon our lovely couple: nay even Angels would witness such a scene with smiles of applause.

The sentiment O reader! which actuated
our

our favorites, was not that passion, miscalled love, which often leads our giddy youth to Gretna Green. Not the *affection* which binds together, in wretched existence, two people of high birth, or great riches, because they *are* so born or so endowed. Not the predilection which influences the wishes of miss to be “my lady,” or the mistress of a fine house and equipage. The attachment of our Henry and his Harriet was founded in purity; in virtue; on an habitual conviction of the goodness and amiableness of each other’s disposition; on the conscious congeniality of their souls. This was the principle—this the ground upon which the fervency of their youthful minds raised that superstructure which truly deserved the name of genuine affection. They loved before they knew it; and without knowing why; so insensibly did their union of hearts increase with their years. Surely they were now amongst the happiest of their kind! They were to each other, all the Universe; and could they.

thenceforth have lived in continual retirement ; would probably never have wished for a state of more felicity. Hence the argument for the utility—the salutariness of worldly disappointments and perplexities. Our frames are mortal and must decay ; therefore the Great, the Benevolent Author of our being casts shadows over our present prospects, that we may lift our eyes above the clouds that frequently surround us, in search of those radiant blessings which the taste we here have of felicity, leads us earnestly to desire. Troubles are sent from the tenderest mercy, and if rightly received and made use of, will secure to us the highest happiness our imaginations can portray.

Ye cautious mothers !—anxious for your daughter's safety—shut not these our pages from their eye lest our picture should lead their minds from prudence and reserve : rather encourage them to cultivate the sentiment, built upon the principle, which conquered the young heart of Miss Montague.

gue. This purity of affection for a deserving object will secure them against the contagion of vice and folly—against fashion and coquetry—against a sordid joyless matrimony, and miserable old-age : *and* against the very error into which you may be apprehensive that our tale should draw them—a passionate inclination for a designing libertine.

That no existing creature was so dear to him as his Harriet—was Henry's last assertion.

Miss Montague blushed, but she looked grave, and involuntarily made a motion with her head which seemed to imply a doubt. He understood her apprehension, and with surprise and anxiety asked whence it could arise. Her reply led to other questions, which, in the end, unravelled the cause of her morning's concern. Mr. Seymour was charmed by the effect of the groundless suggestion : he now openly avowed the ardour of his sentiments, while she listened with silent pleasure; her eyes
however,

however, and her blushes performing the office of her tongue, and evincing that her heart understood his language.

Near two hours were passed in this indescribable happiness, when Miss Montague heard a distinct sound of carriages.

“The family is returning,” said she.
“Mr. Scymour you must now leave me.”

“With more reluctance,” replied the youth, “than I ever left you before, however unwilling I always was to quit your company. The endearing moments I have this evening passed, will ever be a remembered period in my life; and I hope the time will come when my Harriet will dare to acknowledge that it is not entirely forgotten by her.”

A sweet confusion played upon her face, while he taking her hand, which he pressed with fervor to his lips, said—“Forgive me my beloved Miss Montague that I cannot, as I wish to do, restrain my raptures. My heart is filled with happiness and it *will* overflow. I only leave you because
“you

“ you desire that I should. I shall see you soon at supper.”

“ O no !” said she, “ I cannot go into the supper room this evening.”

“ Why not ?” asked he with concern.

“ I do not know,” replied the lovely maid ; “ but indeed I cannot go into company to night.”

“ Do then as you please,” said he. “ I shall wish to see you ; but your happiness has long constituted mine.”

The nearer approach of the carriages hastened their separation, and after again pressing the lovely hand of his Harriet to his lips, Mr. Seymour quitted the grove, leaving her absorbed in reflecting on the past hour, which appeared the most important in her life. Every incident was impressed upon her remembrance, yet she seemed as if gleaning the air that she might collect and treasure up every syllable in which he had expressed his sentiments. Indeed, both the lovers when divided recognized every moment of the interview, and
in

in idea lived over again the exquisitely happy period, till the supper-bell summoned Mr. Seymour to join the family, and Miss Montague sending an excuse for not appearing, retired to rest; a circumstance at which we suppose some of our readers may be rejoiced, as with it we intend to finish this chapter.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME,

THE
MICROCOSM.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

“Expectation too highly raised is generally disappointed. It is
“wisdom to rein imagination in its first flights, lest it
“o’er-step the modesty of nature!”

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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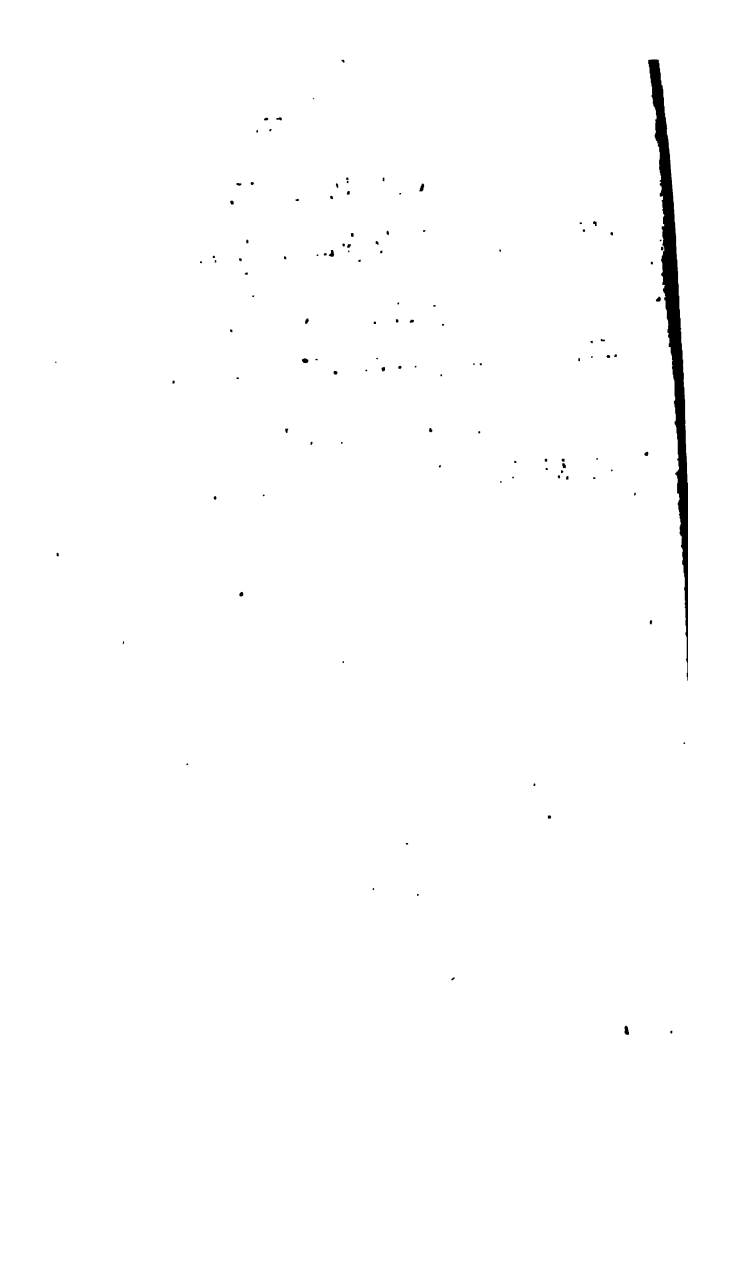
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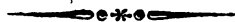
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THE MICROCOSM.



CHAP. XXXII.

Retrospection; and the Nabobs.

MISS Montague retired to rest—but not to sleep. Cupid bribed Somnus to let him supply his place till morning, when, about two hours before the usual time of rising, the minister of sleep returned to tell the laughing boy his time was expired, and to desire him to suspend his power over the fair one; at which the fly urchin smiled, and pretended to withdraw; but he had previously persuaded Morpheus to let him take his form, and execute his office.

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In

In simple sober language—the lovely Harriet never closed her eyes till after daylight; and when, for a short time, she yielded to the force of nature, her dreams again presented the realities upon which she had been ruminating. Mrs. Percival, whose bed she constantly shared, was surprised at her unusual restlessness, and with some little appearance of concern, enquired the cause. Harriet thanked her; but assured her she was very well, only somewhat incommoded by the warmth of the weather.

New, pleasing, and perplexing, were now the meditations of Miss Montague. An uninvestigated world seemed opened to her view. The course of her ideas were turned, and Henry Seymour terminated every prospect. She wondered how the alteration of their sentiments came about, and what would be its event. He had told her, indeed, that no other could ever have a place in his affection, and that he hoped she would not refuse to accept his
name

name and fortune, as soon after his return from College, as Martin's Priory could be made ready to receive her.

"And should she, one day, be Mrs. Seymour!" "And would it be her duty, as well as pleasure, to study continually the happiness of her Henry!" "Blessed idea!" "The felicity," she doubted, "would be too great to be realized."

With these thoughts did she arise, and prepare to meet Seymour in the breakfast room; a circumstance which now appeared to her of amazing consequence. She dressed herself with unusual care, and with a heart throbbing with increased perturbation at every step, left her apartment.

Henry had passed the night in almost the same manner as his Harriet. Like her, he had scarcely given two hours tribute to the nocturnal ministers. Like her, he had contemplated his future felicity; which, however, did not strike him with such wonder, as the idea was more familiarized; he having long rested the prospect of his hap-

pincers in the lovely fair one : but the hope that she was sensible, without disapprobation, of his tenderness, infused such transport into his heart, as prevented the approach of drowsiness.

When Harriet entered the breakfast room, she found most of the party, her Henry amongst the rest, there assembled. The customary salutations over, Mr. Barker kindly observed, she did not look so lively as usual, and asked how she had rested.

“ Not at all,” said Mrs. Percival ; “ nor would she let *me* rest. I cannot think what ailed her ! She generally sleeps sound enough.”

The eyes of Miss Montague at that moment met those of Mr. Seymour, who then advanced from the farther end of the room. A tremor instantly seized her frame : every beautiful feature was suffused with crimson, and she made a very indistinct reply ; while the graceful youth turned to a window to hide his own, and prevent her farther confusion.

During

During the time of breakfasting, Harriet did not once dare to look up, lest she should again encounter the eyes of Henry; while he with secret rapture, observed the delicate, conscious timidity of the charming maid; who looked, he thought, that morning, more beautiful than usual.

For two or three days the weather proved wet; all they saw of each other was in these family meetings. The rain kept the ladies from visiting, and likewise prevented their evening walks. On the fourth day, the sky being clear, it was proposed the family should make their first visit to Mr. Bullion, who, with his wife and daughter, was lately returned from India, where, by methods not very laudable, he had acquired an enormous property. Miss Rebecca Bullion was the only child of this Nabob. She was now upwards of seventeen; was stout in her person, and of bold and forward manners. Her mother had taught her to think that all perfection centered in riches, and that every young woman who had not

a right to expect some thousands, was to be treated as an inferior. Mr. Bullion, who encouraged these sentiments in his daughter, had been only a few weeks settled in the neighbourhood, when Mrs. Percival cast her eye upon the young lady, as a suitable wife for the Heir of Spencer Aviary, and advised her son to employ a friend to mention the matter to Mr. Bullion, who, upon investigation into circumstances, soon listened, and replied to the proposals in such a manner as gave satisfaction to the Percivals. The reader, if the ensuing scene did not obliterate the circumstance, may recollect the mention of this letter by the ladies in the alcove, when Harriet gained the intelligence which taught her the real state of her affection. In that letter Mr. Bullion settled the matter *sans ceremonie*, agreeing that his daughter should give her hand, with a hundred thousand pounds, to Mr. Stephen Percival, on the day which should entitle the young gentleman to the Aviary. All the business relative

tive

tive to this affair, consequential as it was, the two fathers settled in a very short period, the dispositions and qualities of the parties most concerned, not being considered as material, even by themselves, nor thought of by their paternal friends. *They were rich.* That was sufficient. That, in their opinion, was the *Summum bonum*. The *bargain*, therefore, was very soon concluded; for that such a fortune required such a settlement, was as easily to calculate, as that two halfpenny loaves were worth a penny.

When Mr. Bullion first received the intimation that Mr. Percival would be pleased with the alliance, he went home, after having made proper enquiries relative to the estate of the family, and thus addressed his daughter.

“ Well, Becca, I think I have now
 “ picked you up a sweetheart, who will
 “ be very suitable to our expectations.”

“ He must then have a great fortune,”
 answered the young lady, “ or he will not
 “ suit *me*.”

“ You cannot suppose, my dear girl,” said the mother, “ that your papa would think of marrying you to a beggar !”

“ Why no indeed,” replied he, throwing himself in an arm-chair with an air of consequence, “ Benjamin Bullion, Esquire has not moiled and toiled amongst a herd of savages for wealth which is to be cast away upon nothing ! The gentleman I have lighted upon will have upwards of twelve thousand pounds *a year per annum!*”

“ And so he ought,” returned Miss Bullion, “ for my fortune. I do not think the match any thing extraordinary.”

“ Softly, softly Becca,” said the father ; “ twelve thousand pounds a year, let me tell you, is not a thing of every day. Besides, this is none of your wish-washy nomination estates, mortgaged for nine-tenths of its worth. It will, I dare take my corporal oath of it, bring home to its owner every farthing of its rental.”

“ That

“that alters the case,” said Mrs. Bullion; “for I must confess I began to think Miss Bullion, that the fortune we give her has a right to expect what for twelve thousand a year; if not an estate still larger.”

“Well, well; I shall be satisfied,” said the daughter; “and now pray tell us who the gentleman is, and when the matter is to be concluded?”

“Why, the gentleman is the young man who is to come to Spencer Aviary; and you are to be married when he be twenty-one, as on that day he is to turn out the folks who now live there, and take possession” — was Mr. Bullion’s answer.

“When he be twenty-one! And pray when will that be? How old is he now?” — inquired the young lady.

“He is exactly your own age,” said the mother, “all but half a year. You have not six months the start of him.”

B 5 ; “ Then

“ Then I am to be kept in waiting till
 “ near twenty-two, am I ? ” asked Miss.
 “ If the bargain had *not* been quite so
 “ good, and nearer at hand, it would, I
 “ think, have been as well.”

“ Be satisfied, Rebecca. The thing is
 “ a good thing; and the time will soon
 “ pass away in courtship and other amuse-
 “ ments: for as to the certainty of it—
 “ your papa will, I dare say, bind the
 “ parties firm and fast on parchment,” was
 Mrs. Bullion’s conciliatory speech.

“ Firm and fast ! Yes, yes ; I fancy I
 “ shall indeed : let Ben alone for that.
 “ Whichever party calls off, shall forfeit a
 “ good round sum ; so that at any rate we
 “ shall have them *upon the hip*. As to us—
 “ if any thing should happen in the mean
 “ time, whereby we should be bettered,
 “ why we can but pay the fine ; which
 “ would not signify, if the new business
 “ would indemnify us. We will not throw
 “ away dirty water, as the book says, before
 “ we have got clean ; nevertheless, it is
 “ a good

“ a good thing to have a string to a
“ latch.”

To the last speech of her father, Miss Bullion, who was in haste to dress for a ball, made the following reply, which concluded the conversation.

“ Well, well, papa, you know I shall be
“ very well contented to marry whom you
“ please ; provided he be rich ; will make
“ me a good jointure, and allow me hand-
“ some pin-money. : I only wish the
“ gentleman had given a nearer prospect
“ of concluding the bargain ; for while I
“ am only Miss Bullion, I must give place
“ to some people who have not a tithe of
“ my fortune.”

Such was the family with whom the Percivals were now going to commence an acquaintance. The visit was proposed in the breakfast room, and soon agreed to ; when Mrs. R. Percival observed, that as they must go in full dress, they must not *cram* the carriages ; and she thought it would be most convenient for Miss Mon-

tague not to go. The lady's private reason was, that she did not think Harriet would be a *foil* to her daughter. The moment Mrs. R. Percival intimated her objection, Seymour turned a quick eye upon Miss Montague. The look he gave spoke the dictates of his heart, and expressed a wish that the event might be propitious to another meeting. She understood the dialect, and a scarlet cheek conveyed to him her reply. This blush, which accompanied a bow of acquiescence to Mrs. R. Percival, was misconstrued by Miss Barbara, who, with malignancy in her eye, said, "My
" cousin Harriet reddens; and I do not
" wonder at it; for it is not pleasant to be
" prohibited shewing one's new finery."

This speech was made on account of an elegant cap which Mr. Ruffel had enabled his favourite lately to purchase. Harriet made no reply, but left the room, and the evening richly consoled her for not being of the visiting party, by affording her some enviable hours of Henry's company in a
walk

walk through the gardens. Mr. Barker had invited the two youngest boys (all the rest of the family being gone to Mr. Bullion's) to take a ride with him to Mr. Abington's, where, finding Mr. Ruffel at home, he imparted to him the intelligence he had gathered from observation, respecting the predilection of their young friends, and of the meditated plan of the Percivals to unite Mr. Seymour with their eldest daughter, to whom he thought it evident Seymour had an absolute dislike.

Mr. Ruffel was extremely pleased with both these circumstances; for a union between Henry and Harriet was what he secretly wished; and good as was his disposition, he could not but enjoy the disappointment such an event would occasion to the monopolizing views of the Percivals; for not one of whom, George excepted, he had any partiality. Mr. Barker was entirely of Mr. Ruffel's opinion respecting the family at the Lodge; who, though they always treated him with
great

was in a pompadour satin gown and petticoat, round the bottom of which was a broad gold lace. Her head, neck, ears and fingers, were loaded with various colored precious stones. Mr. Bullion, in consequence of having once been an ensign in the militia, chose to wear regimentals, which, like his lady's gown, were ornamented with broad gold lace. Miss Bullion's dress was a full yellow, trimmed with silver. Her petticoat was silver tissue, and she wore almost as many jewels as her mother.

Turn now your eye, my observing friend, to the beautiful, the modest, the delicate Harriet Montague, who appeared in a fine thin muslin, under which she wore a very pale pink lustring. Her cap, light and airy, and put on with peculiar taste, was of the turban kind, and she had in her bosom a natural bouquet, with which Henry Seymour had just presented her, of rose-buds and jessamine. Every female eye saw her with envy, while Seymour gazed upon her with

with almost unrestrainable rapture ; so conspicuous did she shine, upon a comparison with the other ladies present.

Just before tea was carried in, Harriet went out of the room, when Miss Bullion enquired who that beautiful young lady was—for she had not been made of so much consequence as to be particularly introduced to the guests, though she had not before been in their company.

To Miss Bullion's inquiry, Mrs. R. Percival carelessly replied, that she was the orphan-child of a daughter of Mrs. Percival's, who had married indiscreetly.

“ And does she reside with you, Madam ? ” was Miss Bullion's second question.

“ Yes, poor girl ! ” said the lady of the Lodge, “ we have taken her under our protection ; for she has little or nothing to support herself.”

“ Bless me ! ” exclaimed Miss Bullion, “ I thought, by seeing her in such company, she had been a person of property ; ”
“ and

“ and I vow, at first sight, I thought her
“ rather handsome ; but I only passed my
“ eye over her ; and now I recollect, there
“ is a vulgarity in her face from which one
“ may judge she is not a woman of fortune.”

At this speech of the Nabob's daughter, Henry Seymour could hardly restrain his indignation ; but he was still farther provoked, when after some similar observations from the ladies, Miss Bullion said—“ If
“ the young woman is so destitute, I vow,
“ as she bears a distant relationship to the
“ family, I should be willing to give her a
“ trifle ; and should not have much objection to take her, when we go to Spencer-Aviary, as one of my women. At present I am supplied in that capacity ; but
“ as these creatures grow insolent if they
“ are kept about one too long, it will not,
“ probably, be a great while before I make
“ a change in my establishment. Let it
“ be mentioned to her, madam, if you
“ please ; and tell her if she wishes to go a
“ month

“month or so upon liking, we will try
“ what we can do with her.”

At this, Seymour hastily arose from his chair, and darting a contemptuous look at Miss Bullion, quitted the room with a haughty air, and went into the garden to endeavor to subdue his resentment.

The reader may possibly suppose that Miss Bullion's good-nature induced her to think of taking Miss Montague under her protection; but we beg leave to inform him it was a quite contrary principle which excited the idea. The moment she knew that she was not *rich*, she was provoked at her daring to be handsome; a privilege which she thought ought to be confined to the possession of wealth. She therefore instantly hated her with inveteracy, and immediately determined to endeavor to mortify her.

“ Upon my word,” said Miss Percival;
“ I think it will be a good thing for cousin
“ Harriet; as it may prove an establish-
“ ment for her as long as she lives.”

“ Has

“Has not the poor girl any fortune?” asked Mrs. Bullion.

“Her mother left eight hundred pounds “in my hands,” replied Mrs. Percival; “but a considerable part of that has been “sunk in educating her.”

“Eight *hundred*!” exclaimed the opulent heiress. “What is eight hundred! “What is eight *thousand* for a girl of “fashion? If I had not more than *ten* “times *that* sum, I should think myself “poor.”

The pittance of our favorite was now made a subject of ridicule; but Miss Bullion’s *kind* proposal was declined, as it was rightly conjectured that Mr. Ruffel would oppose Miss Montague’s attending Miss Bullion in that capacity.

Tea was now carried into the drawing-room, when Harriet and Mr. Scymour were summoned to attend. After that ceremony was over, the *heiress* was requested to oblige the company by performing upon the forte piano. With a great many
affected

affected heirs she complied, and was just sat down to the instrument, when Mr. Ruffel entered the room. The song which she was playing, favoring the auditors, at the same time, with the efforts of a very loud and coarse voice, was “ *The lass with the delicate air* ;” which Mrs. Bullion industriously intimated was composed, on her daughter’s account, by a young squire who was in love with her, but who was not rich enough to succeed. After the fine lady arose, the Misses Percivals were requested to sit down ; but no notice was taken of Harriet, till Mr. Ruffel led her to the instrument, and desired her to give him his favorite song,—“ *Though Prudence may press me, &c.*” With unfeigned reluctance she complied, while a supercilious smile went partly round the room ; though every heart did silent justice to her almost unequalled execution, and charming voice. When she sang the line—“ *My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true* ;”—the loveliest blush pervaded her cheeks.

had he made a reply, it must have been expressive of a surprise, which might have produced disagreeable consequences : fortunately Mr. Bullion that instant called out—"Come, Becca, come, let us be jogging. It is getting dusky, and I don't love to be out in the dark."

This speech spared the indignant youth from attempting an answer. The Bullion family made their departing honors ; and their equipage, no less gorgeous than their apparel, was driven from the Lodge to the Bower ; the assurance of Miss Montague in being beautiful without riches, making a part of the travelling conversation ; and the Bullion family concluding that she was not to be taken any notice of in their future visits.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Room for Imagination.

RECEIVING and returning visits almost perpetually employed the family at the Lodge, but Harriet was less and less invited to make one of the party. Her beauty increased daily and the powers of her mind continually expanded, which rendered her an object of envy and hatred to all the Percivals, but of admiration, esteem and affection to every other individual with whom she was acquainted. The improvements, both in person and mind of her Henry, were as distinguishable and as rapid as her own; and he was equally the object of universal applause. The interviews between this lovely pair were not very frequent, as prudence rendered it absolutely necessary for them to keep secret their mutual attachment. When, favored by accident, they *did* enjoy each others company without

observation, they received ample amends for the scarcity of their meetings; and this circumstance, it is likely, gave double ardency to their affection, now fixed and rooted beyond the probability of ever ceasing to exist.

As the reader has been told that an epistolary correspondence was regularly kept up between Miss Montague and Miss Spencer, we will indulge him with the transcription of a letter from each of these ladies, beginning with one

From Miss Spencer to Miss Montague.

“ Monday morning.

“ My dearest Harriet,

“ As my uncle Ruffel has informed me
“ that he means to be at the Lodge in the
“ evening, I am determined to write to you
“ upon a subject which has of late occa-
“ sioned me some anxiety; and without a
“ preface, will ask you the cause of that
“ pensive air which, for some time back,
“ has

“ has pervaded a countenance so naturally
“ free and open as yours. Knowing, as I
“ do, the disagreeableness of your situation,
“ I am willing to believe it the effect of
“ that unkindness you so often meet with
“ from your relations, not one of whom are
“ worthy to claim kindred with the greatly
“ superior friend of my heart. As to our
“ cousin Barbara—though, thank my stars !
“ she is not very near to me—she absolutely
“ grows worse and worse. Her pride and infor-
“ mence are intolerable, and it is she, I some-
“ times think, who renders your residence
“ at the Lodge particularly irksome : but I
“ am half apprehensive of there being some
“ *other* cause for the unusual appearance of
“ gravity which, of late, I have noticed in
“ your air and manner.

“ My Harriet’s happiness is dear to me,
“ and she must either ease my anxiety on
“ the subject, without hesitation, or prepare
“ herself for more minute interrogation from
“ her truly affectionate

LUCY SPENCER.”

Miss Montague to Miss Spencer.

“ Monday evening.

“ Did my Lucy know the severity of the
“ task she has imposed, her gentle heart
“ would feel the pain she has given to that
“ of her friend, who is at this time over-
“ whelmed by a variety of contending sen-
“ sations—sensations so new to her, that she
“ knows not how to conduct herself under
“ their influence.

“ Why, my dear girl ! did you not ad-
“ vance some *suppositions*—why not endea-
“ vor to *guess* the secret cause of the pen-
“ siveness which is, it seems, so evident to
“ observation ? My work had then been
“ easier ; as I could readily have given an
“ affirmative or a negative to such and such
“ advanced ideas, whereas to own—to con-
“ fess—to acknowledge all at once—Ah
“ Lucy ! what is it I would say ! I am
“ ashamed of myself ; ashamed of saying
“ that I have a secret to discover. Many
“ times

“ times have I wished to acquaint you with
“ a circumstance which, as I write, gives a
“ sensible glow to my cheek, but I have
“ hitherto been, as I am now, at a loss for
“ expression when I attempt the subject.

“ My Lucy is now all astonishment at
“ what I write. She is alarmed lest her
“ friend should have been guilty of some
“ reprehensible conduct, which should
“ make her blush at the partial opinion she
“ has so long entertained. But I hope, my
“ dear girl, I shall not, in your eyes, be
“ deemed *very* faulty for any thing but not
“ immediately acquainting you with every
“ particular. Perhaps were some in this
“ family to be judges, I should be con-
“ demned without hesitation; as you too
“ well know I have not much cause to ex-
“ pect a friendly verdict from any one at
“ the Lodge but Mr. Barker, George Per-
“ cival and—Mr. Seymour.

“ And now, Lucy, need I say any more ?
“ Is not that last name a sufficient expla-
“ nation of every required circumstance !
“ But O ! I am covered with confusion,

“ and my hand trembles so greatly, as you
“ will see by my writing, that I cannot
“ proceed. It will not, I hope, be long
“ before we meet ; you shall then, upon
“ demand, know every particular of this
“ too interesting affair, which communica-
“ tion will, I doubt not, greatly relieve the
“ oppressed heart of your

“ HARRIET MONTAGUE.”

This correspondence was, as we have said, constantly kept up by means of Mr. Ruffel, who, at the request of Lucy Spencer, proposed a visit from the friends at the Shrubby to the Lodge, soon after the exchange of the foregoing letters ; Lucy being very impatient for an eclaircissement with her beloved Harriet. The proposal was agreed to, and the young ladies had an opportunity for the desired explanation, with which Miss Spencer was greatly delighted. The opportunity was given them during a ramble that the company took in Mr. Percival's park, where they were divided *into several groupes*. Towards the end of the
walk

walk, they were accidentally met by Henry Seymour, who guessing the subject of their conversation, begged to be permitted to join in it, which was refused by Harriet, but complied with by Miss Spencer, who unreservedly told him she was made quite happy by the intelligence she had received, and begged him to look upon her as a friend devoted to the advancement of their mutual felicity. This declaration was a great relief to the gentleman, who, afterwards, frequently rode over to the Shrubby, that he might have the satisfaction of talking with Lucy about Miss Montague, which fixed the foundation of a firm friendship between Miss Spencer and Mr. Seymour.

The removal of the young gentlemen to college was now much talked of; but it was from time to time deferred by the consent of the parties concerned. Mr. Pervival's motive was avarice: for while they continued at Beverly, Mr. Seymour's expences included all that was necessary for the instruction of the rest; Mr. Barker be-

ing paid out of the rents of Martin's Priory. As to the young lover—he was perfectly satisfied with his situation, and though he wished, some time or other, to go to the university, could not help being pleased with Mr. Percival's frequent delays. Mr. Barker indeed was impatient to enter his pupils at college; as though (notwithstanding the forms of a school were laid aside) they regularly pursued their studies, he thought their knowledge would be greatly enlarged by a residence at Cambridge; which, on account of its nearness, was preferred to Oxford.

It was chiefly with reference to the young Percivals that Mr. Barker encouraged their removal; for he frequently told Mr. Russell that he did not think it possible for Henry Seymour to be more finished than he was, either in learning or manners. This gentleman was exactly such a tutor as every father, careful for his children's good could wish, as he was distinguished by piety, politeness, and universal knowledge. To make him the highest compliment we can think of—
he

he was totally the reverse of Doctor Y. and Doctor Z. the first, a lately made dean in a celebrated cathedral ; the other a prebend, and chaplain in the family of a nobleman. These divines, who married women of fashion, and have numerous offsprings, have no other wish for their children than to hear them applauded for *good breeding* ; that is, for a perfect observance of all the rules of etiquette ; and for being fine gentlemen and ladies : they never condescend to perform one of the material duties of their office ; for though they sometimes read a sermon, they habitually unsay, not only by their practice, but their precepts, all that they delivered from the pulpit ; conversing, and conducting themselves with pride, and insolence, and arrogance, instead of humility, meekness, and modesty ; valuing themselves more on the fancied dignity of their ancestry, or on the richness of their benefices, than upon those qualifications which alone can render them respectable.

CHAP. XXXV.

A Fire.

WITHIN a short time from the period, at which we closed our last chapter, the family at Beverly Lodge, about three or four hours after they had retired to rest, were alarmed with loud screams of fire from several quarters of the building. Every bed was instantly vacated; while every eye was terrified by the surrounding flames, which rose in divers directions, from below. The house, in a few moments, was in a tumult; every one endeavoring to escape destruction. Mr. Seymour's first idea rested on his Harriet: Harriet's thoughts immediately turned upon the danger of her Henry, whom she met at the bottom of the stairs which led to her apartment, as he was going to her assistance. He spoke in expressions of transport at finding

ing her in safety, but without staying to enjoy that felicity, he hastened to see if any stood in need of relief ; but happily, every individual found a safe way out of the house, and all hands were in an instant employed in endeavoring to extinguish the flames. The village was soon alarmed and the parish engine procured, but the edifice being chiefly composed of timber, and the weather dry, the fire raged with such violence, that it could not be suppressed before a great part of the building was destroyed. The writings, apparel, and a considerable part of the furniture, were preserved ; Mr. Percival, when he saw the rapidity of the flames, wisely turning his efforts to save the moveables. At length, however, by the increase of assistants, the fire was extinguished, but not till it had so greatly damaged the structure that there was not one room left habitable. The family resorted to the out-buildings, and as soon as they were a little composed, dispatched a messenger with the intelligence

of the event, to Mr. Spencer, from whom they immediately received an invitation to repair without delay to Spencer Aviary. The invitation was gladly accepted; and they were all conveyed to the hospitable mansion as soon as possible; leaving in the ruins proper persons to take care of the remains.

The cause of this dreadful conflagration was never perfectly elucidated, but that it arose from design was evident, as the flames appeared from several parts of the building at once. It was conjectured to have been the work of a parcel of gipsys, who for some days had been hovering about the village, and had suddenly disappeared about the time of the fire. On one of the preceding days, it seems, they had met with a poor, but decent looking woman whose husband had been pressed upon his landing; after a long voyage, while she was rejoicing at his return, and presenting him with a smiling infant, of which she had been delivered during his absence. This poor creature
had

had given to her unhappy partner, upon his being apprehended and torn from her arms, her very last sixpence, and she was now returning with her child, to her miserable home, when pressed by want, she had stopped at the gates of the Lodge to request a piece of bread. On this occasion George Percival, who had frequently been severely chidden for similar offences, begged of the housekeeper a part of a brown loaf, and had presented it to the wretched traveller just as his father arrived at the spot where she was curtesying her silent thanks ; for grief, and fears, and faintness prevented her articulate acknowledgments. Enraged by the spectacle before him, the stern man turned to the reddening youth, and said with a frowning aspect—"How *dare* you sir thus " persist in acting contrary to my positive " commands !"—taking at the same instant, from the hungry object, the welcome morsel which she was conveying to her mouth, and giving it to a brace of pointers which had accompanied him in the field, and

and which he afterwards set upon the trembling sufferer (whom he threatened with the house of correction) to drive her from his domains: the fierce animals obeyed their master's commands, and tore her garments as she fled, pressing her infant to her breast, with screams for mercy. This woman, it was said, ran till she saw the gang of gipsys, of whom we have been speaking, when overwhelmed by new terrors, she sank breathless at their feet as they approached. On this, one of them, who seemed to have some authority, ordered the women to assist and endeavour to nourish her, and she was soon able to inform them of the cause of her distress. When the depredators heard of the behaviour of Mr. Percival, they vowed to revenge the cause of the unhappy woman, who had strongly excited even their pity, and giving her some food from their travelling store-room, dismissed her with her child, the fear of losing whom had, on the first appearance of the gipsys, totally overpowered her senses. After her departure,

departure, the gang proceeded, as fame reported, to a neighbouring barn, and on that night the Lodge was destroyed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

An Appeal recalled.

IT is now a long time since we have taken any rest, and as we have lately travelled with considerable velocity, we may reasonably complain of being rather tired. We will therefore allow ourselves a few minutes relaxation ; and by way of amusement, will ask our fair friends a few trifling questions ; beginning with Miss Jenny and Miss Selina.

Pray young ladies how do you like our history ? Does it accord with your opinions and sentiments ?

Yet, upon second thoughts, which most people say are best, though we are of opinion that

that the prompt dictates of honest nature are in general preferable to the sly suggestions of policy and cunning : Yet, as we do not affirm this rule to be without exception, we say that *upon second thoughts*, we recall our appeal on account of its being premature, as our work has not yet travelled round the Island, and neither Miss Jenny nor Miss Selina ever venture a sentence of their own. They first hear the opinion of *fashionable people* in town and public places, and then they return to their native village to inform their rustic neighbours ; surprising the attentive listeners with the smartness and aptness of their satire, levelled frequently at those who are, in every respect, their superiors. Hear their opinion of any new publication; and you will think them profound critics : read the book which they have commended or condemned, and you sir, who are a man of taste as well as learning, will conclude that they have been speaking ironically, because they generally applaud what is reprehensible,

fible, and disapprove what is really meritorious. Whatever has a tendency to correct and amend the human heart, they loudly declaim against. "It is dull, it is stupid, "it is abominable;"—is the *argument* in its disfavour; while whatever is ludicrous, whether moral or immoral, is extolled as "*an inimitable production*;" for these young ladies, my good readers, "LOVES FUN." We therefore think it proper to inform them that we do not deal in their way; that our writings are greatly above the compass of their judgment, and that if their assurance leads them to give any opinion on the subject, we earnestly request that they will speak decidedly against the performance, as it will be the surest method to advance its merit with the judicious part of their acquaintance.

And now, instead of appealing, as we intended doing, to any of our rational readers, we will attend the Percival family to Spencer Aviary, and see them received with compassionating kindness—with that
true,

true, unaffected benevolence, which from early age, to his last day, distinguished Mr. Spencer. As soon as they were sufficiently composed, he enquired into the circumstances of the conflagration, and finding that the Lodge was rendered entirely uninhabitable, he, at once, set their hearts at ease, by insisting upon it, that the whole family should remain at the Aviary during the repairing or re-building of the destroyed edifice. This cheered the countenance of every individual, and Mr. Spencer was repaid with universal thanks.

Several days passed before any thing respecting the Lodge was publicly resolved upon ; but Mr. and Mrs. R. Percival had held several consultations with their mother and son Stephen, upon the subject, in which they determined that a commodious elegant building should be erected in the most pleasant part of the park, for the reception of the family, till Stephen should arrive at the age which would put him into possession of that habitation where they were
then

then hospitably entertained ; from which it was *very gratefully* agreed by this *quartette*, that the excellent parent should as soon as possible, be ejected, that Mrs. R. Percival might be gratified in her wish—ever the prime one in her heart—of being mistress of Spencer Aviary, as her son frequently assured her that she should be, during life. Whether he was or was not sincere in this particular, we will not now take upon us to affirm ; we will only observe, that if *it was* his design to fulfil the agreement, the motive which influenced him was founded on an idea of its being conducive to his interest ; a point which this young man kept constantly in his view.

Mr. Percival declaring his design respecting the demolished habitation, workmen were procured from every quarter, and the new structure was raised with uncommon expedition ; but as we do not find ourselves disposed to attend the artificers in their progress, we will relate some of the occurrences that passed at the Aviary, during

ing the residence of the Percivals in that enviable situation.

Mr. Spencer, desirous to soften, as much as possible, the sense of the recent misfortune, gave general invitations, which were readily accepted by the distant friends of the family, to visit at his house with the same freedom as they had done at the Lodge.

The gentry in the vicinity were, as usual, frequently at the hospitable mansion ; and the Abington's ; Mr. Ruffel ; Mr. Edward Spencer, with his lady and daughters, were generally there four or five times in a week ; so that the house, large as it was, was often nearly filled with company, to the great gratification of its beneficent occupier.

Some of our perusers may wonder at the good man's being so much pleased with such a number of visitants ; but they were not any restraint upon *him*, nor upon each other ; every individual being left at liberty to pursue his own plan of amusement throughout the day. The Palace of Liberty,

berty, would have been a proper name for Spencer Aviary. Parties of pleasure, upon the fine piece of water that ran through the beautiful lawn at the bottom of the park, in elegant barges which had canopies to screen the mid-day sun—entertainments in the various alcoves, grottoes or temples that were scattered through the groves—refections on the verdant carpet under the leafy umbrage in the Aviary, with evening diversions in the little castle appropriated to such purposes, rendered the abode delightful to all who wished to join in public entertainments, while rural walks for sentimental friends, or more retired minds, were allowed without observation or inquiry. Harriet Montague and Lucy delighted to visit the Crescent ; the Square, and the residence of the feathered choristers, while others sought pleasure amongst numbers. Mr. Spencer would sometimes take a morning or an evening's ramble with our two amiable young friends last mentioned, in whose company he always professed to find
the

the most lively gratification ; and especially if Henry Seymour was added to the party.

On the scenes now in view we could delight to dwell much longer, but business calls us away, and we will only observe that Arcadia in its meridian of perfection could not boast more elegant or more refined pleasures than SPENCER AVIARY.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Something about Beauty.

PATTY ABINGTON, whom, perhaps, our readers have almost forgotten, was a frequent visiter to Mrs. R. Percival, in her new abode. When she was not there, Miss Patty went but seldom, as neither Mr. Spencer, her brother, nor his lady, were companions suited to her inclination. She was now advancing to an age when, to preserve admiration, a woman should

should be studious to display those amiable qualities which the gentler sex ought continually to cultivate. The meridian of her beauty over, she should evince that she had not estimated youth, and the charms of person, at so high a rate as to be incapable of enduring the loss of them in herself, or of allowing with temper, another to possess what she had herself lost. She ought rather good-naturedly, to join in the admiration of a succeeding toast ; and thus prove that she had acquired some valuable substitutes for the transient bloom of the skin, or brilliancy of the eyes. As you Miss Framplin have not sufficient urbanity in your heart to incite such a conduct, let me advise you from policy to attempt this mode of behaviour. Smooth your brow ; soften the peevishness of your averted eye, and correct the tartness of your language, when a rising charmer appears in your presence, or in your hearing is made a subject of conversation.

Miss Abington, older by a year than
Miss

Miss Martha, had not now this lesson to learn. She was taught it by nature, and it accorded with all her sentiments. She was of course, fond of her sister Spencer's children, and of the young ones from the Lodge. Harriet Montague was a particular favorite with her, and she saw with pleasure the attachment between her and Mr. Seymour. Miss Martha was so diametrically opposite to Miss Abington, that we need but draw a picture of the first, to see, by contrast, an exact one of the other. Miss Martha had a *dislike* to beauties ; indeed she was not fond of any young woman, whether handsome or otherwise ; especially if she had attracted the particular attention of any gentleman. On various accounts, this lady hated our lovely Harriet with a degree almost of inveteracy. Indeed Mrs. R. Percival's enmity to the amiable girl, would alone have fixed that of Patty Abington to the same object, as Mrs. R. Percival was the only human being to whose ideas her own were assimilated. Continually disappointed
in

in her expectations of the titled husband, which had been promised to her by the interpreter of the stars, the native peevishness of her temper was considerably increased, and she unavailingly regretted having refused one or two eligible proposals.

With this confession, which the lady herself was not very fond of making, we will take our leave, for the present, of Patty Abington, and attend to our new building.

Notwithstanding the unusual number of artificers who were employed in erecting Beverly new Lodge, it was several months before any of the rooms were habitable; but the kindness of Mr. Spencer, who afforded them all possible assistance in their undertaking, rendered the interim so pleasant, that Mrs. R. Percival almost fancied herself arrived at the summit of her wishes.

Various were the entertainments; and instructive, as well as pleasing, the generality of the conversations, which passed amongst the assembled friends. Mr. Ruf-

Yel's attention was chiefly confined to the young ones of the party, whom he used to take great pleasure in diverting; often inventing for them some unexpected species of rural amusement. At these periods Henry Seymour frequently found opportunities of engaging the ear of his Harriet. For her sake, he endeavoured to be cautious in the affair; but the ardency of his affection laid him open to the artful observation of the Percivals. Stephen, who had long thought his cousin handsomer than his sisters, envied Mr. Seymour the sweetness of her smiles; and determining to destroy, if possible, the happiness which he perceived, he entered into a league with his sister Barbara, who, he well knew, had fixed her eye upon the accomplished youth, and by sly hints, first conveyed to her an idea of the envied, and reprobated attachment. This was enough; Miss Percival was immediately awakened to the suspicion, and asked her brother what means could be used

used to prevent the lovers from forming any mutual engagement.

"Leave them to me," said he; "you shall see what I can do. At present, take no notice of the affair to any one."

It has been observed, that on the first alarm of the fire which destroyed the Lodge, Henry Seymour went in eager search of Miss Montague, and expressed his happiness at finding her in safety. This was overheard by Mrs. Percival, who treasured in her mind the information she had thus accidentally gained, determining to use it to the defeat of any plan which might be in agitation between the lovers, as she so inveterately hated the poor Harriet, that she could not endure the idea of her union with a person of such consequence, and who was intended for the husband of her favorite grand-daughter.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Of less Consequence than any other in the History.

AS the benevolent families of the Spencers and Abingtons, made it a rule to visit every body who settled in the vicinity, they had paid the usual compliment to the Bullions, soon after their arrival at the Bower, and had received a return ; but it will not be supposed that minds so uncongenial should seek any degree of particular intimacy ; the young lady therefore had never had the opportunity which she coveted, of exploring the beauties of her intended future residence.

As our readers have been told of Mrs. R. Percival's having received a promise from her son, that she should preside at the Aviary upon his taking possession, it may seem mysterious that Miss Bullion should
look

look forward to the same event with similar expectations. That we may not be rendered liable to the imputation of dealing in incongruities, we think it necessary to say, that the intended mother and daughter-in-law settled this point at a very early period; the matron telling the spinster that the estate was to be *her's* during her life, but that she should not make any objection, as the house was so immensely large, to the company of Stephen and herself; when they should be united.

This declaration was perfectly agreeable to Miss Bullion, who protested she should think herself very happy in having somebody to manage for her; as house-keeping was a business for which she had no relish.

She should, when her husband had changed his name, be *Mrs. Spencer!* After that, *she should certainly have a title!* *She should have a great estate and a fine house settled upon her and her's!* *And she should have a coach and servants at her own command!*

This was Miss Bullion's *summum bonum*. For the rest she cared not ; and Mrs. R. Percival's prospect of being mistress of Spencer-Aviary brightened daily.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Spinsters.

MISS Bullion took the earliest opportunity of visiting the Percivals at their new place of residence ; when she was gratified by seeing more of the house and gardens than she ever had done on any former occasion, as her *dear friends*, Miss Percival and Miss Deborah, invented a scheme which, without observation, drew the three from the rest of the company ; and Miss was quite enchanted with the magnificent abode. She already selected such and such rooms to be appropriated to her particular use ; amongst the rest an elegant drawing-room, in which she said *she would* receive her own company ; and
a suit

a suit of retired apartments, that in her opinion would be extremely well calculated for the *nursery*.

This survey was taken just before dinner, to which they were summoned by the sound of the second bell, while they were determining upon future arrangements.

The party was this day a very large one. The conversation, of course, turned upon a variety of subjects. Amongst other topics; that of old maids was brought upon the carpet, upon which some of the young ladies were particularly facetious. Miss Bullion declared her detestation of *those creatures* in general, though she protested that she knew some who were very agreeable; intending the exception as a compliment to two or three in the company, who were drawing near the dreaded æra of being dubbed members of the sisterhood.

“Take care of yourself Miss,” says Patty Abington, more offended than gratified at the idea of being included in the

D 4 exception;

exception ; “ old maids, as you term them,
“ were once young ones ; and young ones,
“ whether married or not, will assuredly
“ grow old. You are not yet secure from
“ being one day classed with the *creatures*
“ *you detest.*”

“ O ! as to that madam !—” rejoined Miss Bullion—“ I have no fear, I do assure
“ you. Women with *my* fortune may,
“ from sixteen to sixty, buy a husband at
“ any time. Besides,” added the forward
girl, with a he, he, he, “ I do not think
“ Mr. Stephen Percival will be *false-*
“ *hearted.*”

Mr. Stephen Percival made a significant bow ; adding what he knew would gratify her more than any other compliment, that a consideration for his *interest*, would in that respect lead him to pursue his happiness.

Emily Abington, who sat unmoved by the many sarcasms which now, from first one, then another, were glanced upon the sisterhood, saw, and pitied the agitation of her

her sister Patty, with the uneasy looks of some others who stood in the same predicament, and entered the lists with the taunting opponents, who were headed by a young widow, and a lady that had lately been married.

“ I believe,” said the amiable woman, “ that I am the eldest spinster in the room, “ therefore have some right to ask why our “ sisterhood is held in such contempt.”

“ *Why*, madam !” exclaimed the widow in her weeds—“ why because—Bless me, “ madam, how can one answer you ? Why “ because they are.”

“ You have not, madam,” said Miss Abington, smiling, “ given an answer that “ is quite satisfactory, unless you allow us “ to conclude that you have no other to “ offer.”

“ Oh dear Miss Abington,” said the bride, “ Mrs. Waldron could doubtless “ have said a great deal more, had she not “ been apprehensive of offending you. I

“ am sure I would not have been an old
“ maid for all the world.”

“ Mrs. Harrington,” said Mr. Ruffel,
“ I congratulate you on being so sensible
“ of the obligation you are under to your
“ husband. By your expression of joy on
“ your escape, I fancy you are beginning
“ to feel the terrors of being left in the
“ lurch.”

“ Who, I Sir? No, indeed, not I Sir;”
replied the lady, blushing with conscious-
ness and vexation; “ I do assure you, Sir,
“ I could have been married long ago, had
“ I thought proper.”

“ So, perhaps madam, could all the
“ single ladies present; none of whom, if
“ Emily Abington be the eldest, are so far
“ advanced as to despair of future offers.”

Every tongue was now engaged in taunts
or tart replies, till Miss Abington, stepping
up stairs, returned with an open paper,
which she put into the hand of Mr. Ruffel,
with these words.

“ If you, my dear Sir, will give yourself
“ the

“ the trouble to read this letter to the
“ company, it will, perhaps, in some mea-
“ sure, settle the contest in which we have
“ been engaged. It was written, as you
“ will see by its date, some time back.
“ Mrs. Ann Kelby was its author. She
“ sent it to her niece, the present Mrs.
“ Monton, then Miss Venn, upon her first
“ acquaintance with the gentleman to
“ whom she is now married. Mr. Monton
“ was only Miss Venn’s *equal*, which made
“ Mrs. Kelby apprehensive that she might
“ refuse the eligible offer. The first part
“ of this letter (which was shuffled amongst
“ some papers that I yesterday brought
“ from home to read to my sister Spencer)
“ is torn away. It related to Miss Eliza
“ Lewson. Mrs. Kelby told Miss Venn,
“ that Mrs. Lewson did not chuse to com-
“ municate to her daughter (as she thought
“ her too young to accept it) the offer
“ which had been made, lest it should too
“ much exalt her in her own opinion. The
“ remainder of the letter speaks directly

“ to the subject, in which we have been
“ engaged.”

Mr. Ruffel took the letter from his niece, and with a general assent, read what follows.

“ — For the reason above-mentioned,
“ Mrs. Lewson did not chuse to inform her
“ daughter of the conquest she had made ;
“ and Eliza’s youth considered, I cannot
“ but applaud her sentiments on the occa-
“ sion, though they are too opposite to the
“ general method of proceedings; that being
“ to acquaint the young lady with the
“ effect of her charms; to bid her *hold*
“ *up her head*, and not throw herself away,
“ as there is no doubt of her having, in
“ time, many admirers to chuse from ; and
“ then a better, and a still better, is
“ expected, till Miss, having flirted with
“ many, and ill-treated all, is, at length,
“ left without any choice, and finds herself
“ doomed to the state she has so often made
“ a subject of her ridicule, when she
“ thought

“I thought it impossible that SHE should ever be a member of the despised society.

“The single life, of which I can surely speak from knowledge, has nothing ter-

“rible in it, when it is resolved upon from proper motives ; but if a woman declines

“matrimony because she cannot marry

“into such and such a rank, she merits all

“the severity she can meet with. Girls

“in this age—generally speaking—are

“educated above their situation, and are

“taught to look still higher.

“The daughter of a labourer gets into

“a good service ; grows smart, and looks

“about for a young man with what she

“calls a *business* ; that of a farmer, expects

“a genteel tradesman. *She will not, truly,*

“*follow the cows all her life ! She had rather*

“*live single !*

“This is her contemptuous expression

“of a situation, which enables her mother

“to dress her like a gentlewoman, and

“which is, in itself, truly respectable. A

“tradesman's daughter looks up to a pro-

“fession ;

“ fession ; that of a professor, to the heir of
“ an esquire or the son of a baronet ; and the
“ daughters of these expect to mix with
“ nobility. No wonder that nobility aspires
“ to royalty.

“ This principle, my dear niece, has been
“ the bane of female felicity ; and it can
“ only be remedied by striking at the pride
“ of parents, who, grown rich in their oc-
“ cupations, begin to despise them, and
“ hope their children will ornament a more
“ elevated sphere.

“ The folly which urges people to *estab-*
“ *lish*, as the phrase is, *a family*, is both ri-
“ diculous and pitiable ; for if they are suc-
“ cessful, their heirs and heiresses spread
“ their connexions amongst the higher
“ branches of society, and when they draw
“ out their genealogical tree, cut off the
“ industrious root, that the meanness of the
“ origin may not disgrace the then illustri-
“ ous stem. Thus, the method they use to
“ *live in posterity* is the very cause of their
“ being carefully buried in oblivion. Had
“ they

“ they pursued a contrary plan and been
“ sedulous to have continued their children
“ in their primary situations, they would,
“ long after their death, have been men-
“ tioned with reverence, and brought for-
“ ward as the honorable head of their fa-
“ mily.

“ And now to hazard a few observations
“ upon old maids—a subject upon which I
“ with some person of abilities would write
“ at large; as it never yet, I think, was
“ properly treated in any publication ex-
“ tant.

“ Shall I, my dear, on this occasion en-
“ ter upon the greatness of my own disap-
“ pointment?—display the merits of the
“ excellent young man to whom I was to
“ have been united?—or describe the vio-
“ lence of my grief on being told (perhaps
“ rather too suddenly) of the accident which
“ put a period to his existence. two days
“ before the one appointed for the wedding
“ ceremony? No: I purposely avoid it.
“ I always did. At first—because I could

“ not

“ not bear the repetition : latterly—because
 “ I did not wish to be an instance that old
 “ maids love to boast of their former court-
 “ ships.

“ I need not tell you how easy, *since my*
 “ *grief has been mellowed*, I have found the
 “ single state ; nor need I *boast* that I have
 “ continued in it from choice. All this you
 “ know, and that I *now* can smile at the
 “ sarcasms cast upon our sisterhood ; there-
 “ fore when I reprobate the contumelious
 “ treatment it frequently meets with from
 “ empty heads, it will not be supposed I do
 “ it as a *retort*. My intention is to endeavor
 “ to rescue several suffering individuals from
 “ the pressure of unjust, senseless, and, let
 “ me add, *immodest* censure. The title of old-
 “ maid is contemptuously given to all single
 “ women, without distinction, after—and,
 “ indeed, sometimes, before—their prime
 “ of life is past ; the indelicacy of which
 “ phrase seems to escape general observation ;
 “ yet, surely, its indelicacy is very striking.
 “ To venture a little explanation—*why*

“ is

“ is an old maid more contemptible than
“ an old wife, if the disposition which keeps
“ her so is not reproachable? It is strange
“ that a young woman who prides herself
“ upon delicacy, decorum and so forth—
“ should chuse to have it observed that she
“ thinks there is such prodigious difference
“ between an old woman who *is* a maid
“ and an old woman who is *not*! and yet
“ I have known many prim and prudent
“ girls who are looking out for husbands;
“ throw, in scoff, this appellation upon those
“ who are half a dozen years their seniors.
“ Sometimes I have been ready to ask them
“ if they could tell what occasions this dis-
“ similarity between two individuals of the
“ same sex and age—the one unmarried;
“ the other married, or had been; and
“ whether they were under any *fear* of
“ continuing maids much longer.

“ When, indeed, the motive of living
“ single is such as these scoffing girls—
“ three of whom I have in view—are
“ actuated by (that is to say of not marry-
“ ing

“ ing till they can thereby rise to a higher
“ sphere) then will I join in all the re-
“ proach that can be inflicted. But when
“ a continuance in the single state, till too
“ late to think of quitting it, is occasioned
“ by an unwillingness to leave an afflicted
“ parent—as in the case of Mrs. Ann Selby
“ —when by the injurious treatment of a
“ designing libertine—experienced by the
“ truly amiable Mrs. Jane Stanhope—by
“ the severity of a stern father ; which pre-
“ vented Miss Egerton from being Mrs.
“ Phillips ; and, let me add, when by such
“ a sudden stroke of Providence as I have
“ felt, or by any causes similar to these—
“ how *unjust*, how *cruel*, and, sometimes,
“ how *painful* is the reproach for not being
“ so happy as many others of our species !!
“ It brings to our remembrance, and we
“ experience over again, the severity—the
“ injury—the affliction, which darkened
“ the days of our youth. How barbarous
“ —how bitter, let me repeat, are these un-
“ merited sarcasms ! If they are given by
“ the

“ the young and gay, let them, as I before
“ said, take care that *they* are not added to
“ the list of ancient spinsters : if by those
“ of our sex who are happy in a conjugal
“ life, the implication of their triumph for
“ their own lucky escape, is not very indi-
“ cative of a delicate mind ; a feeling heart,
“ or a wise head. To speak decisively—
“ reproaches upon this state of females can
“ only be thrown out, whether generally
“ or individually, by the most foolish of
“ either sex ; but when a woman is the
“ taunting reviler, the folly appears with
“ double glare, and when uttered in the
“ presence of those who have any share of
“ either wisdom or goodness, must render
“ her truly contemptible.

“ There are some, though I believe not
“ many who, without being apparently dis-
“ agreeable, seem to be wanting in the *at-*
“ *tractive* quality, and who have but few,
“ if any opportunities of marriage ; others,
“ by loss of fortune, are prevented from re-
“ ceiving offers of this kind ; want of gene-
“ rosity

“rosity in their former—and fear of refusal
 “in their present equals, keeping them at
 “a distance. All these, if they have any
 “wish for connubial happiness, are surely
 “more proper subjects for sympathy than
 “for ridicule! Let empty scoffers en-
 “deavor to form an idea of what many
 “amiable women of this class must feel at
 “such unkind treatment, and then, if they
 “have the least feeling either of benevo-
 “lence or of shame, they must condemn
 “their own senseless and truly despicable
 “raillery.

“There is another *genus* of females:
 “which, I think, are literally to be distin-
 “guished by the appellation of MISAN-
 “THROPISTS. Such are those who, dead
 “themselves to all soft sensibility, despise
 “the gentler passions, and suppose it a re-
 “proach to yield to affection. Whether
 “spinsters or wives—for these creatures
 “will sometimes marry for a convenient si-
 “tuation—they think it, I believe, im-
 “modest to profess an approbation of the
 “conjugal

“conjugal life; and thus give a much
“greater proof of the real grossness of their
“ideas than of their purity.

“That ‘marriage is a duty whenever it
“can be entered upon with prudence,’
“has long been an established maxim; and
“I must confess it appears to me that wo-
“men of the last description, are not calcu-
“lated to make either good wives, mothers,
“sisters, or friends, as they must necessa-
“rily want that *pliancy* of disposition, with-
“out which no woman can be truly ami-
“able. Where nature, in this particular,
“has shown herself a step-dame, the in-
“dividual ought to be exempt from cen-
“sure; but where, as it too often happens,
“pride and peevishness are encouraged
“till they extirpate the social qualities,
“the term of old-maidishness (in the com-
“mon acceptance of the phrase) is equally
“applicable to the young and the aged;
“the single and the married; for these
“species of women do not love their own
“kind, but lavish the remains of fond-
“ness,

“ nefs, implanted by nature to produce
“ harmony in the World, upon cats; dogs;
“ parrots; monkeys, &c. &c. Thus old
“ maids in general, are said to delight in
“ these creatures, because the clan of fe-
“ males, eight out of ten, which I have
“ described, chusing to live single, usually
“ select some of them as companions, with
“ which they think themselves happy, se-
“ cluded from the society of their fellow-
“ creatures.”

“ I have done wrong in totally confin-
“ ing my observations respecting this de-
“ structive turn of mind; to my own sex,
“ because there are men (though not, I
“ think, in such abundance) of the same
“ description; but whether they are male
“ or female that take it upon themselves to
“ boast of disinclination to conjugal feli-
“ city—condemning matrimony in twenty
“ opprobrious epithets—depend upon it
“ there is something extremely wrong in
“ their heads or their hearts, and a gross
“ impurity in their ideas. Let all such in-
“ quire

“quire who was matrimony’s institutor.
“And then, if they dare, let them arraign
“the institution. In pure ages of the
“world, it was not considered as a subject
“to cause a blush on the delicate cheek.
“Why is it now? The answer is plain,
“The World is grown corrupt.

“After having professed myself an advocate for matrimony, it may fairly be
“asked why, after the sense of my loss in
“my dear Edgar’s death was worn to a
“*pleasing remembrance*, I did not think of
“entering into a state of which I have so
“high an opinion.

“My reply is ready.

“For a great length of time after that
“afflicting event, my ideas were too romantic for me to think it possible I
“could ever love any other man; but I am
“convinced those ideas were erroneous.
“When my belief of the *impossibility* was
“removed, my delicacy—false delicacy my
“dear—started up. A second attachment
“must not, I thought, be given way to.

“It

“ It was against all the rules of romance.
“ Very wrong and very prejudicial are
“ these sentiments to the younger part of
“ our sex. If there be any truth in the
“ opinion that no second love can equal a
“ first, it can only be when such a first is
“ meant as is fixed between the ages of
“ fifteen and seventeen, which, generally
“ speaking, is merely personal; and this,
“ it is to be hoped, can *not* be experienced
“ a second time, because it may be pre-
“ sumed the young man or woman so pos-
“ sessed, will be grown wiser before another
“ opportunity of forming such an attach-
“ ment offers. The affection formed after
“ we arrive at years of some discretion, is,
“ indisputably, the most rational; truly fer-
“ vent, and durable. The MIND must
“ have a larger share in its compo-
“ sition: and though I may boast that mine
“ was of this last description, yet I did not
“ then consider that, notwithstanding it
“ must be long before the traces of sorrow
“ on the deprivation of the object of such
“ a regard

“ a regard would be obliterated, there
“ could not be any reason why, in process
“ of time, a second attachment should not
“ be formed upon the same basis, provided
“ a similar degree of congeniality could be
“ met with in another : therefore, young
“ ladies pretending to delicacy on this
“ score, do but prove, in some degree, the
“ indelicacy—at least, the irrationality—
“ of their first partiality, by declaring it
“ had so much for its foundation that no
“ mind, however nearly resembling, could
“ please under any other appearance. Yet
“ there are, let me confess, some objections
“ to this rule ; for an instance—I have as-
“ firmed that the affection I experienced,
“ was not what I consider as personal, yet
“ did my romantic ideas hold me very
“ long indeed. A belief that a second en-
“ gagement would be a flight to the me-
“ mory of my Edgar, made me, for several
“ years, resolutely refuse every overture ;
“ nor was I convinced that I *ought* to have
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“ entered the married state, till I had not
“ the choice of any I could approve.”

Mr. Ruffel's task ended with the last sentence, as the remainder of the lady's letter solely related to the particulars of her niece's fortune and situation.

A perfect silence prevailed while the gentleman was reading, and after he finished, the company looked round upon each other ; some with consciousness ; some with reproof, and some with triumph. Mr. Spencer then summed up the evidence, and pointed to the delinquents, the magnitude of their crime in oppressing with undue sarcasms any class of people. But the language of the good man was the language of lenity ; and though it was evident that he meant what he said, the native smile of urbanity, which irradiated his countenance, gave such a liveliness to the subject that he convinced, without paining his auditors. Indeed, whenever he spoke upon any topic, every one turned an attentive ear, expect-
ing

ing both pleasure and information from his conversation ; and they never were disappointed. The old and the young ; the grave and the gay, were alike gratified by every thing which he said. That it was or was not Mr. Spencer's opinion, was the decision to almost every argument raised in the vicinity ; at least, amongst the good and wise part of the inhabitants. There were some, indeed, who were said to " worship " the rising sun." A term, gentle readers which we used once before, and which is applied to a set of sycophants who cringe and fawn to those who appear to be coming into power.

Mr. Spencer was forty-seven when he was left sole protector to his infant grandchildren, consequently, as a sagacious calculator will easily discover, must at the present period be near eighty years of age, on which account, notwithstanding the perfect soundness of his constitution, and the unimpaired excellency of his intellects, his friends could not but fear that ere the lapse

of many years, they must suffer a deprivation which they dreaded to encounter. But whether he died or lived, the Percivals were looked up to as those who would soon be possessors of the village and environs; and be sovereigns of all around. This Mrs. R. Percival never failed to imprint upon the ideas of those with whom she visited, or, by other means, conversed; and the air of haughty authority which accompanied her intimations on this head, scarce ever failed to raise a sigh in the breast of the hearers, who, ten out of a dozen, lamented that the estate was to go from the Spencers. There were, indeed, some few creatures who feared more than they loved, the venerable ancestor, and had *ferreted* themselves into favor at the Lodge, that looked forward with *real* pleasure to the expected ensuing revolution at the Aviary; hoping that by a continuance of fawning and flattery, they should then triumph over those who now for their virtues and good qualities were there distinguished and caressed.

ressed. Amongst the foremost of these sycophants, stood Mrs. Quaintly, whose name we have before mentioned in the course of our history.

Mrs. Quaintly was a widow who lived at Beverly in a genteel style, although her husband, only a few years before, had died insolvent. Superadded to her jointure, it was generally believed that she was possessed of a considerable sum which she had managed to secrete from the creditors, an act that, in her opinion, could not be a crime, as it was not in her power to commit sin.

Far be it from us to quarrel with any man on the subject of religion. Let all practise that form of worship which they are persuaded is a right one; but against the doctrine of election and reprobation, which blasphemously sets forth the GOD of truth and purity, as the author of sin, we warn every human being, as it is, in our opinion, one of the most dangerous, and if persisted in, deadly delusions which the grand enemy of the human race ever

ventured to spread abroad. But Mrs. Quaintly was, or professed to be, of a different way of thinking from us. She affirmed her own election, and she pronounced Mr. Stephen Percival to be a babe of grace, at the same time that she thrugged her shoulders; shook her head; lifted up her eyes, and heaved a sigh, whenever Mr. Spencer was mentioned as a good man. "Poor creature!" she once said, "he may do what he will, but he never, *never* was elected amongst the chosen!"

When the Percivals were the subjects of conversation—"Aye *that* family," exclaimed she, "is indeed favored! GOD fights for them. Mr. Edward Spencer's first born child—poor reprobated babe, now in torments!—was taken from this World, that the desire of its great grandfather, to the prejudice of dear Madam Percival, might not be carried into effect. Grace," added she, "hovers round the Lodge. I feel holiness whenever I set my foot up—on its boundaries."

Thus

Thus talked Mrs. Quaintly ; and thus she persuaded Mrs. R. Percival to think that she believed : but in this instance she was not a self-deceiver. Her conscience contradicted her assertions when she advanced them either to depreciate the Spencers or to exalt the Percivals.

And now we will conclude this chapter by returning to the hospitable board at the Aviary, where the remainder of the day was spent in harmony ; so efficacious had been Mr. Spencer's judicious and benevolently-intended strictures upon the letter which Mr. Ruffel had been reading to the company.

CHAP. XL.

Bitters and Sweets : the latter prevalent.

FOR a considerable time after the period at which we made the last section, affairs went on with apparent smoothness. The attachment between Miss Montague and Mr. Seymour, was now known to every body, but not avowedly noticed by any one. The friends of the juvenile pair were extremely pleased when they contemplated the probable happiness of such a union ; for never were two human beings more entirely formed for each other. Both distinguished for beauty and uncommon elegance of person : both eminent for understanding, and other mental endowments. In short, they seemed designed by nature to be united ; for in no other individual could either meet with an equal.

The Percivals beheld the attachment with every sentiment of disapprobation ;
but

but they did not deem the time of their residence at Spencer-Aviary a proper period to express their intention of separating souls so paired : yet they constantly meditated a breach between them ; and in their private conversations on the subject, made a determination not to permit their sentiments to be known till their return to the Lodge ; and even then to adopt a secret method of proceeding. Stephen Percival projected the plan, to which all the conspirators readily agreed. Peace and pleasure, therefore, presided over every day, and every individual seemed sedulous to promote the general happiness.

As Mr. Edward Spencer's family was almost continually at the Aviary, the friendship between Harriet Montague and Lucy, was every day more strongly cemented : they were seldom divided in their waking hours ; but they could not obtain permission to sleep together, for Mrs. Percival constantly adhered to her resolution of detaining the lovely orphan for her bed-

fellow ; nor could she, even for one night, depart from that determination. The reason which she gave for her inflexible observance of this rule, was, the promise that she made to her daughter upon her death-bed, that she would not, after Harriet should be capable of receiving moral impressions, trust her out of her sight for more than twelve hours together ; a request, Mrs. Percival observed, which naturally arose from a sense of her own indiscretion, in taking advantage of her mother's too unlimited allowance of liberty, to elope with Captain Montague ; from which, Mrs. Percival said, she herself had experienced so much regret, that she exceeded Mrs. Montague's request, by promising her to make Harriet her constant bed-fellow, and to keep her as continually in her sight as possible, during the time of her being under her protection.

This proceeding of the dowager's, met with different constructions from different people. Some attributed it to her compunction

punction for the cruelty with which she had treated her daughter, and that she was determined to recompense her by taking particular care of her offspring: others, who clearly saw that she had not any real affection for the lovely girl, imputed it to the ill-natured motive of depriving her, as much as possible, of the happiness which she found in the company of her juvenile friends; but whatever was the cause, the effect was evident. Harriet, by this whimsey, or whatever the reader pleases to call it, of Mrs. Percival's, was very little more than a prisoner at large; on which account, the interviews between the lovers were not very frequent; for notwithstanding the silence which every one observed upon the subject of their mutual attachment, they were conscious that it could not be, in every instance, concealed; and they remembered the conversation that passed in the alcove between the dowager, her daughter-in-law, and Mrs. Mitchel, respecting the premeditated union between Miss Percival and

Mr. Seymour. They were therefore, in some degree, instinctively cautious in their manner and conduct ; for well were they both convinced, that Miss Montague was not cordially beloved by any of the Percivals, but George ; and that all the rest of the family were subtle and designing.

About the period at which we now chuse to be arrived, a visit to Bullion Bower was proposed ; and Mr. and Mrs. George Abington, and Mr. Spencer, thought it right to join in it, as they had not returned the last compliment which the Nabobs had paid to the family at the Aviary, and not thinking it right to exempt any particular people from their acquaintance. They accompanied, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. R. Percival ; the two Misses ; Mr. Stephen ; Robert, and Mrs. Mitchel to the Bower ; leaving at the Aviary Mrs. Percival ; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spencer ; their three daughters ; Mr. and Mrs. Abington ; Miss Abington, and Miss Martha ; Mr. Ruffel ; Mr. Barker, and George Percival (who
could

could not be persuaded to join in the visit to Mr. Bullion's), with our darling Miss Montague, and Mr. Seymour.

Leaving the party that went to Bullion Bower, to themselves, and thinking that we shall find more entertainment by continuing at the Aviary, we will observe, that just before the usual tea-drinking hour, a coach arrived at this mansion from the village, with some elderly and young ladies, attended by two gentlemen on horseback. After tea, cards, of which Mrs. Percival was very fond, were proposed, and produced. Two tables were filled by the serious part of the company, while the young ones entertained themselves with a walk in the pleasure-grounds. The evening was fine and inviting, and they rambled to a considerable distance from the house, where they seated themselves in an alcove; and were engaged in very pleasant conversation, when a messenger arrived from Mrs. Percival, with orders for Miss Montague to return to the house immediately. When
the

which just then showed itself in its darkest colours.

“ My Harriet in tears !” said the ardent youth, as he flew to approach her—“ What can have occasioned this afflicting appearance ?”

He seated himself beside her as he spoke, and supported her with his arm, while she reclined her face upon his shoulder, almost unconscious of the freedom, and wept afresh.

He pressed her to his bosom with fervency, and half forgot that she was in distress ; but quickly alive to a sense of her feelings, with anxious tenderness he entreated to know the cause of her evident unhappiness.

She now soon relieved him by telling him, that it was not any thing either new or uncommon ; that her grandmama had indeed been very angry with her, and that her displeasure, she knew not why, had affected her more than usual.

The conversation now took a turn, which
amply

amply consoled Miss Montague for Mrs. Percival's unkindness. Seymour, in the most delicate manner, endeavoured to lead her ideas to the time of her exchanging Beverly for Martin's Priory, and hoped that the domestic felicity, which it would be the study of his life to ensure to her, would make her forget that she had ever known a previous unhappy hour.

The lovely Harriet blushed with gratitude, which, uniting with the affection it increased, impelled her, in hesitating language, to make some acknowledgment of her sentiments.

Seymour listened with delight, but was afraid to thank her for the felicity she afforded him, lest his expression of it should occasion her to shrink into reserve. She therefore continued—"When I reflect upon the smallness of my fortune"—

"Let it not once be named," said he, hastily interrupting her. "I cannot hear any thing from you with such a preface: Do not even think of it, except you wish

"to

“ to evince, that were the pecuniary balance
“ on your side, you would turn your choice
“ to another direction.”

“ Oh no,” replied Harriet, eager to exculpate herself from the most distant supposition of such ingratitude, and scarce knowing what she said ; “ if I—if you—” Recollection stopped the progress of her words. She withdrew her eyes, which she had unconsciously fixed upon those of her Henry ; blushed ; trembled at her own temerity ; looked down, and continued silent.

It was no longer in Mr. Seymour’s power to restrain his raptures. He clasped the lovely girl in his arms, and pressed her lips : but respect was so united with his ardor, that it could not offend the most pure and delicate mind.

“ And would my Harriet—” said he, after a silence of some moments—“ would
“ she prefer her Henry in any situation ?
“ She would,” he continued, “ if she now
“ honors him with her approbation ; for
“ situation

“ situation could not create any change in
 “ a heart like her’s. I ask not for want of
 “ conviction, but that the remembrance of
 “ the dear confession may solace the future
 “ hours of absence.”

Miss Montague’s situation was now too affecting for the susceptibility of such a mind as her’s. The period seemed awful. Had she been capable of making a reply, she would have been afraid of trusting her voice, which she was assured would have too evidently betrayed her emotions. At this juncture, the appearance of Lucy at one of the side glades, gave her considerable relief. Mr. Seymour’s eyes were fixed upon Miss Montague’s face; and he saw not Miss Spencer approach, till Harriet, raising her head, mentioned her name.

“ Tell me,” said the kind girl, as she advanced, “ do I interrupt you? If I
 “ do—”

“ *Indeed* you do not,” hastily replied her partly conscious friend. “ We were—

“ we

“ we were,” she stammered, “ just going—
“ soon going to leave—”

She could not proceed. Ever a firm adherent to the strictest truth; in the most arduous cases, Harriet could not finish a sentence which was only half sincere. It was true, that the thought of leaving the grove had occurred; and it is probable, that had not Miss Spencer appeared, she would soon have arisen from her seat; but she could not answer it to herself to make the assertion.

“ Miss Spencer,” said Seymour, and held out his hand to their mutual friend, who just then seated herself on the other side of Harriet, “ I have been endeavour-
“ ing to lead the views of our beloved Miss
“ Montague beyond the present disagree-
“ able circumstances in her situation; by
“ holding out a prospect of the time when
“ you, I hope, will increase my happiness
“ by considering Martin’s Priory as a
“ second home.”

“ Indeed, Mr. Seymour,” returned Lucy;

“ I am

THE MICROCOSM.

“ I am quite impatient for the arrival of t
“ period, and was this very morning reg
“ ting your good father’s solicitude for y
“ welfare, the effect of which, as I
“ yesterday told, protracts the term of y
“ minority a year beyond the usual per
“ Pray is this a true circumstance ?”

“ It is, madam,” replied Mr. Seymo
“ and it is a circumstance which has gi
“ me great concern ever since I—”

“ Pray,” interrupted Harriet, rat
pained by the subject, “ do not let
“ talk of these things now. I have
“ upon the whole, any great reason to c
“ plain of my situation, which may perl
“ in time grow better.”

“ Dear, patient girl !” said Lucy, “
“ are an example for every one to foll
“ But let us talk of Martin’s Priory
“ wish, Mr. Seymour, it was not so
“ from Beverly.”

“ The distance,” replied he, “ is trifi
“ Besides, Beverly will not always have
“ charms for you that it now has.”

“ V

“Why that is true,” said she. “When
“Mr. Stephen Percival is master of the
“village, I shall not like it so well. Yet
“it is, in itself, a beautiful spot, and I
“should wish you and Harriet to live near
“it. But I believe we must quit the grove,
“as our party is returned to the house,
“where I asked Matilda to entertain the
“company in the music-room till I came
“for you, that we might altogether make
“our appearance in the drawing-room.”

“Obliging Miss Spencer”—and

“Kind Lucy”—at the same instant escaped the lips of Mr. Seymour and Miss Montague, who accompanied their amiable friend to the musical party, and soon after to the drawing-room, where they found the company at cards, at which they continued till the return of the party from Bullion Bower.

CHAPTER XL.

The Letter.

DURING the remainder of the period in which the Percivals resided at Spencer-Aviary, our young lovers were favored with a few more interviews similar to the tender one which appeared in our last chapter, yet they were often disappointed, by intervening incidents, when circumstances in general rendered it probable that they might meet without observation.

Whether the Lady Fortuna (to whose blind administration we do not, however, mean to subscribe) wished to increase their affection by the difficulties which she spread in their progress; or whether, considering the cruelty of her future intentions respecting them, she purposely prevented their too frequently experiencing such happy hours, as when recollected would only

only sharpen the poignancy of their distress, that we do not pretend to determine; but too sure it is that their removal from Spencer-Aviary annihilated every hope of their sublunary felicity, for shortly after that event, which took place as soon as the new Lodge was in the least degree habitable, the young gentlemen were sent to college, where they had been only a short time before the Percivals succeeded in their designs.

The steps which were taken to effect the separation we will proceed regularly to relate; beginning with an artful plan of Mrs. Mitchel's which was too successful.

Just before the Percivals left the hospitable abode of Mr. Spencer, the female part of the family were sitting one morning in the library at work; the gentlemen being gone upon a fishing party, and the ground too wet, from the preceding day's rain, to permit the ladies the pleasure of accompanying them. In the course of the morning, the ci-devant governess took down a
book

book to read to the company. It was a novel that had been much celebrated, and the principal story, that of a young lady who had been prevailed upon to admit the addresses of a gentlemen for whom she had a moderate esteem, but to whom she could not give her affection. At the decease of her father she was therefore determined to put an end to the engagement, and wrote him a letter declarative of her intention, which letter Mrs. Mitchel artfully made a subject of debate, saying that it was not proper for the occasion. Mrs. R. Percival, as had been concerted, approved of it; Mrs. Mitchel pointed out its defects, and said she was sure any young lady present could indite a much better.

This scheme was so well conducted, that the juvenile fair ones were desired to write such a letter upon the subject as they would think a proper one were they in a similar situation. They obeyed; and Miss Montague, really feeling the subject in its fullest extent, wrote in very forcible lan-

guage, which Mrs. Mitchel thought proper to commend in very warm terms, but, pointing out what she chose to call errors in style, she interlined it with supposed amendations, and desired Miss Montague to copy it fair, with the alterations, as she said she would lay it before the gentlemen for their opinion. To this Harriet made great objection, but Mrs. Percival, with a stern countenance commanded her to do as Mrs. Mitchel required. Harriet then with a trembling hand obeyed, and Mrs. Mitchel declared herself perfectly satisfied with the performance.

The ingenious novel-reading critics of this brilliant age, who hunt "for fun and story," and put up a contemptuous lip at any sentimental interruption, however improving, will from their habit of developing the intricacies of a plot, presently conjecture that this letter was used for a purpose very different from that which was pretended to the lovely writer. It was: it was made an instrument of separating the
lovers.

lovers—of occasioning more distress to their susceptible hearts than it is in the power of our fashionable readers to imagine: for this last mentioned class are invulnerable to tender sensations: their bosoms are steeled by an attention to modish propriety; and if their clothes are made in a tonnish style; put on with a tonnish air, and they themselves dignified with being deemed tonnish people, their *summum bonum* is attained; and they laugh at the folly and stupidity of those tasteless creatures who, without emulation, meanly sit down contented with the possession of rational, domestic, and conjugal felicity; considering them as being unworthy of their acquaintance, though it should happen, as indeed it generally is the case, that they have in a high degree the pre-eminence over themselves in every good and great quality.

When the letter above mentioned was completed, the party separated, and Lucy Spencer retired with Harriet to her chamber, where they agreed in condemning the

alteration made by Mrs. Mitchel in the manuscript. Lucy, who had been particularly pleased with what her friend had written, requested to have the original copy, which she again read with repeated expressions of surprise, that the governess should require any amendment.

We think that our female friends would give their approbation to the letter of which we are treating, but as it will appear in another place, we request them to suspend their curiosity till the arrival of a distant period ; of a period which gave pain to some of the best of human hearts. We will now only say that Mrs. Mitchel seemed to forget making such a use of Harriet's performance as she had declared she intended to do, as nothing was mentioned about it to the gentlemen.

CHAPTER XLII.

To the Right Honorables the Critics. A Preface-general to all Publications in the present Century.

AS we mean very soon to take our leave of Spencer-Aviary, we will once more introduce our loving subjects into the great drawing-room, which, upon a particular occasion, was filled with almost all the ladies in the vicinity, who had left nearly an equal number of gentlemen in the dining-room.

My female readers will immediately see in their "mind's eye" the assemblage of old and young; beauties and no beauties; all dressed in a fashionable style, walking in little parties, from one end of the room to the other, till they disposed themselves to expect the arrival of tea, coffee, and the gentlemen. But previous to their appearance, some of the sentimental visitants began a

conversation upon reading, writing and other sedentary amusements, which led to the mention of a work that had then lately been published by Miss Symonds, a young lady whose labors supported a mother of advanced age; her fortune, which chiefly consisted of houses in London, having been lost by a dreadful conflagration about two years before.

“ I think,” said Lady Lorimer, “ Miss Symonds’ publication is not only entertaining, but very instructive. Never before was I so pleased with anything written under the appellation of a novel.”

“ Dear madam !” exclaimed Miss Ballmin, “ I wonder your ladyship can think so. I protest it is the dullest stuff that ever was printed. Instructive indeed ! I am sure I know as much as Miss Symonds can tell me ; and as to entertaining—why there is nothing entertaining in it.”

“ There is not in it anything romantic,” returned Lady Lorimer, “ nor anything improbable.”

“probable. No fairies, ghosts or witches,
“and that perhaps is the reason why ladies
“with a peculiar turn of mind may not
“think it entertaining.”

“For my part,” said Miss Jenny Stan-
ton, “I shall not *say* much about it, but
“I know what I think. I have a respect
“for Miss Symonds, and I expected some
“amusement from her works, but—”

She said no more. The BUT explained
her very friendly sentiments, which Miss
Belina pursued by expressing her wonder
—her absolute *astonishment* at Lord Elm-
wood’s having read all the volumes *quite*
through; adding—“I think them a heap
“of stuff, and not calculated to please
“fashionable people.”

“Lord Elmwood *has* read the volumes
“through, madam,” gravely replied Lady
“Lorimer, “and his conduct to Miss Sy-
“monds upon the occasion has been par-
“ticularly expressive of genteel generosity.”

Just then entered young Mr. Egginton,
who rubbing his hands together, advanced

to Miss Montague, and making an attempt at facetiousness, said—"Well madam! I suppose you have read Miss Symonds' fine work."

"I have Sir."

"O! well! and pray! it is *very* charming! *very* delightful! *sweetly* pretty! isn't it!"

"Indeed Sir," replied Harriet, not seeming to understand his irony, though a sarcastic smile of ill-nature made it evident, "I think it is. You have read it, I suppose."

"Who *I* Miss Montague! I read books of that description! No indeed! I have looked into one of them—just opened a page—and have seen enough to fix my opinion."

"Your sapience," returned the displeased, because generous Harriet, "is very great indeed, to see the merit or demerit of an author from just opening a page. I think you ought to be at the head of all English reviewers."

Some

Some others of the gentlemen now entered the room, but their entrance did not interrupt the subject for more than a minute, for Mrs. G. Abington continued it by saying to Mr. Ruffel—"We were talking Sir about the publication of Miss Symonds. Will you oblige us with your sentiments upon the subject?"

"What," asked young Mr. Perkins, preventing Mr. Ruffel's reply, "about the famous Beverly novel. O my stars! I would not read it for a guinea an hour! Why it is worse than one of my father's sermons!"

"Impossible," said a shrewd old lady who had not before given her opinion; "impossible that, Mr. Perkins"—

She paused; Mr. Perkins alarmed, as he caught the apprehension of an approaching severity, anxiously asked what was impossible.

"That you Sir," continued the matron, artfully turning her evident meaning, "who are so celebrated for politeness and
F 5 "gallantry,

“gallantry, should, in reality, think it
“labor to peruse the production of a lady’s
“pen!”

“O but madam!” said Mrs. Sayer;
“Mr. Perkins has heard a certain favorite
“fair condemn the publication, and that,
“doubtless, determined his opinion. What
“other reason can you give for his decla-
“ration? He cannot, from his own know-
“ledge, disapprove what he never exa-
“mined.”

Mr. Perkins looked abashed.

“I think,” said Miss Biddy Bellair, with
all her native pertness, “that the books in
“question are quite under par.”

“You think!”—said a morose old sea
officer, who had known and loved Miss
Symonds’ father—“who gave you the
“privilege of thinking? Pray, chick, learn
“to peek before you attempt to take wing.
“Sixteen years back your day-lights were
“not open, and how should you—”

He was interrupted by Mr. Ruffel,
who saw his gathering warmth, and wished
to

to avert it. "That a Prophet has no honor
" in his own country," said that gentleman, "is a truth generally allowed; and
" in the present case, partly exemplified,
" and partly disproved, as though the work
" with which Miss Symonds has obliged
" the world, is condemned by a few light
" readers, it is as highly extolled by people
" of taste and learning."

"But what," asked Mr. Egginton,
"do the reviewers say about it Sir?"

"Upon my word, I do not know," answered Mr. Ruffel; "nor do I think that
" to be a matter of final consequence.
" Some of our reviewers," continued he,
" as they manage their business, are extremely detrimental to the first dawnings
" of real genius. They do not distinguish
" between an *infant* writer and a mature
" one, but condemn the essays of the first,
" because they do not reach the perfection
" of the other; by which means many a
" rising star drops and sets in endless night.

“ This, every lover of the liberal arts, must
“ deplore as a real misfortune.”

“ Were reviewers in general to be more
“ lenient in their strictures, and likewise
“ more evidently impartial in their opi-
“ nions, they might be of some service to
“ the community, by pointing out to those
“ who are unable to judge for themselves,
“ what books it would be proper for them
“ to purchase ; but certainly, without these
“ restrictions, they are a detriment, rather
“ than an advantage to the world, as a
“ public unfavorable criticism, especially
“ if given in sarcastic language (which
“ every reviewer ought studiously to avoid),
“ would deter a timid mind from ven-
“ ing a second essay, when perhaps by due
“ encouragement, and the lesson of expe-
“ rience, a genius might be nurtured to
“ benefit society.”

“ But pray Mr. Ruffel,” asked Mr.
Matson, “ do you not think general re-
“ viewers necessary, to prevent our being
“ imposed

“imposed upon by the efforts of fools and
“pedants?”

“Imposed upon Sir! Is not every man
“at liberty to purchase or not, what is
“offered to public sale? And is it not
“better we should be a little deceived in
“what we buy, than that the injustice
“which is often done to a work of merit,
“should crush some deserving author—
“some second Chatterton—and rob society
“of his future instructions? Reviewers
“would find an equal call for their publi-
“cations, were they to exercise their
“abilities chiefly in pointing out the
“*beauties* of an author, leaving folly, except
“when it is accompanied by vice, to pro-
“claim *itself*. It requires *some* genius, let
“me tell you, to write even what is called
“a *bad* book. Very few of those who
“condemn can amend; nor one in a
“hundred write so well as the author they
“reprobate. That many respectable gen-
“tlemen are engaged in this work of
“reviewing, I affirm from knowledge, and
“they

“ they are very tender in expressing their
“ disapprobation ; seldom condemning in
“ toto, but delicately observing where im-
“ provements might be attempted ; ex-
“ cept when sentiments and opinions, of a
“ tendency destructive to the welfare of the
“ human race, are daringly exhibited to the
“ public : books that are neither good nor
“ bad, they leave unnoticed.”

Every one present had now something to say upon the publication in question. Some pointed out its beauties, others its defects. Lady Sardon (who was the Miss Jermyn that formerly attended the Misses Spencer as a governess, and who had been so fortunate as to secure the approbation of a worthy young Baronet) spoke of them in the highest terms of applause ; while Mrs. Willet declared they were, in her opinion, half as bad as the Bible.

Mrs. Willet was professedly that bold character termed a free-thinker, which we are apprehensive will not be thought very consistent with the fascinating delicacy that

we

we admire in the fair sex ; but Mrs. Willet scorned the gentleness of the mould in which nature had cast her, and assumed the infidel ; a choice which rendered her truly contemptible in the eye of the world, and would have precluded her entrance as a visiter into Spencer Aviary, had she been an inhabitant of the village ; but Mrs. Willet was introduced to our present company by Mrs. Lloyd, whose guest she had been for several days previous to the period at which we are arrived. Mrs. Willet's opinion was listened to and smiled at ; for her principles were known.

Mr. Ruffel now turned to a reverend bishop (who had arrived that morning upon a visit to Mr. Spencer, and who just then entered the room with that gentleman) and said “ My Lord you are come in good
“ time to fettle a dispute which has arisen
“ in this company respecting Miss Sy-
“ monds' late publication. Give us, as I
“ know you have read it, your sentiments
“ upon the performance. Every one pre-
“ sent

“sent will readily submit to your verdict.”

The dignitary of whom we are speaking, was an honor to the clerical character, and reflected lustre upon the mitre. He was a man of taste, learning, and politeness; and consequently was held in the highest general admiration: yet Miss Jenny Stanton whispered Miss Biddy Bellair, that it was impossible a man so little acquainted with the world should judge of a work which ought to be adapted to the amusement of the moderns. With a contemptuous air and a pouting lip she delivered her opinion, in which she was so unhappy as to be totally mistaken, the reverend gentleman (a circumstance she perhaps had never known) having lived many years of early life in some of the politest courts in Europe; where he was distinguished for his numberless great, good, and amiable qualities.

The Bishop had not been made acquainted with the foregoing debate, and therefore spoke his sentiments without the
restraint

restraint under which his politeness might, perhaps have laid him, had he known the several opinions of the persons who had spoken.

Every ear was attentive when his Lordship replied to Mr. Ruffel in the following words.

“ The kind of books, my good friend,
“ which you now mention, have not of
“ late years, made much of my reading ;
“ nevertheless, it is a mode of conveying
“ instruction, by blending it with amuse-
“ ment, that is often more effectual than
“ the best precepts delivered in a more so-
“ lid manner ; and it is a mode which has
“ been adopted by almost all great authors
“ from the earliest times, with success. I
“ will not now insist upon the book of Job,
“ as that may be thought going too far
“ back. Many in this company have, doubt-
“ less, read the preface to that admired
“ production, entitled Pompey the Little.
“ To that I refer you for my sentiments of
“ novels in general. With regard to Miss
“ Symonds’

“ Symonds’ publication, which was recom-
“ mended to me by Doctor Blymhill, it can,
“ I think, create but one opinion in readers
“ of taste and real good understanding,
“ which is, that it is one of the best of
“ modern productions. The story is amus-
“ ing and interesting, without improbabi-
“ lity. The language is elegant, because
“ simple; and simplicity of style is more
“ difficult than any other to attain, and is
“ undoubtedly the most eligible for either
“ writing or conversation. Shallow critics
“ who attend more to sound than sense,
“ prefer bombast; and think every sen-
“ tence contemptible which is not crowded
“ with words of many syllables, and the
“ phrases in vogue. Other people are
“ lovers of what they call fun, and if they
“ are but furnished with story, whether
“ probable or improbable, they care not
“ for sentiment or morality. They are
“ made to laugh: and they are pleased,
“ though virtue itself is rendered the ob-
“ ject of ridicule. To finish all, I will
“ now

“ now say upon the subject, Miss Symonds,
“ by her publication, has evinced her be-
“ ing a real genius, and her work never
“ can be mentioned with disapprobation,
“ but by those who are destitute of taste,
“ sentiment, and understanding ; as who-
“ soever can comprehend its beauties
“ (which are above the level of common
“ capacities) will give it unreserved ap-
“ plause.”

The prelate ended. Mr. Egginton stood mute : Mr. Perkins blushed : Mrs. Willet coughed : Miss Jenny Stanton lifted up her eyebrows : Miss Belina said “ All this
“ may be true, but I won't believe it.” Miss Biddy Bellair drew up her lips ; and Miss Ballmin's face and neck were covered with crimson. The rest of the company thanked his Lordship for his judicious discriminations, and the subject terminated just as Miss Symonds appeared in the drawing room. She had been invited to dinner, but her tenderness for her mother would
not

not permit her leaving her earlier in the day.

Miss Symonds was received with universal smiles: her *friends* being *really* pleased to see her, and those who did not love her, choosing to *appear* as if they were, for though their envy stimulated them to depreciate her performance, their pride urged a declaration of being acquainted with her.

After the ceremony of tea was ended, the card tables levelled the abilities of Miss Symonds; Miss Montague; the Misses Spencer, &c. with those of Miss Ballmin; Miss Bellair; Miss Stanton; Miss Belina; Miss Bullion; and others of their class; and as these last-mentioned found themselves equal, and perhaps superior to the first in the science of whist, quadrille, or cassino, their spirits were quite exhilarated, and their conscious inferiority, in other respects, lay dormant.

It ought to be remarked of Miss Bullion
that

that she classed herself with Miss Symonds' favorers. Not, it must be confessed, because she thought her performance a meritorious one, for she *protested* she had not given herself the trouble to peruse it; but because the "*young woman*" did not pretend to be any thing more than she was. "She acknowledged her poverty;" and "she did not set up for a beauty; there-fore *poor thing*! she had taken her *under her protection*."

This was Miss Bullion's language when she spoke of Miss Symonds, and in company, the patroness was always ostentatiously evinced.

At a late hour the visitants separated; every individual pleased with the treatment he or she had received in the hospitable mansion.

CHAP. XLIII.

A long Farewel to Spencer Aviary.

SOON after the period which finished the last chapter, Beverly new Lodge was declared to be ready for the reception of the Percival family, to the great concern of Miss Spencer ; Miss Montague, and her Henry. They seemed to foresee the approach of sorrowful hours, and expressed unavailing wishes that some event might intervene to lengthen the time of their residence at the Aviary. Matilda and Caroline Spencer were likewise very unwilling to part with Harriet ; as, indeed, was all the family ; and none more than Mr. Spencer himself, who beheld this lovely girl with admiration, and had imbibed for her a truly paternal affection. Very earnestly did he press Mrs. Percival to permit her continuance under his protection ; promising

misgiving to consider her as his child, and to make a handsome addition to her fortune. Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer, Mr. Ruffel, and the Abingtons united in urging the same request; so greatly was Miss Montague beloved by them all, and so sincerely did they compassionate the severity of her situation, which was every day more and more evident to observation: but Mrs. Percival was invincible. “*Her promise to her dying, though undutiful daughter, must not be violated.*” “*When the girl was of age, she might dispose of herself as she pleased, as after that period, she should not think herself bound to take any trouble about her or her concerns.*”

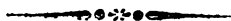
Strange that Mrs. Percival should in this single instance pay such a regard to any precept of morality, as it was a truth well known where duty and interest contended, the sense of the first was lost in a pursuit of the other, which was always the principal point in all her prospects. What then could occasion her obduracy in the case in question.

question. It was an enigma to which none of the requesting party could give a solution ; but as we love to indulge our loyal subjects with explanation of seeming mysteries, we will inform them that interest was likewise here her ruling passion ; from which predominant instigator, and not from the promise she had given to her daughter upon her death-bed, arose her invincibility. She knew the favor in which Harriet stood with the united friends. She evidently saw, with displeasure, the rapid increase of their affection for her, and prophesied the abolition of some of her darling projects, should the fascinating girl ever be an inmate at Spencer Aviary, or with any other part of the family. Miss Bullion's union with her grandson Stephen, it was as she thought, beyond the power of accident to frustrate, as both parties would be bound by interest to keep to the stipulations, but she had less confidence in her grand-daughter Barbara's marriage with Mr. Seymour, though her wishes for that event were
equally

equally ardent ; but being convinced of the young gentleman's attachment to Miss Montague, she was determined to break, if possible, its fervency ; which she well knew it would be difficult to effect, were Harriet to reside at the Aviary, as it was most likely her friends there would approve the affection between the lovely couple.

These, and other powerful reasons, determined the dowager not to be prevailed upon to relinquish her charge ; and she so strongly pleaded her engagement to her dying daughter, that though the Spencers thought she enlarged upon it with an unaccountable and unnecessary punctuality (as Mrs. Montague's maternal wishes could not have been frustrated by Harriet's residence in such an exemplary family) they desisted from enforcing their request, and Miss Montague returned to the Lodge. Her departure was sincerely regretted by those who continued at the Aviary ; but no one was sorry to be separated from the Percivals ; nor were they at all concerned

to leave the place, as they considered the time was hastily approaching, when they should return in triumph as sovereigns of the abode.



CHAP. XLIV.

A Tour.

ABOUT the time of the separation of the families, the health of Mrs. E. Spencer seemed to be in a precarious state. Physicians were consulted, and a removal from place to place advised. A tour, therefore, through the northern parts of the kingdom was proposed, resolved upon, and soon put into execution.

About a year before this event, a distant relation of Mrs. Abington's, who had been instrumental to the misfortunes of her early life, died of a lingering complaint, and being sensible during his period of affliction, that he had been an oppressor of an amiable

amiable woman, left her son a considerable estate near Edinburgh.

Our readers may think themselves ill-treated, in not having been previously acquainted with this circumstance; but as it was not a circumstance of any great consequence, we reserved the intelligence for this opportunity.

There was upon the estate now mentioned, a neat little habitation, which it was thought advisable for Mr. G. Abington to visit and inspect; and likewise to look into the situation of the surrounding farms; the whole, from the time of the testator's death, having been left to the regulation of a steward. On this account it was determined that this place should be their last stage, where they were to rest till they found whether the Scotch air had a good or a bad effect upon the invalid.

The travelling party was to consist of Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer; the three young ladies; Mr. and Mrs. G. Abington; Mr. Russel; Miss Abington, and Miss Martha,

During their absence, Mr. and Mrs. Abington the elder, were to reside at the Aviary with Mr. Spencer.

It was much wished that Miss Montague could have added to the number of the itinerants; but as it was known that this would not be permitted, it was not attempted.

All preliminaries settled, the travellers entered upon their route; pursuing their journey by short stages, and stopping at such places as most engaged their attention.

On the evening before their departure, the Percivals made a visit at the Aviary to take a formal leave, when Miss Patty Abington bade adieu to her dear friend Mrs. R. Percival, with a show of much reluctance.

The parting between Harriet and Lucy Spencer, was affecting in a high degree. They both wept; separated, and in an instant were again folded in each others arms.

“Farewel,

“Farewel my dearest Lucy.”

“GOD bless you my, Harriet”—was scarcely articulated, when they forced themselves from each others embrace.

“I almost seem,” said Lucy, previous to their final separation, “as if I never more should see you. And what then would become of me !”

“Do not, my dearest girl,” said Harriet, “do not infuse an idea, which the present depression of my spirits renders me too liable to imbibe. May GOD restore to me the friend of my heart in health and peace !”

Lucy could not reply. She only fixed her union in the prayer ; nor could she appear with any degree of composure till a considerable time after the carriage was driven from the door.

CHAP. XLV.

A fashionable Grouse, and a Ball.

THE time was now arrived for Mr. Seymour and the young Percivals to be entered at Cambridge. Pembroke Hall was the College chosen by Mr. Barker, he himself having there received his education; and Mr Percival submitted to him whatever, of this nature, respected the further improvement of the young gentlemen.

The arrangements were completed with all possible expedition; the Percivals being now very urgent to hasten the departure of the tutor and pupils; alledging, that Mr. Seymour and Stephen had been too long kept at home; in consequence, as they said, of the late unsettled situation of the family. This, however, was but a plausible pretence for the delay: the Percivals were governed by other motives for postponing the above removal, which, for several reasons,

sions, perhaps obvious to the penetrating reader, they did not desire should take place during the period of their residence at Spencer Aviary.

As soon as Mr. Seymour was informed of the determination of his guardian to dispatch him to Cambridge, he sought, with all possible eagerness, to obtain a private interview with his Harriet; but he sought in vain: no kind opportunity favored his wishes: no friendly Lucy was at hand to facilitate his earnest desire of bidding his beloved Miss Montague a last adieu, without witnesses. Instead of Miss Spencer, Miss Percival was now a constant attendant upon Harriet, for whom she pretended a great increase of regard; affirming, that she never before was so sensible of her merits; as when Lucy was with her, Harriet refused to cultivate the intimacy of any other person.

These new professions, which no one could believe to be sincere, though Miss Percival played her part with admirable

dexterity, were very irksome to our favorite, who saw and united in her Henry's wish, and who, at this time, could not take pleasure in any indifferent company ; chusing to spend by herself the hours, in which she was not necessarily engaged in the family-party, that she might uninterruptedly meditate on what was more agreeable to her than the present state of her affairs.

About a fortnight before the gentlemen left the Lodge, a very smart levy of young people, with one lady older than the rest, appeared in the village, and, as they were evidently *people of fashion*, attracted universal notice and admiration. They were visitants to a new settled family, of the name of Wharton, the manners of which were more calculated for the meridian of the Lodge, than for that of the Aviary. Mr. and Mrs. Wharton *lived in style*. That is to say—breakfasted at an hour past noon ; dined at seven ; retired to rest, after a night spent in gambling, at three in the morning ; laughed at country people ; ridiculed their
less

less fashionable neighbours ; played cards upon a Sunday ; talked of moral and sacred obligations as a jest, and sported with the infirmities and miseries of the indigent—who, “ *poor devils !*” looked like famine “ personified.”—This was their language ; and these, good Christian readers, are people of fashion—people—in modern phrase—*of much respectability* ; for, in addition to their other great, and we wish we could say rare accomplishments, they conversed with familiarity upon the actions of Dukes ; Dutcheßes ; Earls ; Countesses, &c. This completed their consequence with the Percivals, who, upon their return to the Lodge, took the first opportunity of paying their compliments to the new comers ; for as they had never appeared at Church, nor any other place of public worship ; but had, on the contrary, declared their non-observance of “ *such absurd—such ridiculous*” customs, they could not go with propriety during their residence at the Aviary, as it was not consistent with the exalted charac-

ers of the Spencers and Abingtons to be hasty in cultivating an acquaintance with people, however fashionable, or high in rank, who openly professed such sentiments.

The party arrived at Mr. Wharton's, consisted of Mr. Miss, and Miss Nanette Beaver; Captain Millemont, and the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley. They all lived in high life, and were people of fortune.

Our gay readers would doubtless be greatly gratified by an account of the dress and particular conduct of these exalted personages, whose principles and opinions bore a *happy* similitude to those of the Wharton's, with whom they used to laugh at the slavish prejudices of vulgar education; but we have no leisure to attend minutely to any one of the tonnish grouse, except Captain Millemont, who at first sight of Miss Montague, commenced rival to Mr. Seymour.

Captain Millemont was a young man of considerable

considerable property in the East Indies. Nature had been lavish, to excess, in the formation of his person and understanding, for which favors he made a very ungrateful return to the donor, by employing, to the worst of purposes, the advantages which he had received. The destruction of female innocence, especially if beauty increased its allurements, constituted the business of his existence. The character which our cousin Richardson gave to his Lovelace, was the object of his emulation. He desired no greater praise than to be told, that in him this imaginary hero was realized. To such a destroyer as this, Miss Montague was a most alluring object. The moment he saw her he admired her; and in that moment planned what he intended to be: her future destiny; having acquired from his former successes, too much confidence to doubt, in the present instance, of conquest and triumph. The beauty and elegance of his person were soon the theme of female conversation: his fortune; family,

and connexions, were inquired into and approved : his manners and understanding extolled ; and Captain Millemont, in the aggregate, was pronounced to be one of the finest gentlemen that ever appeared in Beverly. No one, perhaps, thought that he excelled Henry Seymour, but *he*, as was now generally known, was so devoted to his Harriet, that it was in vain for any inferior fair to endeavor to engage his attention while she continued in the vicinity. Captain Millemont, therefore, was the "point in view" at the ball, which, soon after the arrival of his friends, Mr. Wharton gave to all the gentry of the neighbourhood, at the Beverly assembly-room. Invitations were sent to every family of fashion, and tickets distributed, at Mr. Wharton's request, by several gentlemen who were better acquainted with the neighbourhood than he himself was, at that period.

The day arrived. The assemblage was brilliant. Every young lady appeared in what she thought her most becoming attire.

Miss

Miss Bullion, amongst the rest, looked and moved like an enormous ingot of gold, studded with precious stones. The Percivals partook of her consequence, by being of her party, and treating her with familiarity.

Harriet Montague shone this evening—this fatal evening, with the mildest yet most fascinating lustre. The silver brightness of the moon is more applicable to her appearance than sol's refulgency; yet every following eye gave her the merited preference over all the glaring beauties in the assembly. Her dress was exactly adapted to her manners, and both were descriptive of the delicacy and elegance of her mind. Mr Seymour contemplated the beauty of her figure with the ardency of genuine affection. He indulged the rapturous idea of constituting her future happiness—of the arrival of that period when she, without reserve, would acknowledge that she lived for him; and when all the world would know that she was his, and his alone.

In

In another part of the room stood Captain Millemont. He saw the blooming Harriet with no less emotion—no less fervency of imagination than did Henry Seymour; but far different was the end which he purposed to pursue.

Seymour was enraptured by the view of her being numbered amongst the most elevated and happy of her sex. Millemont meditated her wretchedness and final destruction; and yet he avowed himself to be actuated by love.

By love of what! Of himself? No: that would have taught him to pursue real happiness, whereas what he now determined upon must, some time or other, assuredly produce him real misery.

It is proper to observe that this was not the first time that our military hero had seen Miss Montague. She did not go with the Percivals to Mr. Wharton's, but she was present when they returned the visit, and then she struck the heart of this courtly swain.

“ A

"A contradiction in terms!" exclaims a little pedantic Miss. "A courtier cannot be a swain."

Without condescending to reply to any of such a class, whose criticism let us observe (by way of an aside) we heartily despise, we shall proceed with our story, and re-assert that the courtly swain was struck to the heart by the first appearance of Miss Montague, whom, previous to the ball, he had again contrived to meet in an evening walk with the Misses Percival and Mrs. Mitchel; he himself being accompanied by the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lansley.

Captain Millemont was attended into the country by two servants who assisted in what he gloried to call his contrivances. The celebrated Lovelace was in this respect, as in most others, his example. As by means of these emissaries he received early intelligence respecting the character, fortune, and connexions of every person whose acquaintance he was solicitous to cultivate,

vate, he was soon informed of the attachment between Mr. Seymour and Miss Montague, and likewise of the views of the Percivals respecting their daughter Barbara. The knowledge of this last circumstance, one of Millemont's servants gathered from a waiting maid of the young ladies, whom he met by accident, at about the distance of a mile from the Lodge, to which he accompanied her; and during the walk, procured all the intelligence he wanted: but the event most facilitating to the schemes of Captain Millemont was Mrs Lumley's recognition of Mrs. Mitchel, with whom she had formerly had some acquaintance at Bath. These ladies very soon entered into each other's sentiments, which indeed were pretty similar upon many subjects; neither of them being fettered by the bonds of what old fashioned people call conscience.

Mrs. Lumley, madam—for I am now addressing myself particularly to your ladyship; though you will not, I hope, suppose that I am going to draw your resemblance
—the

—the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley—
was daughter to an Irish baron, from whom
she inherited a very ample fortune; and
being what is called a fine woman—a
woman of spirit, and an universal PHILAN-
THROPIST, could not be prevailed upon
by the vulgar arguments of virtue, to
commit such an act of cruelty, as that of
losing herself in matrimony must, in her
case, have been deemed. Hundreds were
dying for her; and the death of all but one
(to whom, probably, the circumstance of
her assent might have been still more fatal)
must inevitably, have followed the event of
her marriage. In indulgence, therefore, to
her army of lovers, and perhaps also from
some trifling consideration respecting her-
self, this lady chose to retain the name of
her family, notwithstanding her abhorrence
of the opprobrious appellation of old maid,
with which she might reasonably think her
choice would render her liable to be
branded. Indeed it had been said that she
had several times put in a caveat against
the

the title, by undeniable proofs and witnesses; but it was evident that she did not gain full credit to her right of rejecting the title, as she was frequently *hit in the teeth* with the sound of *old maid*, by those who were best acquainted with her. However she always turned off the stroke with a laugh; and once, upon its being levelled against her by the celebrated Major Maurice, was heard to say, with an air of perfect good humor—"you know better;" three words, simple in themselves, but when whispered about, as they were by the person whose auricular organs they accidentally reached, afforded matter of conversation to all the drawing rooms in the neighbourhood, and the lady was ever after ironically called the old maid by all her acquaintance.

Mrs. Lumley, now bordering upon fifty, lent a kind assistance to all young gentlemen and ladies who applied to her for advice, under the perplexities which are often attendant upon private amours. Captain Millemont well knew her abilities in the
line

line of intrigue; she having frequently befriended him when he had involved himself in intricacies. To her he applied in the present case, and the two worthies soon resolved upon a project which promised success.

Upon the information given by the servant that Mr. Seymour certainly *kept company*—for that is the vulgar phrase for a tender attachment—with Miss Montague, and that it was known to be the wish of the family to prevent the *match* from taking place, because it was thought that Miss Percival had a *liking* for the gentleman, Mrs. Lumley thought it expedient to commence an intimacy with Mrs. Mitchel upon the strength of their former acquaintance, and soon found her to be the very woman to assist in the projected business.

The ball room, which a few pages back, we left rather abruptly, was the scene, not of action but of planning the regulations of the intended siege. The two ladies perfectly understood each other's intention, which

which will be disclosed to our loving subjects by ensuing events. Mrs. Lumley departed pleased with the idea of the frolic; Mrs. Mitchel with assurances that her interest would be promoted by the assistance which she had undertaken to afford.

We will now return to the assembly that we may take a respectful leave of the company, which at this our second *entrée* we are to imagine was waiting the order of the master of the ceremonies to begin minuets. This gentleman, when everything was properly disposed, gave the word, and Mr. Beever made his first bow to Mrs. Wharton, and his second to the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley. Mr. Wharton then advanced to Miss Beever, and afterwards to Miss Nanette, who performed in the most theatrical style imaginable, to the great admiration of many in the company.

Captain Millemont was now called for. But Captain Millemont could not be found. The fact was that he had withdrawn himself, intending not to return till he imagined

gined that it would be a proper period to request the manager to direct his dancing with Miss Montague, and he entered at a fortunate moment. As soon as he appeared he was entreated to walk up, and as Miss Perceval and Miss Deborah ; Miss Bullion, and some others (the last mentioned with the graceful Henry Seymour) had figured away, Miss Montague was named to him without expressing his wish.

Captain Millemont excelled in this polite exercise ; and sure never woman walked the figure with such striking elegance as did his lovely partner. Every eye, attracted either by envy or admiration, was fixed to the conspicuous couple, and not an individual was desirous to appear after them, as no one had sufficient vanity to think of excelling or even of equalling their performance.

When Captain Millemont conducted Miss Montague to her seat, he requested the favor of her hand in country-dances. In polite terms she thanked him for the honor he intended her, but declined it, telling

telling him that it was not her intention to dance any more that evening.

Harriet could not dance with her Seymour. They were both convinced that such an attempt would be productive of disagreeable consequences; and therefore, in a few moments of conversation at the commencement of the ball, mutually declined what would have given them both pleasure.

This conversation, short as it was, was the last which the lovers were permitted to hold, previous to the departure of Mr. Seymour; for after this evening, Harriet was desired to keep in her own apartment; the reason for which, will appear in a few pages. She told her Henry that except she was called upon for a minuet, she was determined not to dance at all, and most faithfully did she intend to keep that determination. Seymour wished that he could, with as much propriety avoid, joining in the amusement, and was endeavoring to find a plausible excuse for so doing, when Mr. Percival advanced with a stern countenance; interrupted their converse, and desired

desired Mr. Seymour to offer his hand, for the evening, to Miss Nanette Beaver.

The youth obeyed, and with a heavy sigh left his beloved fair, to attend his guardian, who conducted him to the London Belle, by whom he was received with a smile of approbation.

After country-dances were began, Harriet walked into the card room and seated herself by Lady Lorimer; with whom she was beginning to enjoy as placid a conversation as the bustle of the place permitted, when Mrs. Percival approached her with Captain Millemont; and ordered her to join with him in the convivial throng.

At this mandate, Harriet blushed; trembled; and hesitated.

What would Seymour, who appeared greatly gratified by her declared intention of not dancing, think when he should meet her in the figure with Captain Millemont!

She could not hope for an opportunity to tell him the order which she had received, and she rightly conjectured he would

would never guess that any of the Percivals, who in general, wished to hide the lovely maid from observation, should command her to mix, with such a partner, in such an exercise; and lest the readers, likewise, should think the circumstance an unaccountable one, we will stop to say it was occasioned by Mrs. Mitchel, who, in consequence of the beginning negociation with Mrs. Lumley, had upon Harriet's refusal to dance, requested Mrs. Percival to take the above step; assuring her that it would probably be promotive of the wishes of the family, as she would soon be convinced.

Mrs. Percival did not immediately fall in with the proposal, but having considerable confidence in the talents and fidelity of Mrs. Mitchel, who re-assured her of the propriety of her measures, though she could not then explain the business, she complied with the request, and conducted the Captain to the object of his wishes; who, after a few moments hesitation, begged to be permitted to sit still.

The

The stern dowager put on a commanding countenance, and bid her obey. Harriet therefore arose, and the triumphant Millemont led her to the dance. Mr. Seymour being then almost at the bottom of near thirty couples, did not perceive her re-entrance into the room with Mrs. Percival, whose manner spoke the mandate she had imposed, or his surprise upon meeting her as he was going up, would not have been so great. When she first caught his sight, he started, and appeared scarcely to believe his eyes. She saw his emotion, and blushed from contending passions. Could she have spoken to him, she would have been easier; but that was impracticable, for Millemont saw the wish, and was determined to frustrate it; which he did, by being constantly at her elbow, according to Mrs. Mitchel's injunction, during the remainder of the evening.

Seymour's generous soul disdained suspicion; yet the native fire of his mind kindled an ardent desire to know the mo-

tive—the unaccountable motive, which induced his Harriet, contrary to her expressed determination, to join in the dance with Captain Millemont. Not one moment's sleep could he get through the night for thinking upon this perplexing circumstance. He endeavored to conclude she had, on some unknown account, acted properly, and in that belief, made an effort to forget the world; but the incident abruptly recurred, and his effort was rendered unavailing. Earlier in the morning than was customary, he appeared in the breakfast-room, with the hope of being able to catch a momentary opportunity of speaking to Harriet without observation; but his endeavors were vain. Harriet did not appear. Mrs. Percival had ordered her to confine herself to her own apartment, and she did not dare to disobey, though the order astonished and distressed her beyond what can be expressed. The reader, however, will not be surprised at the circumstance, when he understands that Mrs.

Mitchel

Mitchel had unfolded the scheme which, the evening before, had been concerted between herself and Mrs. Lumley. At the first opening of the business, the Percivals disapproved of the ladies intention, as it gave an idea of Miss Montague's marriage with Captain Millemont; an event which they would not have witnessed without great concern. They would, indeed, have been glad to have been rid of her, and to have had her removed to some other part of the kingdom, but not in the character of Mrs. Millemont. That would have been too elevated; for then she would have visited at Beverly; at Mr. Wharton's, and at the Spencers. Mrs. Mitchel was now rather surprised; but Mr. Percival; his mother; his lady, and his son Stephen, who were at the consultation, agreed in affirming that no plan could be eligible which would not effectually secure her from returning to the neighbourhood; and hinted that they would not stop at any obstacle to compass such a design; deploring

that her residence amongst them had ever been permitted. "However," said the dowager Mrs. Percival, "it is as it is, and we have now only to endeavor to avert every ill effect, by removing the cause."

"Which will not be done by the girl's marriage with Captain Millemont," rejoined her daughter in law.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Percival. "Except—" He stopped, and looked with earnestness at his mother, who sat deeply musing.

Mrs. Mitchel had by this time collected her ideas, and with the smile of appearing to know more than she said, answered Mr. Percival's last speech in the few following words.

"Captain Millemont's estate, you know Sir, lies in the West Indies. To that, having business there which demands his presence, he intends to repair when he has secured his prize. As to marrying—why—"

Knowing she had said enough, she said

no

no more, but paused ; looked down, and smiled.

A malicious grin of approbation marked the features of the four conspirators, who cast their eyes around upon each other for some moments, and then Mrs. R. Percival, with seeming inattention to Mrs. Mitchel's innuendo respecting non-marriage, repeated—" The West Indies ! Why to be sure
 " such a distance as that—But do you,
 " Madam, think there is a certainty of
 " his carrying the girl thither, if he can
 " secure her ?"

" No doubt of it. And after such an
 " event, there will not, I think, be any
 " great danger of her returning"—replied Mrs. Mitchel with a simper.

The simper went round.

" Well, but after all," said Mr. Percival,
 " it would be rather a cruel affair, except
 " matrimony—"

" As to that," interrupted his lady—
 " she must make her own market. To do
 " the girl justice, she has "*something* of a
 H 3 " face,"

“ face, and does not want sense ; though
 “ I do not think she deserves half the fuss
 “ some people make about her. But she
 “ has a great deal of cunning, and I dare
 “ say will manage to secure her man, when
 “ once she finds there is no other remedy.”

The attribution of cunning to our Harriet was as unjust as that of charity to a certain noble Lord, who, allowing his comfort to expend, annually, large sums for the *unnatural* maintenance of several species of the brute creation, refuses an application from the child of an old friend, under the pretence of having forgotten there was such a being in existence ; though only a few years had elapsed since that very individual child had received an elogium from his recently created lordship for having paid him a grateful compliment. . . .

Unhappy nobleman ! we would stop to lament amongst other of thy imbecilities, thy weakness of memory, did not our anxiety for a favorite demand our attention to her distressed situation.

Harriet

Harriet Montague had no cunning in her composition. Pure unsuspecting artlessness, was a striking trait in her character. She neither designed nor apprehended any deceit, and therefore was not upon her guard against treachery ; yet Mrs. R. Percival chose to intimate that she was naturally cunning. To her remark, no one made any reply. But after a pause, the dowager asked Mrs. Mitchel how the scheme, provided it was proved to be an eligible one could be put into execution, as Harriet's attachment to Mr. Seymour was too evident to afford any hope that she would listen to a recommendation of Captain Millemont.

“ Dear Madam !” said Mrs. Mitchel, “ you do not yet see half the design ! Permit me,” continued she, settling herself in her chair, as if for a long story, “ to unfold to you the particulars of the business.”

The auditors prepared themselves to listen with avidity, while Mrs. Mitchel spoke in the following words.

H 4

“ You

“ You know, my good and dear friends,
“ how much I have at heart the interest of
“ every individual of the name of Percival;
“ therefore, being convinced you all earnestly wish for the union of Mr. Seymour
“ with Miss Barbara, I very readily complied with Mrs. Lumley’s request of endeavoring to render Captain Millemont
“ happy with Miss Montague, for whom she said he had conceived the most ardent
“ affection. Mrs. Lumley confessed she did not think it probable the Captain
“ would *at first* consent to put on conjugal fetters; for which she did not pretend
“ much to blame him; but doubted not his being *faithful* to the lady; nor that
“ he would, *in the end* unite himself to her by sacred ties; as except he should have
“ a legal heir, the greatest part of his estate
“ would go to a distant branch of his family. I, therefore, *did* engage to assist
“ Captain Millemont’s design of carrying her off.”

“ Of

“Of carrying her off!”—was in the same instant echoed by four voices.

“Why yes,” replied the lady; “for I am convinced she never will go by her own consent, while Mr. Seymour’s attachment to her continues.”

Mrs. Mitchel, in this conference had spoken the truth, but not all the truth, as she omitted the trifling circumstance of her having received the promise of a very large reward if, through her assistance, the Captain should succeed in his vile project. She at first intended to conceal, likewise, the supposition of the gentleman’s not being over fond of matrimony, not imagining that the family could be so infamously bad as to consent that so near a relation should be plunged into such inevitable destruction.

The treaty thus began, was soon finished, and a plan formerly agreed upon, laid aside. By Mrs. Mitchel’s advice, Harriet was to be forbid appearing till Seymour was gone from Beverly, that the lovers might not

concert the means of carrying on a correspondence.

This arrangement took place after the return of the party from the ball; and in the morning, Miss Montague, according to the given prohibition, continued in her own apartment.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A worse than Catiline Conspiracy.

WE are now seated in the breakfast room at Beverly-Lodge, where all the family, Miss Montague excepted, are assembled.

“Where,” asked Mr. Percival, as the first cup went round, “is Harriet?”

“In her own room, I believe,” replied his mother, with a scornful toss of her head to one side.

“Does

“Does she not come to breakfast?” asked he.

“No; she pretends to be unwell; but I fancy she does not ail much,” returned the female veteran.

At this Henry Seymour looked amazed; his tea-cup, which was just at his lips, was returned to its saucer, and his breath suspended. He seemed afraid to lose a syllable of what was passing.

“If,” said Mr. Percival, “the girl be really ill—”

“Pho,” interrupted his lady; “you heard what my mother said. Depend upon it, she is only apprehensive of a public reprimand for her last night’s shameful conduct.”

“WHAT!” exclaimed Henry Seymour, not knowing what he said, and scarce conscious that he spoke at all.

“You may well be surprised Sir,” said Mrs. R. Percival, with a triumph she could not conceal; “you may well wonder at what I have said, respecting the modest Miss

“Montague: but it will soon be known my opinion was a more just one than that of those who thought so highly of her.”

Mr. Barker and George Percival looked in amazement: the latter, a lively sensible youth had tears in his eyes, and warmly said, “what can my mother mean!”

“Mean!” repeated Miss Percival. “Why what she says, to be sure!”

“Impossible!” said Mr. Barker.

“Very true for all that,” replied the pert Miss Deborah—every one seeming desirous to assist in injuring the lovely sufferer. Indeed, except George who was strongly attached to Mr. Barker, Mr. Seymour and his cousin Harry, as he used to term Miss Montague, they had all been instructed how to behave on the occasion, though not made acquainted with the secret of the transaction. The precious groupe were, by education (we will not say by nature) framed for mischief, and greatly enjoyed the present scene.

“Pray,” asked the slow and subtle Robert,

bert, as the subject seemed subsiding,
“ what does cousin Harriet say for herself ? ”

“ Say ! ” echoed old Mrs. Percival.
“ What can she say ! ”

“ There surely must be some mistake ”
—kindly rejoined Mr. Barker.

“ Too surely none,” replied Mrs. Mitchell: first looking with an earnest expression of sorrow at the gentleman who spoke last; then casting her eyes downward, as if they were half-shut, and heaving a sigh; the rest of the knowing party shaking their heads in silence at each other, with signs of deep concern.

“ Gracious Heaven ! ” exclaimed Henry Seymour; unable to conceal his emotion.
“ What can all this mean ! ”

“ Come, come,” said Stephen Percival,
“ things may not be so bad as you imagine.
“ My cousin Montague has good sense,
“ though her natural vivacity may have led
“ her a step too far. To be sure Millemont
“ has a most atrocious character, and he is
“ very artful; which latter quality is some
“ excuse for my cousin.”

“ *Millemont !* ”

“ *Millemont!*” said Henry Seymour.
“ What of him, Mr. Stephen?” He spoke with a haughty air.

Mr. Percival, without giving his son leisure to reply to Seymour’s interrogation, said, with sternness—“ *Millemont’s* art *may* “ be some excuse for Harriet’s indiscretion ; “ and you must allow young Sir,” nodding his head, “ that it is, likewise, a reason for “ the exertion of your mother, and grand- “ mother’s, strictest precaution. She is “ under their guardianship, and they are, in “ some measure, accountable to the world “ for her conduct.”

“ As for *your* question Sir,” turning to Seymour with cold severity—“ it is not “ necessary it should be answered; as it re- “ lates to a business in which you are not “ any way concerned.”

“ I *am* concerned Sir,” firmly replied the youth; “ and so must every one be who “ knows Miss Montague, in all in which she “ is interested.”

Mr. Percival looked surprised at Seymour’s intrepid manner, but not chusing to
take

take any particular notice of it, tauntingly replied—"Your opinion Harry, if it continues, may soon be a singular one. The indiscreet conduct of a girl without fortune, and, in case of indiscretion, without friends, will not, I should imagine, be considered as a matter of much moment. Had she acted as *my* niece, the world would have esteemed her as such."

A tumult of various passions agitated the breast of Seymour. Amazement and perplexity checked his resentment, or he would have answered his guardian with indignation. For a few moments he continued fixed and silent, without a consciousness of being surrounded by observers; but suddenly recollecting himself, he bowed to the company, and retired without speaking, hastily walking into the garden, where, throwing himself upon a seat, he was lost in a labyrinth of perplexing and distressing ideas.

As soon as Seymour left the breakfast room, Mr. Percival requested Mr. Barker to
look

look over an account he had received from a tradesman in London ; begging him to be expeditious, as he must reply to it by that morning's post, but this was only a piece of finesse to prevent that gentleman's asking any questions about the circumstances of the preceding evening. The young ladies then retired, and George was ordered to leave the room ; after which some ensuing particulars were the subjects of conversation between the party remaining ; but we will return to Miss Montague, whom we left in a situation which truly merits compassion.

In obedience to Mrs. Percival's injunction, she remained a close prisoner in her chamber, where melancholy images pressed continually upon her spirits. She could not conjecture the occasion of the order which she had received, but as she supposed that it would only be a temporary one, it did not distress her on any other account than that of its preventing her explaining to Seymour the cause of her
having

having danced with Captain Millemont. Had she known the conversation which passed in the breakfast room, it would have rendered her situation intolerable, as it would have filled her mind with the most tormenting ideas, respecting the sentiments which it must have raised in that of her Henry.

About two days before these disagreeable events, she had received a letter from Lucy Spencer, dated Durham (having before heard from her several times since the party left Beverly) to tell her her mother found her health so much improved by the means which had been used to amend it, that she could not be persuaded it was necessary to pursue their intended route, and as she wished to be at home, it was agreed that her father and uncle Abington should visit the estate in Scotland, and that the rest of the peregrinators should return to Beverly in twelve days, or a fortnight.

Harriet now endeavored to turn her thoughts to the subjects of Miss Spencer's letter,

letter, and to answer it; not suspecting, as she had hitherto been allowed to write without molestation, that her future letters would be intercepted. Earnest to inform her friend of all her concerns, she began with the incidents which most affected her, and was deeply engaged in her employ, when a room-maid hastily opened the door of her chamber, and advancing with a paper in her hand said—"Here Miss Harriet! look what I have got. Let me have an answer in half an hour." She then ran out of the room, and left the alarmed fair one to peruse the billet, which was from Mr. Seymour, and contained the following lines.

"For Heaven's sake, my Harriet, relieve
"the tortures which at this period, tear
"my soul. Not for the Indies, would I
"live over again the last twelve hours.

"The bearer undertakes to bring me an
"answer.

"Tell me why you seclude yourself.

"Tell

"Tell me why you, last night changed
 "your determination respecting dancing.

"I have not time for more, or I would
 "be less abrupt.

"In greater perplexity and with a
 "greater ardency of affection than I can
 "express,

"Yours,
 "HENRY SUMMONS."

The perusal of this scribble gave a pang
 to the breast of Miss Montague. She
 fancied that she observed a coolness in the
 lines, occasioned, as she conjectured, by
 the incident of the evening before. How-
 ever she was pleased with the idea of being
 able to clear to his satisfaction, that cir-
 cumstance, and immediately wrote the
 following.

"The great anxiety which is evident in
 "your note, surprises and alarms me, as
 "it appears to be raised more than the
 "occasion warrants. Yet upon recollec-
 "tion, you could not but be astonished at
 "seeing

“ seeing me led in the dance by Captain
“ Millemont, as it would be impossible
“ you could conjecture my having been
“ commanded by my grandmother, with
“ a countenance and accent more than
“ usually severe, to accept his hand for the
“ evening, to which I think I need not
“ say I found myself extremely averse ;
“ not more on account of my declaration
“ to you, than from disinclination. My
“ grandmother’s motive for her very extra-
“ ordinary proceeding, still remains to be
“ fathomed. It’s explication is beyond my
“ powers of divination.

“ You ask me why I seclude myself.

“ It was the first question, but some-
“ thing tells me it is not, to you, the most
“ material one.

“ Ah Seymour ! how soothing is the
“ flattery which persuades us to believe in
“ the solicitude of those whose good opi-
“ nion we value ! But in my present situa-
“ tion, which depresses my spirits and
“ softens me to every one who treats me
“ with

“ with kindness, it is dangerous to trust
“ my pen to stray on such a subject.

“ Yet, *dangerous*, did I say ! Pardon me
“ my friend : I will not do you so much
“ injustice as to persist in that sentiment.

“ We have known each other from child-
“ hood, and have, I trust, instinctively im-
“ bibed a mutual reliance ; such a reliance
“ as, on my part, permits me—urges me
“ to say, that your favorable sentiments,
“ with those of my Lucy, form one great
“ basis of my felicity.

“ With regard to my seclusion, as you
“ term it—I keep in my apartment by my
“ grandmother’s order ; the reason for
“ which is as inexplicable as her order of
“ last night.

“ I must hasten to fold my letter ; lest
“ Betty call for it before it be ready ;
“ otherwise I could, with pleasure, indulge
“ myself in seeing my sentiments ; on some
“ other particulars, upon paper.

“ HARRIET MONTAGUE.”

After

After which she unfortunately subjoined the following postscript.

“ When opportunity offers, I mean to hint to you some new conjectures, and to ask your advice how to proceed; but till I see you, will suppress my surmises, as the subject is too copious for my present leisure.”

When Miss Montague had finished her letter, she anxiously waited for the servant's appearance, but that being delayed beyond her expectation, sat down and took a copy of what she had written, for her Lucy's perusal; as so fervent was the friendship between these two young ladies, and so unbounded the confidence, that neither was satisfied except the other knew and approved even the minutia of her proceedings.

Betty now called for her commission, which she promised to execute with faithfulness, and perhaps, when it was made, intended faithfully to perform her engagement, but at the bottom of the stairs she was met by Mr. Stephen Percival, who
having

having diligently watched the motions of Mr. Seymour, had seen him talking to this girl, and observed that he put something into her hand which she received with a courtesy. Suspecting the business, he followed the servant into the house, but could not overtake her before she reached Miss Montague's apartment : he therefore waited her return and purchased her secret for a smaller sum than that which was promised her by Seymour, as a compliance with his injunctions did not prohibit her receiving that likewise. No sooner was Betty in possession of Harriet's letter, than she obeyed the orders of Stephen Percival by hastening to put it into his hands. He instantly carried it to his mother, who calling a consultation and reading aloud the contents, proposed to take off the postscript, which, conveniently for her purpose, was written on the back side of the direction, and send it to Seymour as a note. This met the approbation of the council, and was accordingly executed.

Seymour

Seymour received the note with avidity ; gave the promised gratuity, and to avoid observation, hastened into the garden before he broke the seal. What were his emotions when he perused the contents of the scrip ! He paused : he conjectured, but was unable to draw any conclusion, which the reader will not wonder at when he turns back and takes a review of the lines presented to him by his corrupted messenger. Unwilling to accuse, or even to suspect his beloved fair, he endeavored to believe the most improbable suggestions, which, however, sunk upon examination, and as he was convinced that she must have had sufficient time and privacy to have given him a more satisfactory answer, he could not but attribute her laconic reply to a disinclination to explicitness ; an idea which grieved him beyond the comprehension of those *happy* mortals whose breasts are steeled by native apathy, or rendered insensible to the painful and pleasing sensations of tenderness,

derness, by a continual whirl of fashionable amusements.

Seymour, who had a great deal of that warmth of temper which is usually attendant upon a generous mind, found a degree of resentment mixed with his wonder and affliction ; and was almost ready to express some displeasure in the letter he intended to write in the evening, as Betty had told him she should then have an opportunity of conveying it, without suspicion : but a moment's reflection banished his design, by presenting his Harriet as she really was—just ; generous ; artless, and affectionate : he therefore gave a picture of his tenderness and distress, without one shade of reproach for the uncertainty and anxiety in which her note had involved him ; requesting if she was straitened in time that she would only ease his apprehensions by telling him, in six words, she was well and not unhappy. The language in which he wrote, was that of the most pure, ardent and respectful affection ; and would, had

it reached the lovely one addressed, have heightened, if possible, her sentiments in his favor; but the treacherous Betty obeyed her corrupters by delivering it to Mrs. Mitchel, who ordered the girl to tell Seymour that Miss Harriet begged him not to write any more at present; it being impossible for her to give him an answer, as she had neither pen; ink nor paper.

Betty, in the morning, delivered the fabricated message to Mr. Seymour, who instantly endeavored to obviate the difficulty of his Harriet's writing, by requesting the servant to convey to her the necessary implements; but the well-instructed hireling told him, with a smirking countenance, that she believed he did not need to give himself that trouble, as when she opened the door she saw Miss Harriet directing a letter, which, at her entrance, she hastily covered with a handkerchief, and *looked dashed*.

Upon this information, the mind of Seymour was in a tumult. Impatience sparkled

sparkled in his eyes, and the unconnected monosyllables of *How? When? To whom?* escaped his lips, almost without his consciousness. He then stood suspended while the girl told him she did not know who the letter was for, only as Mrs. Lumley's servant was talking to the little postilion she heard him ask what time the answer would be ready, which put a thought in her mind that somehow it was about that letter.

Agitated as Seymour was at this intimation, he had sufficient recollection to prevent any farther appearance of embarrassment, therefore desiring Betty to be ready to attend fresh commands in the evening, he retired to write in a style expressive of his distracted state of mind. Had Miss Montague read the contents of this last epistle, without being informed of the deception which had been practised upon him, she would have apprehended his having been disordered in his intellects ; so various

were his passions that, with rapidity, succeeded each other.

Having finished writing, he shut himself up in his chamber, where he spent the rest of the day in such a state of uneasiness as our experienced readers will truly commiserate. The summons to dinner he refused to obey, but being, by a particular message, desired to attend the tea-table, he went into the drawing-room, where, soon after his entrance, a letter was read from a gentleman at the college to which the youths were going, giving information that the rooms they were to occupy were become vacant sooner than was expected, and that they were, therefore, invited to go when their convenience permitted.

A consultation now took place, and it was agreed they should set off on the day after the morrow ; every thing having been previously arranged, and, as Mr. Percival observed, their departure having been already too long deferred. Mr. Seymour endeavored to raise some objection to such a sudden

sudden determination ; but not being able to give any sufficient reason for delay, he was over-ruled and obliged to submit.

The plan thus regulated, Seymour left the drawing-room, and, in the hall, met Betty, who begged, in a seeming hurry, to have the letter immediately, as she had then an opportunity of delivering it. He therefore slept into the steward's room, and on the outside informed Harriet that in two days he was compelled to leave Beverly ; and entreated her, by every sacred tie, to give immediate relief to his almost insupportable distress.

Betty was no sooner in possession of the letter, than, as usual, she hastened with it to Mrs. Mitchel, who in about an hour after, ordered her to give it to Mr. Seymour, with Miss Montague's compliments, and a declaration that it was not in her power either to write or receive any letters from any body.

The girl executed her commission, and

I 3 instantly

instantly hurried away without waiting a reply, had Mr. Seymour been disposed to have given any, but he stood silent and still ; almost doubting the evidence of that sense which informed him of the return of his letter with an unbroken seal.

We will not endeavor to paint the sensation of Mr. Seymour upon this occasion, as experience, and experience only, can give the idea of his tortures, which were indeed acute. In a moment of frenzy he determined to rush into her apartment, let what would be the consequence, and demand an explanation of the seeming inexplicable circumstances by which he was surrounded, and impetuously darted forward to effect his purpose, but he found the usual approach to the back stair-case barricaded, and was told by Betty, to whom he applied, that every body now went up to Miss Harriet's room through Miss Percival's, where the ladies were then sitting at work.

This

This intelligence increased Seymour's amazement, and he asked various questions of the tutored hireling, who told him Mrs. R. Percival said if Miss would not go down to them, she should not have her own way, nor should any one go to her without her knowledge; adding that old madam said she was afraid of her attempting to run away with somebody.

Seymour's rage now entirely subsided; he sunk into despondency, and without speaking another word, walked slowly away. When retired, he endeavored to investigate the circumstances with as much calmness as he could collect; but all seemed confusion; he would not accuse, yet how could he acquit, his beloved Harriet. After resolving upon first one, then another, mode of proceeding, he finally fixed upon giving a minute detail of the whole to Miss Spencer, upon her return, requesting her friendly offices, and entreating her to write to him at Cambridge, in the first moment

of her being able to gain any intelligence respecting her friend. His letter upon this occasion, could we stop to present it to our readers, would not fail to affect every heart fraught with sensibility.

CHAP. XLVII.

The Second Chapter of the Conspiracy.

THE day preceding that in which our students are to leave Beverly is arrived, and all the family, but Miss Montague, again seated at the breakfast table.

“What” said Mrs. R. Percival, as Henry Seymour (whom she heard in the passage) entered the room, “can occasion this obstinate sullenness?”

“I cannot conjecture,” replied the old lady, seemingly unmindful of the youth’s appearance; “for I never before saw any
“traits

“ traits of that temper in her ; yet when I
“ urged her to accompany me down, she
“ sat determinedly still, without speaking
“ and without motion.”

“ You told her madam,” said Mrs. R.
Percival, “ that her cousins and Mr.
“ Seymour were to set off with Mr. Barker
“ to-morrow, I suppose.”

“ To be sure I did, and advanced every
“ argument I could think of, joined with
“ some threatenings, to bring her with
“ me ; but without effect. I then went
“ into my closet,” continued the veteran
Hecate, “ where through a crevice in the
“ partition I could observe all her actions,
“ and perceived she was weeping over a
“ letter.”

“ By Heavens !” exclaimed Seymour to
himself, “ that letter was mine.”

“ It was impossible you could see any-
“ thing that was written in it——” said
Mrs. Mitchel.

“ Certainly I could not,” returned the

other. "I could only discover that it had
" been secured with a broad black seal."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mitchel to Mrs. R. Percival, "your conjecture is too assuredly
" a just one. Yet how is it possible the
" intercourse can be carried on! I fear
" some of the servants have been deeply
" bribed, as nothing can procure a con-
" fession from any of them."

Henry Seymour was again thunder-struck. The mention of the black seal was the bolt which smote him. Captain Millemont was in elegant second mourning. Captain Millemont, therefore, was instantly in his view, and the tumult in his mind was again rising very fast, when Mr. Barker addressed Mrs. Percival with much seriousness in his manner and countenance.

"Allow me madam to make a particu-
" lar request. Perfectly, I think, acquaint-
" ed with Miss Montague's disposition, I
" am convinced, whatever new sentiments
" it is *possible* she may have imbibed, she is
" not

“ not invulnerable. You will therefore
“ greatly relieve my concern, and highly
“ oblige me by introducing me to her
“ presence, that I may exert the influence
“ she has hitherto allowed me to have with
“ her, in an endeavor to find what is the
“ occasion of her acting so unlike herself.”

“ That request, Mr. Barker,” haughtily
returned Mrs. Percival, “ is very much un-
“ like *your-self*, and positively shall not be
“ complied with: for if she so obstinately re-
“ fuses to confide in her female friends and
“ near relations, she shall not be humored
“ with an opportunity of making her con-
“ fession to one so declaredly disposed to
“ absolve her crimes; and I think (you
“ must excuse me sir) your proposal dis-
“ plays some degree of impropriety.”

A serious altercation now arose in the
room, which ended with Mrs. Percival’s
declaring that no one should have access to
her grand-daughter till she returned to a
sense of her duty and complied with her
hourly commands to appear below stairs,

and that she would not much longer allow anything to be carried to her either to eat or to drink, as she was convinced her indisposition was all assumed.

Diffatisfactory and improbable as were Mrs. Percival's assertions, there was no appealing from her sentence, the effect of which was, that Henry Seymour set off for Cambridge without a possible opportunity of either seeing or writing to Miss Montague : but he left at the post-office, as he passed through the village, his letter of intelligence and supplication, to Miss Spencer.

CHAP. XLVIII.

*Harriet's Release more bitter than her
Confinement.*

OUR readers will not now be sorry to return to Miss Montague, who passed the period of her confinement in the utmost affliction. She doubted not but the commands of Mrs. Percival respected the attachment between her and her Henry; little suspecting the abominable plot which was formed against her; or supposing that so short a space of time would remove Seymour from Beverly. Just before the ball, which laid the foundation of her ensuing troubles, she had received a letter from Miss Spencer; to whom she now employed the solitary hours in writing an account of her situation, not apprehending the loss of that pleasure which she had hitherto unmolested

molested enjoyed, of a free correspondence with the friend of her heart : but this liberty was no longer to be allowed, for giving her letter to Betty, who had orders to attend her, it was carried to the Congress which had devoted her to destruction. At first, Mrs. Mitchel and Miss Percival excepted, they all found some little reluctance of throwing her into such certain ruin, but by familiarizing themselves to the subject, it insensibly lost its terrific powers, and seemed, at length, to be nothing but a proper measure for securing the grandeur and consequently, in their opinion, the happiness of their own family. Mrs. Mitchel's polar star was pecuniary interest ; whilst neglected advances and jealousy, were the *ignis fatuus* of Miss Percival.

The fourth day of Harriet's confinement, was the day fixed for the departure of Mr. Barker and his pupils. The reverend gentleman accompanied his young friends to college, where he saw them properly introduced;

duced, and then set off for Scarborough, having some family business to transact in that place. He was afterwards, at Mr. Seymour's request and expence, to return to Cambridge, where he was to reside in lodgings during the stay of the young gentlemen at the University. Seymour who was always very fond of his tutor, and requited his paternal with filial affection; proposed this plan, and Mr. Percival, thinking it might be a serviceable one to his sons, readily acceded to it.

The gentlemen left Beverly early in the morning, after which, the family was summoned to breakfast, and Miss Montague desired to attend below stairs. With surprise and gladness she obeyed the order; her heart beating high at the idea of seeing her Henry after this strange absence, and not entertaining the least suspicion of his departure, which had been precipitated by the management of Mr. Percival, before the period originally assigned for it.

When

When Harriet entered the room, she was surprised to see the breakfast table so thinly attended, but not chusing to appear to notice the circumstance, she advanced silently to her seat. Every one, for some time, seemed to avoid conversation, till at length Miss Percival, eager to triumph over Miss Montague's disappointment, observed that it was a charming morning for the travellers, and quite calculated to keep up Mr. Seymour's good humor and high spirits.

Harriet looked at her cousin with attention, and blushed.

"I should like to see Robert when he first enters Cambridge," said Miss Deborah, "I dare say he will be surprised to find it so large a place"

"Cambridge!" said Miss Montague, and stopped.

"Yes my dear," replied old Mrs. Percival, with a kindness entirely new; "your cousins and Mr. Seymour are this morning set off for College. You shall now
" Harriet

“ Harriet, be told the cause of your late
“ confinement; which, believe me, my
“ child, was intended to promote your fu-
“ ture welfare.”

Harriet looked amazed, and being deeply affected with the idea of Seymour's departure, she burst into tears.

“ Why this,” asked Mrs. R. Percival.
“ Are you not told every thing is intended
“ for your good?”

“ My cousin is sorry perhaps,” sarcastically observed Miss Percival, “ that my
“ *brothers* went without her bidding them
“ adieu.”

“ Have done, Barbara,” said the grandmother, in a tone of severity. “ Your in-
“ uendoes are frequently very ill-timed.
“ Leave your cousin to me. She is too
“ wise not to pursue her own happiness,
“ when she shall be told in what it con-
“ sists: by doing which, she will be placed
“ considerably above your sphere.”

Mr. Percival was not of the party. He went the first stage with the young gentlemen,

men, leaving the ladies to conduct the important business of the day ; which was to introduce Captain Millemont to Miss Montague as a lover.

Mrs. Percival the elder, desiring to be left with the afflicted beauty, undertook to prepare her to receive the insidious beau with complaisance.

The old lady began by saying that she was no stranger to the childish attachment which had been formed between Harriet and Mr. Seymour, and that, to prevent the ill consequences of any concerted correspondence during their separation, she had given the order for her confinement to her chamber till the young man had left Beverly : that her uncle Percival never would consent to their union, Mr. Seymour being intended for Barbara by his dying father, who, in case of his refusal to espouse her, had given his guardian such power over the estate as would, were it to be exercised, prevent Henry's ever being able to provide for a wife and family, with decency ; that Mr.

Percival

Percival had long been displeased with the appearance of a partiality, so opposite to his views ; but that he had reserved the expression of his disapprobation till the present period, when it might be intimated with effect.

To this tale, Harriet listened with horror. Her senses seemed chilled, and though her heart felt the keenest pangs, her countenance wore the marks of stupefaction, which gave the old woman (we cannot afford her a very obliging epithet) time to represent the great advantage which must result from a union with a man of such birth ; fortune and accomplishments as Captain Millemont ; and to finish a long harangue with a certain conclusion that nothing but perverseness, or a foolish and unavailing prepossession could prevent her immediately accepting, with gratitude, proposals greatly superior to any which she ever could reasonably have expected to receive.

With

With this observation Mrs. Percival left the lovely Harriet overwhelmed by distress. The moment she was alone she burst into a violent flood of tears, and throwing herself upon a sofa, leaned her face upon her arm and continued unmoved till the entrance of Miss Percival and Miss Deborah, when she lifted up her head and started.

“ Hey day !” said Barbara, with affected surprise, “ what have we here ! Miss Harriet—the beautiful Miss Harriet Montague in tears ! Art thou love-sick my little dear ? Art thou bemoaning the loss of thy faithful Henry, or deploring his inconstancy ? For I will assure thee child I do not know what to think of his fidelity ; the high spirits in which he left the Lodge being somewhat indicative of disloyalty to his Beverly dolly.”

“ What is the meaning of this Miss Percival ?” faintly asked Miss Montague. “ If you think me unfortunate, why do you add insult to my distress ? I am *indeed* distressed,” added she clasping together

gether her uplifted hands and pressing them to her bosom, "and should be ever grateful to any friendly hand that would assist in relieving me from this weight of wretchedness."

"No body but yourself Miss Harriet, says the unfeeling Deborah, "would deem it any great wretchedness to have such a lover as Captain Millemont. Had he made a wiser choice, he might have met with a more grateful return."

Much more of the unkind and sarcastic passed from the sisters to our Harriet, who, at length, unable to endure any longer, their tauntings, suddenly rose and left the room, retiring to her chamber; where, as we can neither mitigate, nor describe her present distress, we must leave her in a situation which we truly compassionate.

CHAP. XLIX.

The Love of Self—of Mischief—and of Money.

CAPTAIN Millemont, as has appeared, made Mrs. Lumley the confidant of his intentions, who finding in Mrs. Mitchel a disposition fitted to her purpose did not scruple to hint, pretty broadly, that the hero would not be easily brought to put on conjugal fetters, but that there was no doubt of his consenting to the tie, as she had often heard him say that sooner than go out of this world without an heir, he would purchase one of a beggar, and take an oath of its legitimacy, because under the circumstance of his having no child, his estate would go to a cousin, whom he hated.

To the Whartons, Millemont spoke of his intended attack as a piece of gallantry only calculated for a little country *divertissement* : they, therefore, agreed to assist the

the *boutade*, and, in concert with Mrs. Mitchel, sent to propose a visit to the Lodge on the evening of the day to which we are arrived.

The Percivals, who did not chuse to have it appear that they entertained the least apprehension of Millemont's libertine principles, or of his designs on Miss Montague; received the Captain's expressions of particular respect and admiration with an acquiescing complaisance, and betrayed no symptom of suspicion. Even to Mrs. Mitchel—nay to each other, and almost to their own hearts, so atrocious was the circumstance, they spoke with some disguise; pretending, and endeavoring to believe, that after a period, the Captain would make Harriet his wife; that, therefore, they promoted her interest by insisting upon her favorable reception of his *tendresse*; that as to the rest—she must make her own terms; that her beauty and understanding, which, to assist their apologising arguments, they were upon this occasion all very ready to

to allow, would doubtless so secure her ascendancy over him, that she might lead him to do any thing she pleased, and that upon these considerations, she was under the highest obligations to them for *paving the path to her destruction !*

Mrs. Mitchel devoted the lovely Harriet without once endeavoring to excuse the infamous intention. She was to receive an immediate gratuity upon the Captain's being put into possession of his prize, and, depending upon being absolved by the Percivals, should they even know how deeply she was concerned in the business, she requested that Miss Montague, upon her determined refusal of Millemont's offers of affection, might be committed solely to her management, a request, which was eagerly agreed to, as the relations, still more interested in the event than the governess, persuaded themselves that they should thus be entirely exonerated.

CHAP. L.

*The greatest Treachery lurks under the Sem-
blance of Kindness.*

WE will not trouble ourselves to relate what passed at the visit last mentioned; or tease our reader with the arguments offered to Miss Montague in favour of her new lover. Suffice it that every opportunity which he could desire was given him for pleading his suit, and every consideration advanced in his absence, by his partizans, which tended to promote it; but in vain. Harriet remained immoveable. Neither threats nor persuasion affected the constancy of her sentiments, or abated the appearance of that gentle modest firmness, void of any show of what is called obstinacy, which accompanied her refusals. She requested; she entreated not to be urged to what was so opposite to her principles as

a union with Captain Millemont, whose mind was so contrary to her own. She averred that she was not biaſſed by any prior partiality, for that had ſhe never heard the name of Henry Seymour, that of Millemont, with the character which was annexed to it, would have been her abhorrence.

Strong, for a time, was the contention between Miſs Montague and thoſe who ſtyled themſelves her friends : but at length Mrs. Mitchel, having ſettled her plans with the Captain and his honorable female friend (who deſerves an appellation too coarſe to be admitted into theſe pages) deſired that menaces, and even earneſt perſuaſion, might be ſuſpended, as ſhe doubted not of being ſucceſſful in a ſhort period. Depending upon her fidelity and adroitness, the Percivals complied with her injunctions; Millemont being, as uſual, favorably received at the Lodge, and the family at Mr. Wharton's, Mrs. Lumley excepted, led to believe that the beau was ſucceſſful in his amour.

Harriet

Harriet was all this time impatiently waiting in expectation of the return of Miss Spencer, from whom, to her infinite surprise, she had not heard since she transmitted to her an account of her late distressed situation ; and had entreated her friendly offices for an explanation with Mr. Seymour. Every time the post-man brought letters to the Lodge, Miss Montague expected to see one directed to herself :—but her expectations were vain, for the bag was first delivered to Mrs. Mitchel, and rifled of all that were intended for the lovely girl. Finding by information thus dishonestly obtained that Lucy Spencer and the family would soon be at Beverly, the Governess hastened the execution of the concerted measures ; but previous to the final movement, she advised Millemont to write to Miss Montague a very respectful, and supplicating letter, which she herself delivered to the young lady. Harriet, after having read it, at Mrs. Mitchel's desire, in her presence said—" Why will Mr. Millemont

“ persist in giving himself and me this un-
“ availing trouble ?”

“ And are you, Miss Montague, *deter-*
“ *mined* that it shall be unavailing ?” asked
Mrs. Mitchel.

“ I am indeed,” replied Harriet ; “ and
“ how obliged should I think myself to you,
“ madam, if you would endeavour to free
“ me from this persecution ! *Indeed* I am
“ very unhappy.”

She spoke in a melancholy accent and
shed tears ; at which the governess seemed
to be affected, and after a pause, said—
“ Well then write him such a negative as
“ I approve. I will convey it and be an-
“ swerable for its consequences.”

“ Dear madam you delight me ! I will
“ write what you desire, provided it be ex-
“ pressive of my unalterable determination
“ never more to hear from Mr. Millemont
“ upon this very irksome subject ?”

“ Will you transcribe what I shall indite
“ Harriet ?”

“ With

“ With pleasure, madam, upon the before-mentioned condition.”

Mrs. Mitchel, without replying, sat down to the writing table, and in a few minutes putting the copy of a letter into Harriet's hand ; bade her write it, and told her that she would convey it to the Captain with all expedition. Harriet did not approve of the style of the billet, as she thought that it betrayed something of an air of mystery ; but as Mrs. Mitchel looked peremptory and would probably have been offended with any expressed objection to what had been written under such circumstances of apparent kindness, she did not hesitate to make the requisite transcription.

As the reader will see in a few pages the use which was made of the above manuscript, we will not, at present, offer it to his perusal, but proceed to other matters.

Every body at the Lodge now seemed in perfect good humour with Miss Montague, except Miss Deborah, who secretly envied her the admiration of Captain Millemont,

with whom she was, or supposed herself to be, deeply in love. The experienced soldier soon perceived his advantage over the heart of this girl, who would quickly have surrendered at discretion, had not the commandant been obliged to delay the siege in order to secure what he deemed a more valuable prize; taking, however, the several opportunities she offered him of fixing his interest in her affection; telling her he was foolishly entangled by his professions of attachment to her cousin, from which he would endeavor to disengage himself as soon as it could be done with decency.

CHAP. LI.

The Success of the Conspiracy.

THE event is at hand. Miss Montague stands tottering upon the brink of destruction.

Charming, lovely Harriet! Good and amiable! We deplore the severity of our task which obliges us to relate thy sad destiny; yet we congratulate thee that amidst thy deepest sufferings thou couldst look into thy mind and find consolation. In that, shone a constant light which could not be extinguished by the darkest wretchedness.

Our readers will attend us to the tea table of Mrs. R. Percival, at which, Mrs. Mitchel asked if any one would accompany her in a walk, which she thought of taking to a cottage that stood by the side of the Park, to inquire about a young woman who

had requested a recommendation to a friend of her's at Ingatestone.

Mrs. Percival said that the evenings were short, and it would soon be dark ; else she would go with all her heart. Mrs. R. Percival and Miss, promised their attendance. Miss Deborah, who had been led by a note from Captain Millemont to expect him at the Lodge, desired to be excused, as did Miss Montague on account of having a letter to finish to Miss Spencer before the man went to the post office. Mrs. Percival looked displeased and said, " I have heard Harriet distinguished for
" complaisance ; but she has not I think
" shown much of that quality of late."

Harriet said she was very willing to go if her company was desired, as she could send her letter in the morning ; and she rose though with reluctance to equip herself. She wished indeed to have written to her Lucy that evening ; but she perceived a gathering severity in the old lady's countenance ;

tenance; and at the present crisis she particularly dreaded to encounter its effects.

Mr. Percival said that he would ride to the village, and endeavor to prevail with the Bellairs and Mrs. Quaintly to return with him to supper, as it was likely to be a fine moon-light evening.

This intention was much approved, and the ladies were preparing for their walk, when old Mrs. Percival said that she had changed her mind, and would go with them to the cottage, if they would promise not to gossip so long as they did in general. The promise was given, and the party moved onward, walking pretty fast till they arrived at the end of their journey. Here the business—the ostensible business of the walk was presently transacted, yet contrary to their promise to Mrs. Percival, who did not remind them of it, the ladies continued talking to the cottagers, till Mrs. Mitchell stepped to the door; looked out and listened; and then said to Mrs. R. Percival—
“It is time for us to go.” Upon which the

mischief-loving gentlewoman last mentioned, hastened without ceremony out of the rural abode and was followed by her companions, who walked slowly on without speaking till they reached a gate which opened into the park. Here they were surrounded by several men who advancing to Miss Percival seized, and carried her off amidst the cries and screams of her friends, to their commander, who stood by the door of a chaise and four that waited at a turning of the road. When the Captain—to which title the most unskilled reader will add the name of Millemont—saw the mistake of his ruffians, he cursed them for the blunder, and darting forward, clasped Miss Montague (who was running to assist her struggling cousin) in his arms, and conveyed her into the chaise; which, as soon as he was seated in it with his prize, was driven off with all possible speed; the servants following, and the ladies remaining silent spectators of the action.

As

As the distress of our Harriet can more easily be imagined than described, we must leave it to our readers to represent to themselves what she endured when she found herself thus treacherously precipitated into the power of such a man as Captain Millemont—a man whose principles she knew to be infamous, and to whom she had conceived an insuperable aversion. Not one gleam of hope from any expectation of pursuit, presented itself. She had seen and heard sufficient to convince her that her relations and Mrs. Mitchel had assisted the horrid plot; as the moment Miss Percival, who, in her surprise, called out—“You are mistaken! You are mistaken! I am not the right!”—was released, the ladies ceased to resist the outrage, and when she struggled, and looked to them for assistance, she saw them walking into the park without any appearance of concern.

The carriage was now drawn with velocity along the London road, and Miss Montague saw herself abandoned by every

human creature but by those who had determined upon her destruction : yet the piety of her soul, which, young as she was, was pure and fervent, bade her hope for some interposition in her favor from that Being to whom she looked, and of whom she implored protection. Dreadfully gloomy as was the immediate prospect, she essayed to look beyond it; and endeavored to explore future brightness ; but when Millemont, in extenuation of what he had done, pleaded his passion—when *he* bade her be consoled in the view of approaching felicity, her heart sickened at the prospect ; the image of Seymour presented itself, and she was almost frantic with grief and terror. . .

A particular class of the young ladies of the present age, a couple of whom we have now in our view, will put up their lips in scoff at the wretchedness of our beloved Harriet Montague, and wonder that her situation should be considered as distressing. . .

“ What would the girl have wished for ? ” asks Miss the first, who never knew a soft
and

and at the same time, pure sensation (her affection, as she calls it, being rendered muddy by a variety of passions). “What could she desire more than the adoration of a man of such a figure—a man of fortune, and a man of fashion!”—incidental advantages, which in her estimation greatly overbalance immorality, irreligion and every vice by which a human creature can be degraded.

“What indeed!”—replies Miss the second, who is the wittiest of the two; “but perhaps she had the gothic sentiments of Mrs. Ratford and Miss Howard, who assert that rectitude of mind and regularity of conduct are to be preferred to a man of spirit with fashionable manners.”—At this the friends burst forth into such a laugh as would have resounded from the pipe of Gulliver’s Glumdalclitch; had she expressed her mirth by her organs of vociferation. But now, reader, we must bid adieu to our distressed favourite; resigning her to the protection of that Providence

vidence which (notwithstanding the sarcasms we shall draw upon ourselves, for the assertion, from the Misses lately mentioned) we are convinced will, sooner or later, vindicate and reward the sufferer who looks up to Heaven for protection.

CHAP. LII.

Miss Montague completely disgraced.

AS soon as the chaise and its attendants were out of sight, Mrs. Percival; her daughter-in-law; grand-daughter and the governess, thought proper to resume their screamings.

“ Help! help! murder! help!”—was heard from one and all as they ran towards the Lodge, while the people from the cottage, alarmed by their first outcry, were hastening to their assistance. The mistake made by Millemont’s Pandarus, was to them:

them a lucky circumstance, as the early alarm gave some color of truth to what they affirmed when they said, that as soon as they were in sight of the chaise Miss Montague sprang forward to Captain Millemont, saying—"Hasten, hasten away, or I shall be taken from you." That they immediately called for help as loud as possible, but were too distant from a house to receive any in time; that as the carriage was going off, Harriet, who had been lifted in by the Captain, said—"Excuse me, my dear friends, that I pursue my happiness and good fortune."

Some servants of Mr. Percival's soon came up, and presently after, Mr. Percival himself, who was just then returned from the village, whence he was accompanied by the friends whom he had invited to supper. To them the same tale, with proper lamentations from the ladies, was circumstantially related, and by the visitors it was implicitly believed.

Thus

Thus not only the happiness, but the reputation of one of the best and most amiable—one of the most beautiful and accomplished young women in existence, was at once blasted by the vile machinations of envy and avarice.

Mr. and Mrs. Bellair and Miss Biddy, seemed quite astonished that a young lady so celebrated for a fine understanding and so noted for a sweet disposition, should take such a rash, such an imprudent step; yet they confessed that they had heard (what, indeed, was industriously propagated) that Miss Montague had shewn an unexpected predilection for Captain Millemont, ever since his first appearance in Beverly, which was the more wondered at on account of her supposed prior attachment to Mr. Seymour.

Mrs. Quaintly said she was always convinced Miss Harriet was not amongst the chosen ones, though she would not shock the ears of her poor grandmama, who had so great a fondness for her, with mentioning.

ing her knowledge of her reprobation; but that now she thought it right to speak of it, that her friends might take comfort in knowing that no management of their's could have prevented her destruction, which was sealed while she was yet in her cradle.

Much more to this purpose did Mrs. Quaintly say relative to the unhappy Harriet, but we have too much respect for every religion—even for that which Mrs. Quaintly professed—to make individuals, on that account, subjects of ridicule; though we cannot forbear to express our abhorrence of the belief that the Almighty GOD, whose mercy shines in every part of creation should bring into existence a set of beings, who must necessarily be wicked; a tenet, which, if experience did not evince the contrary, we should think, could never gain reception from any rational creature.

The story of Miss Montague's elopement was soon carried round the neighbourhood and was universally believed (so strong were the given proofs) by all but the Whartons.

They

They concluded that she had been carried off by their visiter, without her consent; but none, not even Mrs. Lumley, knew that the Percivals were assistant on the occasion, as Mrs. Mitchel had carefully concealed that circumstance to heighten her merit in the transaction, and consequently to enhance her reward.

Great and sincere lamentation was made in the village for the fall of Miss Montague; her friends hardly crediting, and yet impelled by the strength of evidence to believe, the deplorable event. When the account reached the Aviary and was confirmed by Mr. Percival himself, the good Mr. Spencer experienced more grief than he had known for several years, so affectionately was he attached to the lovely girl, whom he used to term the child of his heart. Mr. and Mrs. Abington shared, yet without lessening, the venerable man's concern. They seemed to doubt what they could not but believe, and endeavored to explore a mystery where none appeared.

Within

Within a short time after the sad event, the travelling friends returned to Beverly, which caused a renewal of sorrow for the loss of Miss Montague. Every one was afraid to mention the circumstance, on Lucy's account, but they soon found that she had already been alarmed.

"Have you Sir,"—asked she of Mr. Spencer soon after the first salutations were over—"lately seen, or heard from any body at the Lodge?"

"Mr. Percival breakfasted with us a few days since"—was all the good man's reply.

Questions were now multiplied, and the particulars which shall be given a few lines hence, related to the inquirers; but first we must desire our readers to take the trouble of turning to the forty-seventh chapter of this work, where they will see that Mrs. Mitchel wrote a letter for Harriet to transcribe, as if in answer to one which she had received from Captain Millemont. This letter she sent to Miss Spencer in re-

turn

turn to an intercepted one from that young lady to Miss Montague, in which Miss Spencer told her friend that she had heard a most alarming account of her situation from Mr. Seymour, and conjured her to ease the anxiety she was under, by immediately unfolding the seeming mystery.

The letter which Mrs. Mitchel artfully obtained from Harriet was as follows.

“ Your’s is this instant received. I must
“ answer it very concisely by requesting I
“ never more may hear from you upon its
“ subject, which is irksome and unpleasant
“ in the highest degree imaginable. I must
“ —I do confess I am greatly distressed.
“ Let not, therefore, my distress be in-
“ creased by you. The affections of the
“ heart are not always in our own power.
“ We cannot guide our inclinations as we
“ wish ; much less can our friends direct
“ them for us. . Once more, press me not
“ on a subject which I *never* can answer to
“ your wishes. It is not probable we shall
“ live long in the same village, nor is it
“ certain.

“ certain we shall ever meet again. My
 “ spirits are oppressed. You have op-
 “ pressed them ; yet your motive was an
 “ intended kindness, and for that my ac-
 “ knowledgments are surely due. There
 “ is a cause on which I cannot be explicit ;
 “ but I am touching on a too affecting sub-
 “ ject, excuse therefore my abruptly con-
 “ cluding with the initials of

“ H. M.”

It has been observed that the lovely transcriber was not satisfied with the style of the above, but that she was necessitated to obey implicitly the injunctions of Mrs. Mitchell, as the only condition upon which she would consent to extricate her out of her difficulties.

We will not endeavor to paint the dis-
 tress of Lucy Spencer upon the receipt of
 the letter. She immediately wrote again
 to her friend, and notwithstanding her pro-
 hibition, conjured her by the warmth and
 sincerity of their mutual attachment to re-
 move her anxiety as soon as possible, by
 giving

giving a succinct account of all that had occurred, respecting her own affairs, since their separation; that she might see her with the unmixed pleasure which she had anticipated.

To this letter, Miss Spencer never received any answer, as it never reached the hands of Miss Montague; but Mrs. R. Percival wrote to Miss Martha Abington, and gave her, in a strange mysterious manner, an intimation that Harriet had fallen from her great height of reputation into an abyss of disgrace; that the family had been very sedulous to preserve her from the ruin into which she had plunged herself, by representing to her the danger in which she stood, and by taking every possible precaution to prevent her from pursuing the dictates of her imprudent attachment.

This account, which Miss Martha very unguardedly, we fear very maliciously, read to the whole party, had so strong an effect upon Miss Spencer that her mother, who was herself much concerned, feared it might injure

injure her health; and therefore proposed that the design of stopping a few days at Ipswich should be laid aside, and that they should immediately return to Beverly, to which they all assented, and Lucy was very early in her inquiries respecting her beloved friend.

It had been previously resolved upon by Mr. Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Abington, who knew the sincere attachment which subsisted between the two young ladies, not to enter upon the affair abruptly; but Miss Spencer's solicitude rendering the precaution of no effect, they mentioned, as Mr. Percival's account of the transaction, that Miss Montague showed an evident partiality for Captain Millemont from the instant of his being introduced at the Lodge, but that she did not behave reprehensively till the ball given by Mr. Wharton, where, having declined dancing with Mr. Seymour, she gave her hand, contrary to the advice of Mrs. Mitchel, to her new admirer; that after this transaction Har-

riet refused to leave her apartment till the departure of the young gentlemen from Beverly, not, as it was supposed, having sufficient courage to appear before Mr. Seymour, with whom it was believed she had entered into some engagement; that when the young men were gone, the ladies at the Lodge thought it necessary to keep her under some little restraint, as it was known that she had received letters from Millemont; that one evening she complained of a violent head-ach, which she said was for want of air and exercise, and therefore begged to be permitted to take a walk in the park, a request with which her friend (willing to indulge her in all that with safety they could) complied; that they proposed to accompany her, but that she at first objected to this proposal. though at length she thought proper to accede to it, and walked to Betson's Cottage with her grandmother, aunt, cousin and Mrs. Mitchel; that upon their return they were surprised by the appearance of a chaise with
a number

a number of armed attendants, and that Harriet conducted herself in the manner which the reader may recollect the ladies related to their visitants upon their return to the Lodge; adding, as was added before, that all pursuit would have been foolish and ineffectual, as, could they have known which of the three roads the lovers took at the cross ways, and have even overtaken them, it was not probable that they would have succeeded in any attempt to rescue the deluded girl, as Millemont's attendants were more in number than they could have mustered at so short a notice; three of their servants being gone to a neighbouring fair with some young cattle; and that if by any means they *could* have seized and carried her back—her reputation was lost beyond retrieve and she could, in all likelihood, have attempted more secretly and effectually a second escape.

Plausible as was this tale and corroborated by the evidence of the cottagers, servants and the event, how could it fail of

gaining credit from the hearers! Even Lucy Spencer, though her heart was involuntarily biased to her friend, was obliged to yield assent to her culpability, but the circumstance preyed so deeply upon her spirits that she was long a stranger to a gladsome idea. Miss Montague was the best part of herself. What would have been pleasure was grief, because she could not impart it to her Harriet. What was vexatious, was doubly so, because Harriet did not, as before, lessen by sharing the trouble. She seemed to want to alleviate even her present distress by imparting it to its occasioner.

Reader! art thou—or hast thou ever been
A FRIEND! If thy heart answereth in the affirmative, thou wilt feel what we vainly wish to describe: thou wilt witness the force of the phrase when we talk of a **KINDRED MIND**: thou wilt know the purest—the most angelic of all human sensations. But if thy soul never soared to this sublime sentiment—if thou mistakest a fashionable,

or

or interested intercourse for the sacred alliance known only to those who are capable of real friendship; thou wilt think that we are talking of what never existed but in the ideal brains and hearts of imaginary heroes; thou mayest often repeat, but wilt never understand, that

“Our joys, when extended, will always encrease.
“And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.”

CHAP. LIII.

A Reference to a better Work.

JOHNSON has so elegantly and pathetically delineated friendship, by expressing what passed in the bosom of the Princess of Abyssinia upon the loss of her Pekouab, that except we copy his language

we cannot imitate his excellence. Instead therefore of relating the extreme grief of Lucy Spencer, we will refer our reader to the admirable work in question, where he will see this noble principle portrayed in its native colors. Witty critics will perhaps warn us of the fatal effects of this reference by telling us that it will be dangerous to give our friends a taste of such delectable entertainment, lest, in consequence of it, they lose the relish of our production, which cannot fail of being marked for insipidity upon the comparison.

Had we the presumption of considering ourselves as being nearly upon a level with the great writer in view, we might be afraid of the suggested consequence; but as we are humble enough to confess his eminent superiority over us and all our fraternity, we shall persist in the reference, and conclude by ingeniously and poetically remarking, that any symptoms of fear upon this occasion might be compared to the moon's refusing to aid
the

the benighted traveller with her rays, from an apprehension of being reproached for not throwing around the gloom, the refulgency which can proceed only from the glorious orb of day.

CHAPTER LIV.

Short but not Sweet.

THE sublimity of our ideas at the end of the last chapter, rendered it impossible for us to descend in haste to our common level, without endangering the "neck of our imagination." We therefore choose to let ourselves down in a new chapter; and as we think this witticism has set us too low for our subject at the present crisis, we will endeavor to gain a happier medium in

CHAP. LV.

Hearts of different Hues.

MISS SPENCER “was inconsolable
“for the loss of her friend.” She
avoided every kind of amusement, and it
was with difficulty that she was prevailed
upon to enter into company, being deter-
mined to seclude herself as much as pos-
sible. The families indeed at both the
Aviary and the Shrubbery were deeply af-
fected with the fall, as they could not but
term it, of their loved Miss Montague ;
yet they endeavored to reason Lucy out of
the violence of her grief, fearing that it
would ultimately injure her constitution.
Matilda and Caroline who partook of the
great and amiable qualities that with such
eminence distinguished the family, were so
far from being jealous of the affection
which their sister evinced for Miss Mon-
tague,

tagne, that they adopted the liveliness of her sorrow ; and sympathizing with her, exerted their utmost power to dispel the melancholy which had taken possession of her mind.

Mr. Spencer declared that he scarcely ever met with an event which so deeply affected him. The Abingtons, Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer, and Mr. Russel united in deploring the loss ; Miss Martha was the only exception to the universal sorrow. Her friendship for her dear Mrs. R. Percival, or rather her abhorrence of all that was young and beautiful, made her so bitter an enemy to Miss Montague, that she gave full credit to all the malicious insinuations of the family at the Lodge, and declared her astonishment at the tears which she saw shed for the result of the coquetry and elopement of a girl so possessed with an idea of her powers of charming. She perfectly agreed with Mrs. Quaintly in having foreseen the event ; as she protested that she had always perceived

with her cousin, was almost insupportable. Till this period she had so artfully guarded her behaviour, that her predilection had not been suspected by any one but Mrs. Mitchel, who being too good a politician to diffuse her ideas on that particular, had invented plausible pretexts for excluding her from any knowledge of the design against Harriet, the execution of which now overwhelmed her by a totally unexpected shock.

Millemont who was perfectly sensible of his easy and almost sudden conquest over this forward girl, had appointed an interview with her at the Lodge about the time that he expected to be put into possession of her more charming cousin, lest by any chance she should be walking in the park with the expectation of seeing him, and thereby frustrate his infamous design. When he saw Miss Montague attended by so large a party, he was alarmed with the fear of Miss Debby's being of the number, as he did not know that anybody but Mrs. Mitchel, who had engaged to decoy Harriet

to the cottage before mentioned, was acquainted with the truth of the circumstances.

Upon Mrs. R. Percival's being necessarily informed of the cause of her daughter's vexation, she was considerably chagrined, as it occurred that Debby, by proper management, might have been Mrs. Millemont; a situation deemed, by her, desirable, on account of the considerable fortune of which the Captain was in possession; but then, if Harriet had not been removed, Barbara could not have hoped for Henry Seymour's hand. She endeavored, therefore to be satisfied with this balance of the account; for of the last mentioned event, not one of the family seemed to entertain the least doubt.

Mr. Ruffel, when he received the intelligence of his favorite's flight, seemed to suspend his belief of the particulars. He hesitated; he considered, and said there was some mystery in the affair which he would not spare any endeavors to

fathom. He communicated his suspicions to Mr. Spencer, who desired every measure might be pursued that could lead to a discovery of any treachery, but no information could be gained, except what corroborated the first intelligence. The real alarm of the conspiring ladies on the seizure of Miss Percival ; their screamings which drew to the spot the cottagers ; the evidence of the servants, and of the guests who were purposely invited that evening to the Lodge ; the melancholy, which was now well known, of Miss Deborah——in short, every apparent circumstance so deeply criminated the suffering beauty, that a charitable opinion of her conduct seemed to be the result of determined partiality.

The Whartons were applied to for information respecting Captain Millemont.

With many expressions of regret for having introduced him at Beverly, they declared their ignorance of his destination, but gave an address to his friends, and lodgings

lodgings in London. Upon an inquiry amongst these—the universal answer was, that he was sailed for the West Indies with a young lady whom he had married the day before he went on board. In this confirmation of disgrace, therefore, we must leave our Harriet, and take a view of Mr. Seymour; but we will not begin our journey to Cambridge till the next chapter.



CHAP. LVI.

The Insolence of Opulence.

AS soon as Mr. Barker had seen his pupils properly entered at college, he set out on his Northern Expedition, and left the young men to their new instructors. Soon after his departure, Mr. Stephen Percival received a letter from his mother, with an account of Miss Montague.

tague's elopement, written, according to previous agreement, for Henry Seymour's perusal. Miss Bullion, likewise, thought proper to favor her swain with a relation of his cousin's infamy, and as the young lady expressed herself in a style somewhat original, we think it may possibly relieve the mind of our readers from the deep concern they must be under, if their sensibility be not a merely fashionable one, for our lovely fugitive.

Bullion Bower, Tuesday Eve.

“ I am out of breath Percival—I die
“ with impatience, till I have told you the
“ consequence of being a beautiful beg-
“ gar. Had she had the riches, which I
“ dare say she affects to despise, Captain
“ Millemont would not have treated her
“ with so much familiarity as to have pro-
“ poed her decamping in that low way.
“ He would have *negotiated*. Prelimina-
“ ries would have been settled, and writings
“ signed ; after which the betrothed pair
“ might

“ might have conversed as you and I, my
 “ future Lord Beverly (for that must be the
 “ title), now do.

“ LORD BEVERLY ! LADY BEVERLY !
 “ They are noble sounds. And you must
 “ take the name of Spencer. Bullion too,
 “ should I think be added : then, when I
 “ shall have occasion to write to you, I
 “ must address to the right honorable
 “ Stephen Percival Spencer Bullion, Vis-
 “ count Beverly. Yet I think an Earldom
 “ would be better, as you might then per-
 “ haps rise to a Marquisate ; and indeed I
 “ do not know why, *with our fortune*, you
 “ need stop even there. I am not a *pauper*,
 “ Percival ! None of your indigent beau-
 “ ties, I can assure you. Miss BULLION
 “ may be deemed a match for first rank :
 “ yet I prefer my faithful Stephen to all the
 “ scores which have offered to negotiate.
 “ But my mother !—My mother is *hor-*
 “ *rid* vulgar. I am almost ashamed to
 “ have her visit with me. Indeed I do
 “ keep her at home as much as I can.
 “ What

“ What I am to do with me when I make
 “ my appearance, I know not. I positively
 “ tively shall not disgrace my nuptial suit:
 “ however she is but in a bad state of
 “ health. Perhaps I shall be a mourning
 “ bride. If that is to be the case, I posi-
 “ tively will wear a silver tiffue decorated
 “ with beads of jet: and I declare I wish
 “ it might happen, as the show will be
 “ quite novel: and my head shall be covered
 “ with jet and pearls, saving my blaze of
 “ brilliants and other jewels, for our pre-
 “ sentation to their Majesties.

“ I wonder when old Spencer means to
 “ evacuate the Aviary. He positively ought
 “ to go out a year before the time of our
 “ entering it, that the apartments may be
 “ fitted up in modern magnificence. I
 “ do not like those silver chandeliers in the
 “ great drawing-room. Cut glass, with
 “ gold sockets, would be more dashing.
 “ In *our* house, they might pass for real
 “ crystal; and I declare I do not know
 “ why they should ~~not~~ be so, as we can
 very

“ very well afford such things. The walls
“ shall be covered with white satin, and
“ burnished gold ornaments.

“ It is not thought my Lord [O how I
“ am charmed when I anticipate that style!]
“ that Millemont will marry your run-
“ away relation ; therefore if she returns,
“ and, with an acknowledgment of her
“ poverty, will sue for protection, I really
“ think I should be tempted, by my good
“ nature, to take her as my upper woman’s
“ woman. I mean to have three for my-
“ self, and they must have attendants.

“ But I must finish, for if I write all
“ day, the charming subject would be
“ unexhausted.

“ I am, my dear elect,

“ your unchangeable

“ REBECCA BULLION.”

The above letter, and that written by
Mrs. R. Percival, arrived at Cambridge by
the same post, and were put into the hands
of Mr. Stephen as his brothers and Henry

Seymour

Seymour were breakfasting in his room ; the young gentlemen frequently taking this first meal with each other.

When the letters were laid upon the table—" From my mother"—" From Miss Bullion," said he, taking up and opening the first, which he perused with apparent astonishment and grief.

" Is any thing the matter ?"—demanded Mr. Seymour, with quickness.

" No ; nothing ; not much. Nothing *very* unexpected"—hesitatingly returned this insidious, Blifil-hearted young man, sighing and fixing his eyes upon the fire, as if in deep and anxious cogitation, seemingly forgetful of the letter from Miss Bullion, till George said, " Had these letters been written to me brother, I think I should first have read the young lady's"

" No instance of your duty George, if you *had*"—Stephen solemnly replied, taking, at the same time the letter into his hand and deliberately breaking the seal.

" To

“ To the same tune, I find,” said he, shaking his head and rising from his seat. “ Excuse me I cannot eat any more breakfast. Robert, pour out the tea.” He then left the room, saying—“ Humanity will compassionate when justice condemns.”

CHAP. LVII.

Hypocrisy particularly detestable in Youth.

“ **W**HAT *can* be the matter !” exclaimed Seymour, immediately alarmed on Miss Montague’s account. “ What can have happened to occasion your brother’s evident perturbation ?”

“ Something, I have a notion, about cousin Harriet”—replied the slow and generally silent Robert.

“ What can there be about her ?”—asked George, turning hastily upon his brother,

brother, while his heart quickened its emotion.

No one made any answer. Seymour sat in fixed expectation, and Robert poured out the tea.

"I will know said George," concerned on Mr. Seymour's account and on his own, "what this means;" and immediately went to Stephen's chamber, where he found him reperusing the letters he had received.

"Brother what is the matter?"—interrogated the friendly youth.

"Nothing that concerns you, my dear George," was Stephen's smooth reply.

"Well but what—tell me what has happened."

"Only Miss Montague is lost."

"Lost! How! Where! When!"

"Read those letters" [pointing to the table]. "They will too fully explain the disgraceful business."

George looked over the pages with a trembling haste, and when he understood
the

the circumstances, swore they must all be false.

Stephen sharply rebuked him, but as their contest is not material to our history, we will pass to the effect which the intelligence had upon Mr. Seymour. For a time, he suspected that he was not right in his intellects, so impossible did it appear to him that Harriet could have been capable of such conduct. Instead of being torn, as might have been expected, by a whirlwind of passion, he was in a stupid calm, discrediting the facts that still his reason forced him to believe; so strong was the evidence which Mr. Stephen Percival, with a well feigned reluctance and with expressions of grief for being obliged by the necessity of the circumstances to distress him, offered to his perusal.

In a state of wretched irresolution—sometimes determining to *write*, sometimes to *go*, to Beverly; then, upon revolving in his mind her apparent treatment of him, previous to his departure from thence, endeavoring

endeavoring to persuade himself to wait with patience, the event—did he pass the remainder of the day and the night following, but unable to endure the conflict, he arose early in the morning with a determination to send a second inquiry to Miss Spencer, when a letter from that lady was put into his hands. She had delayed an answer to the last which she had received from him, because she could not answer it to his wishes, but, when the fatal story was confirmed, she thought it right, however painful on such an occasion it might be to her, to be explicit. The account which she gave, though written with all possible or allowable tenderness to the lost Harriet, was a confirmation of his wretchedness; and as if this was insufficient to complete it, the next post brought him a letter penned by Harriet herself, which extinguished every remnant of lingering belief. This last had not any date but that of Thursday morning. Its post mark, was London.

Not

Not forgetting the circumstance, which has formerly been mentioned, of Miss Montague's being commanded by Mrs. Mitchel and Mrs. Percival to amend an epistle written in a novel from a lady to a gentleman whom, after an engagement to marry, she was determined to discard, the reader will readily conjecture this amended letter is the one which is now to appear. Captain Millemont had not then been seen at Beverly; but there was at that period another scheme in agitation, in the prosecution of which, this manœuvre would, probably, have been equally successful. The letter, directed by Mrs. Mitchel, and sent to the general office, was as follows.

“ SIR,

“ As you, I well know, have a heart
“ alive to susceptible feelings, your com-
“ passion will lead you to soften whatever
“ resentment may arise in your breast upon
“ the subject of this letter, when I affirm
“ that

“ that the task of writing it, is to me, so
“ truly afflicting that I can scarce guide
“ my pen to perform the dictates of justice
“ and necessity.

“ My sincere friendship, you ever were,
“ and ever will be in possession of. My
“ affection—alas ! it is not in my power
“ to guide that to my wishes, or I never
“ would give it to any other than yourself,
“ as my reason approves you, and my heart
“ assures me that I have your esteem ; a
“ sentiment which I so highly value, that
“ the pain of requesting you to withdraw
“ it from me is greater than I can describe.
“ But who can withstand the bias of fate !—
“ for nothing less than fate could surely
“ have drawn me into my present situa-
“ tion ?—A situation, which, I blush to
“ acknowledge, comprises all my wishes.
“ When we last parted, how dreadful would
“ have founded the sentence—*that we no*
“ *more must meet!!!* Yet now I must pro-
“ nounce—must enforce the denunciation,
“ for oh ! my friend ! generosity forbids
“ my

“ my attempting to conceal what I tremble
“ to confess—*that my heart is another's.*
“ After this, what can I say that you will
“ accept ! My esteem, my high regard, I
“ have said are your's, refuse not then the
“ gratitude and friendship of the too much
“ obliged

“ HARRIET.”

The latter part of this letter consisted chiefly of what Mrs. Mitchel called her emendations, and which was so exactly consonant with what Seymour had previously been told, that it scarce could fail of producing the desired effect. Passion now took place of stupidity. Mr. Seymour arose in a paroxysm of rage. The insensibility—the *hardieffe* which he fancied that he perceived in her style, drove him to almost madness, as it was constantly opposed by that early implanted idea of her susceptibility and gentleness, which composed so charming a part of her character, and which had so entirely completed the

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conquest of his affection. The friendship which she promised, he considered as an insult, and in the height of passion sat down to express his resentment upon paper, without its occurring that he knew not where to address her. When this circumstance struck upon his mind, he tore the partly written letter and threw it from him. He then endeavored to regain his reason, and in a short time fancied that he had collected sufficient philosophy (which, in fact, was nothing more than despair) to give up all present thoughts of endeavoring to develope the rise of his wretchedness.

From this period Mr. Seymour entered into the gaieties of the town. With a confusion of sentiments he frequented the most celebrated resorts of the young and dissipated of both sexes, where his figure ; his address ; his understanding ; his vivacity, made him distinguished and courted by the first in the circle of fashion ; and he was soon considered as being at the head of the *beau monde*. It need not, after this,

be

be told our readers that he invaded the peace of his fair companions : such a young man as Henry Seymour, was born to captivate. His mind and manners conquered the soft and sensible, as much as his figure attracted the eye of the more volatile of the tender sex.

About this period Mr. Barker returned to Cambridge, and upon being told by Seymour, for whom he had the most affectionate regard, of the event which, in spite of all his endeavors, “sat heavy on his soul,” he expressed the highest degree of astonishment and shewed some symptoms of unbelief, but a minute’s investigation into the circumstances and a letter from Mr. Ruffel, compelled him to yield his credence to what he, at first, thought an impossibility. The worthy tutor was now deeply concerned for his favorite pupil, and so far from wishing him to attend more closely to his studies, promoted his diversions, being convinced that they would not be pursued but with honor, and well

knowing that college lectures could add little to that fund of erudition of which his young friend was previously possessed. It was not on Mr. Seymour's account that Mr. Barker had been sedulous to remove his little seminary to Cambridge : the Percivals, whose progress in literature had not been so rapid, were, in this particular, the more immediate objects of his attention. Henry was master of every science. His knowledge was universal ; yet so unassuming was his manner that the elders of the College, far from looking upon him with invidious eyes, loved as much as they admired him. But the two eldest Percivals beheld him with increasing ill-will, and this was evinced by a sullen deportment in Robert ; while Stephen put on a countenance of kindness, to cover a malignant and plotting heart, and endeavored with all possible skill, but without effect, to undermine the reputation of the man whom he called his friend.

CHAP. LVIII.

Friendship.

AMONGST the various amusements which now engaged the attention of our Henry, music stood foremost. His soul was framed for harmony; his voice was exceedingly melodious, and he excelled upon almost every instrument. A love for this science led him to frequent a select concert held once a week at the house of a Mr. Eversham, a gentleman of large fortune, who had buried his wife about six months. Her disorder was a lingering consumption, and she having an high opinion of an elderly gentleman who practised physic at Cambridge, Mr. Eversham took a house in that town, where he afterwards found himself so much amused that he was unwilling to quit it; though, as he was father to two daughters, Olivia and Eliza,

it was not deemed an eligible residence for his family. He had likewise under his guardianship the daughter of a deceased sister of Mrs. Eversham's, who had been married to the Earl of Broomley, at whose death, this child (Lady Jane Sommerton), with a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, was consigned to the care of Mr. Eversham and educated with his daughters. Mrs. Eleanor Highman, another sister of his lady's, inspected the management of his family and superintended the education of the young ladies.

At the house of this gentleman Mr. Seymour found himself more at ease than in any other place, Mr. Eversham holding him in high estimation, and Mr. Barker frequently accompanying him in his visits. It may be conjectured that the presence of the young ladies; who were about his own age, were the objects which afforded the principal pleasure to Mr. Seymour in these parties; and certain it is that he always was agreeably entertained in their company;

pany; but the charms of friendship were better suited to the situation of his heart, at this period, than those of love.

The house of Mr. Eversham was frequently crowded with visitants of both sexes. The old and the young; the grave and the gay of respectable characters and manners met here with a welcome reception. It was in these assemblies Mr. Seymour first experienced that genuine friendship for which nature had particularly adapted his soul. He had indeed a very high respect and regard for Mr. Barker, but still it was different from that spontaneous affection which, often upon an early acquaintance, springs up in two congenial minds, and unites them through their future existence. Clifford was the name of the man who awakened in the breast of Seymour this noble principle. The similitude of their sentiments led them to a minute observation of each others manners and a more particular inquiry respecting disposition and principles, during which

time their hearts so insensibly united, that without any formal expressions of future amity, they were FRIENDS in the first sense of the word ; and almost before they were conscious of it, had entered into a bond which some odd and old-fashioned ideas dispose us to believe will survive the ruins of the universe.

* * * * *

We have not for a considerable period found ourselves disposed to pay any particular respects to our admiring readers. Indeed we have been so pressed by the business of our story that we could not find leisure for any compliments ; and we are even now in such haste to proceed with the relation that we cannot give much time to politeness, though we are unwilling to lose sight of that grace, which in the true acceptance of the term is a real virtue. It's semblance indeed—the good breeding of the present age—is a cloak for vicious sentiments ; deceit, easy impudence and
lying,

lying, making a claim to the appellation of politeness.

I was, madam, the other day in company with two gentlemen and two ladies ; one of the first, a dignified character, and one of the ladies a modern *belle* whose education ought to have rendered her a person of morality, yet they both joined with the other gentleman, who is a professed debauchee and a practical libertine, in asserting that politeness consists in speaking untruths with an air of sincerity ; in disguising our real sentiments of the people with whom we associate and in flattering every one with whom we are conversant. A modest young lady about eighteen, ventured to give it as her opinion that true politeness is not only consistent with virtue, but is a virtue in itself ; that it arises, in a good heart, from a general desire of pleasing, and that good nature, joined with good sense, constitutes, when polished by an intercourse with genteel people, the principle they were discussing. She then mo-
destly

deftly referred to Mrs. Chapone's opinion in fupport of her own.

“ Good fenfe and good nature Mifs Emily !” exclaimed the other who was a mifs confiderably her fuperior in age—
“ What have good fenfe and good nature
“ to do with the manners of people in
“ fashionable life ! Pray my dear lay afide
“ fuch antique ideas before you attempt
“ to mix with the world !”—Thus did ſhe purſue her triumph with a loud laugh to the confuſion of the young bluſhing advocate for truth and ſincerity ; while the gentleman, whoſe character called upon him to defend Miſs Emily's ſentiments, bowed a compliment to the decision of the vociferous one ; and the debauchee ſtared impudently in her face, and made her ſuch a flattering ſpeech as could only pleaſe a mind void of both delicacy and wiſdom.

CHAPTER XLIX.

To Kindred of all Degrees.

WE finished our last chapter with a few hints upon politeness, being led rather unexpectedly into the subject by a recollection of the conversation we there recited, and as it may possibly afford some encouragement to the diffident young lady who contended with her noisy senior, we will not apologize to our other readers for giving it a place in these pages, as we deem it our duty to assist the meek and modest, against those bold and forward females, who in the opinion of the shallow and injudicious “carry,” as their phrase is, “all before them.”

Mr. Clifford was the son of a gentleman descended from a noble family, though of but moderate fortune. His age, when he was introduced to Seymour, was about
twenty.

twenty-two, but he did not choose to quit Cambridge, where his finances, too slender to establish a household, enabled him to live genteely. At the death of a gentleman who was upwards of eighty, and who was very infirm and almost childish, he expected to inherit a large estate, and likewise a considerable personal property. This gentleman was uncle to Mr. Clifford's mother, and hated his grand-nephew for no other cause than that of being his nearest relation. He supposed the young man must necessarily have a wish for his death, that he might inherit his property; but this opinion offered much injustice to our new acquaintance, who in a distinguishable degree was nobly disinterested.

This dislike to our heirs, if they are not children, and indeed sometimes if they are, is not, I am afraid, so singular as may be supposed. The sons and daughters of our brothers and sisters used in good old-fashioned times to be considered as our own; but now the case is otherwise. Nephews
and

and nieces excite jealousy. The tenderness shown to them by the common ancestors create an apprehension of their having more than their share of the common patrimony; and their relations, instead of entertaining them with kindness, and exerting their influence to advance them in the world, depreciate and oppress them; insulting them with being dependants on the family; considering them as menials, and treating them with more haughtiness than they do their domestics. If any part of the family estate be entailed upon them, the inveteracy encreases; they are almost ready to suspect them of conspiring their death; and after impoverishing the property as much as possible, leave from them every thing over which they have any power.

Perhaps in the last Age, the love of kindred was carried to the contrary extreme. A contraction of sentiment prevailed at that period which divided the World into petty parties: every one not related by law or lineage, was deemed a stranger; and a

man of another Nation was an object of curiosity to all; and to many of terror. It never entered into the politics of the seventeenth Century, that the Universe was but one family now, or that one Country hereafter, would be destined to receive human creatures from the opposite Shores of the terrestrial Globe !

Friendship and consanguinity have doubtless a claim to the most fervid effects of our philanthropy ; after the demands of these are satisfied, the remains of our power ought to be indiscriminately exercised in promoting the benefit of any object within its reach, whether the atmosphere of Europe ; Asia ; Africa, or America first expanded the lungs of the suppliant ; or whether his adoration is, or is not, conveyed to the Throne of Mercy in the form of words which we ourselves have been accustomed to use on the same awful—the same universal occasion.

But whither have we wandered ! To what height are we soaring ! The Love of
Man

Man, and the Love of GOD are so immediately—so intimately—so inseparably united, both by the Law of Nature, and the Precepts of the Gospel, the last elucidating and enforcing the first, that in meditating on one, we are inevitably raised to contemplate the other, and are virtually taught that Philanthropy is that Grand Scale by which we must ascend the Regions of Celestial Harmony.

END OF VOL. II.



THE MICROCOSM.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

- “ To blend instructive Truths with fiction, ought to be the endeavor of those who write for the amusement of youth.
“ To entice the opening mind to be in love with Rectitude, it is
“ proper to exhibit it in the robe of pleasantry.”
-

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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THE MICROCOSM.

CHAPTER. LX.

Mr. Clifford.

AS the character of our new friend may be collected from what has been already said of him, we will simply sum up our evidence by observing that, with one of the best understandings, he had all the good qualities of the human heart. Every one allowed his person to be genteel and his manners pleasing. His hair and his eyes were dark, and his face by the generality of women was thought handsome. The liveliness of youth appeared in

all his actions, but his disposition was rather more serious than that of Henry Seymour. Friendship, for which his soul was formed, was at that time his ruling passion, as love had never yet disturbed his tranquillity.



CHAP. LXI.

An Apology for the Christianity of our Favorites.

THE misses of the present day will not think our pair of friends the more accomplished for being Christians, and for having real sentiments of Piety in their bosoms: for “Oh hideous!” will the celebrated Janette cry—“What can be expected from two young men who are slaves to the ridiculous prejudices of education! What can *they* do worth recording! How is it possible for any of their actions

“ actions to entertain the imagination of a
“ woman of spirit!”

This young lady, for we are perfectly acquainted with her, will not find any amusement from the relation of events within the bounds of nature. Nothing but what is monstrous or impossible can secure her approbation. She will not, upon any account, allow either her hero or heroine to be degraded by any species of religion; scarcely of morality: we therefore disclaim all intention of pleasing her or any of her sisterhood. It is to the wise and good, or to those who are desirous of being so, that we address ourselves; and of their corrections we shall be greatly more proud than of the favor of such as Janette.

That both Mr. Clifford and Seymour thought for themselves, and thought freely, we will not deny, and probably a century back, the latitude of their sentiments might have been deemed reprehensible by those who insisted upon forms, more perhaps than upon what is now allowed to be of

higher consequence—*internal rectitude in a simpler attire.* The Christian religion will stand the test of the strictest enquiry. To make its beauty conspicuous, it must be stripped of its ornaments, which, like other ornaments, may dazzle weak eyes and raise admiration, but will never create pure and unalloyed affection. To the gospel code, all moral philosophers are indebted for their brightest precepts, though they may sometimes be ignorant of its benefactions, and may ascribe to the light of nature and the aid of reason what is justly attributable to the system of Christianity alone. For what duty can be inculcated which the gospel does not teach ! What obligation of amity enforced that it does not enjoin ! The community at large—private friendship—nay even the highest self-interest is promoted by its precepts. If happiness [as it surely is] be the one great terminating prospect of our existence, what more can man desire than the most unerring directions to compass the point in view ! If
the

the religion of Christianity was instituted by impostors, they were glorious ones, and the illiterate men, who so well understood the interest of mankind, wiser than all their predecessors, or than those who have succeeded them; and far wiser than all those who, under pretence of raising still higher the beautiful, but simple superstructure, would shake its foundation, were it not fixed upon an immovable Rock.



CHAP. LXII.

Several new Acquaintance.

THE sentiments of Seymour and Clifford were so consonant, and their minds so congenial, that there arose between them the most unlimited confidence, and each told the other every past circumstance of his life. Clifford therefore was perfectly acquainted with Miss Montague,

and endeavored to console his friend under the severity of his affliction, which, lively as he naturally was, and gay as he endeavored to appear, time seemed rather to increase than to lessen.

Miss Evertham was a young lady of the most gentle, delicate and timid disposition: her person expressive of the tenderness of her mind; her understanding good and her manners pleasing. With a heart unprepossessed, and more than commonly susceptible, it will readily be conjectured that Henry Seymour was not long in her eyes an object of indifference, as attracted by her amiable qualities, he treated her with peculiar attention and respect. Mr. Clifford was pleased with observing their mutual esteem, as he hoped that his friend would, in some degree, lose the remembrance of Miss Montague: even Mr. Barker presaged some benefit to his pupil from the same cause, and often dwelt on Miss Evertham's perfections: but they were mistaken in their conjectures—Seymour's heart could
not

not admit any other image than that of Harriet, whom he still saw in her native beauty; and his acquaintance with the ladies at Mr. Eversham's had not any other effect than that of amusing him for the moment, and of leading him to compare in his hours of retirement, their attractions, with the far more powerful ones of Miss Montague.

While Miss Eversham almost unconsciously sighed in secret for Henry Seymour, Lady Jane Sommerton was industrious to let it appear that she likewise had conceived an attachment for the same accomplished object, and having observed her cousin's prepossession (which indeed, in some degree, gave rise to her own determined partiality) she took pains to intimate to the gentle Olivia her own expectations of an early avowal of his affection, and that therefore *she* would do wisely to suppress all appearance of her visible predilection. The amiable girl was extremely pained at the

want of generosity in her cousin's behavior, of which she was prudent enough however not to take any notice, only calmly replying that she should be sorry to encourage any propensities which would either render herself ridiculous or interrupt the happiness of others.

The person of Lady Jane Sommerton had many advantages ; particularly in the eyes of the gay and fashionable part of mankind. She was a small woman, with a face rather handsome than otherwise. Her eye was dark, quick and intelligent, and the bloom of health glowed upon her cheeks. The consequence which, in her own opinion, she derived from her birth, fortune and accomplishments, led her to believe that every mark of her favor would be received with gladness by him to whom it should be directed, and being piqued at the distinguished politeness shown by Mr. Seymour to her cousin Olivia, whom she deemed every way her inferior, she determined to draw his attention to herself, which she doubted

doubted not of being able to do upon permitting her approbation of him to appear.

Mrs. Highman had a peculiar affection for her niece of quality. Not because she had a greater opinion of her merits but because she was the daughter of an Earl—a circumstance which in her estimation, outweighed every other advantage. This lady was the eldest of the three sisters; had in her youth received several good offers, and was on the point of marriage with a very worthy gentleman, when Lord Broomley appeared at her father's. A title instantly absorbed all her ideas; she abruptly dismissed her admirer, and never after would listen to any proposal which did not afford a hope of her being addressed by the sweetly-sounding appellation of "*your ladyship*." "Who is he?" "Of what family?" "What connexions?"—were her first inquiries of every man, after the period of her sister's appearing as a countess, who solicited her father's approbation. Mrs. Eversham (married about a year before)

was now an object of her contempt. “My
“plebeian sister” was the appellation which
she generally bestowed upon her, though
she had formerly been her favorite, and
after the death of their father had resided
with her. This gentlewoman, now consi-
derably advanced in life, had not originally
a contemptible understanding; nor was she
naturally of a bad disposition; but the
witchcraft of quality had bewildered her
ideas, and she had no value for anything
more estimable. The title of a *saint* would
have sunk to nothing, when put in compe-
tion with terrestrial honors. As Mrs.
Eleanor Highman was mistress of a large
fortune, and not disagreeable in her ap-
pearance, she was an object of attention to
many gentlemen who wished to marry what
is called advantageously. She had conse-
quently several opportunities of entering
into the conjugal state, but none that flat-
tered her hopes of receiving the varnish of
quality. Indeed just before her arrival at
Cambridge, Sir Samuel Boyden a City
Knight,

Knight, not so rich as City Knights are in general, had been recommended to her acceptance by a gentleman who was well acquainted with her foible : and though Sir Samuel was the father of five daughters by a former wife, Mrs. Eleanor had very nearly closed with his proposal under the persuasion of his being a baronet ; for as she advanced in years, she abated in the degree of dignity upon which she had formerly insisted ; but no sooner did she know that his title was not hereditary than she broke the treaty, being determined never to bring into existence a son and heir who, probably would all his life be doomed to the ignominy of plebeianism.

This objection created some surprise in Sir Samuel, who was impolitic enough to hint his ideas upon the circumstance, which so highly offended the fair one, to whom the intimated consideration seemed new and wonderful, that she immediately prohibited the Knight's future appearance in her presence.

CHAP. LXIII.

A Treaty of Marriage in the Quality Style.

TO Mrs. Eleanor Highman, Lady Jane Sommerton unfolded the wishes of her heart, respecting the invincible Henry. To her she expressed her resentment at the insolence of Miss Evertham in presuming to stand first in Seymour's esteem; relating a dispute with Eliza on the preference which she had said he evidently gave to her sister's company and conversation. Mrs. Highman, notwithstanding her predilection for quality, readily fell in with the views of her favorite niece, from the consideration that the noble origin of the young lady would always secure her a little of distinction, and that it was most likely the gentleman would easily be induced to purchase a coronet for the aggrandizement of his future family, the elder branch of which she had been informed was already dignified

fied by hereditary honors; if the alliance therefore would not augment, it would not in her opinion derogate her original consequence.

Matters once agreed upon, Mrs. Eleanor determined to enter upon the business with expedition; assuring her favorite, that Olivia must soon drop her pretensions, as it could not be doubted but Mr. Seymour would readily embrace the proposals which, in as delicate a manner as possible, she meant to offer to his consideration.

Mrs. Eleanor was not without affection for either Miss Eversham or Eliza, though the quality of Lady Jane gave her so great a preference in the good spinster's opinion, that she thought it presumptuous in them to pretend, in any degree to vie with their right honorable cousin. Her peculiarities were not unnoticed by Mr. Eversham, who was sometimes hurt at the distinction she made between her nieces, but as he was an easy, quiet man, and as she had a large independent fortune, he did not chuse to
dispute

dispute with her on that, or on any other subject. Notwithstanding her partiality to Lady Jane Sommerton, she had frequently declared that if she died unmarried or without children, she would equally divide her property between the daughters of her two deceased sisters, and Mr. Eversham therefore tacitly submitted to her decision in almost everything relative to the management of his domestic concerns.

Mrs. Highman's first address to Mr. Seymour, respecting a marriage with Lady Jane, was couched in such terms as are used in treaties of the same kind between the illustrious houses of Hanover and Orange. She loved the pomp of royalty, and affecting its language, without preparation, demanded the hand of Mr. Seymour for Lady Jane Sommerton; pointing out the advantages which would result from such an union.

The astonishment into which our hero was thrown by this proceeding of the dame's, was considerable, but his quickness
of

of recollection and innate politeness prevented its appearing so evident as to offend. She perceived however his embarrassment and expressed her wonder at his hesitation. On this the truly noble youth, after thanking her for the honor which she intended him, candidly confessed that his affection was too much engaged to permit him to profit by her very obliging opinion of him, which he assured her he should ever remember with the highest gratitude.

“ Gratitude ! Sir,” exclaimed she.
“ What is gratitude ! gratitude is not the
“ only return I demand : my treaty is of
“ a kind that asks a different answer.
“ Lady Jane Sommerton, daughter and sole
“ heiress to John William, Earl of Broomley,
“ Viscount Tattisford, Baron Ballinore ;
“ and of Dorothea Margareta his wife,
“ consents to sink the name, though she
“ will retain the title, of her family, and to
“ quarter the arms of the house of Som-
“ merton with those of Seymour. You,
“ likewise, are of right noble extraction, or
“ this

“ this embassy had not found a negotiatrix in me, but you have no prospect of a title except from purchase, therefore as you cannot *make* your consort a Lady, it would, I should think, be matter of the highest gratification to you to marry one that both by blood and birth is a Lady already. You would not, sure, contaminate your hereditary glories by mixing with mere plebeianism.”

Thus ran she on unceasingly and thus might she have continued to run on without interruption for a much longer period, for Seymour sat fixed in a profound reverie. The sounds, indeed, of Mrs. Highman's voice vibrated upon his ears, but to the sense of her last long harangue he was an utter stranger. Harriet Montague occupied all his ideas. The recollection of her numberless perfections filled his mind, and he only thought of Lady Jane Sommerton to exalt his lost charmer by the comparison.

When Mrs. Eleanor ceased speaking,
the

the sudden silence occasioned Mr. Seymour to start. Instantly sensible of his unpolite inattention to the lady, he endeavored to collect himself, but it was not without considerable embarrassment that he repeated his sense of the great honor, and the prior engagement of his affection, which rendered it impossible for him to accept the proposal without doing the greatest injustice to the merits of Lady Jane Sommerton.

“ You will then oblige me Sir,” said Mrs. Eleanor, “ to notice what I wished to “ pass over ! ” — “ Prior engagement of your “ affection ! ” “ Yes, I pretty well know “ the object of your predilection, but can- “ not suppose you to be so weak as to set “ the daughter of a plebeian in competition “ with the heiress of the Earl of Broomley. “ To be plain with you, Mr. Seymour, I “ mentioned the matter yesterday to Olivia, “ who did not deny what I advanced.”

At that instant the rattling of a carriage and a loud rap at the door of the hall, arrested

rested the attention of Mrs. Highman, who instantly stepped to a looking-glass and adjusted her dress upon an expectation of visitors of quality, but she was disappointed by the entrance of three young ladies who assumed airs of consequence because their name was spelled like that of a noble family to which they were not in any degree related. Mrs. Highman termed them plebeians and "wondered"—to use her own words—"what the tawdry buffies meant by endeavoring to squeeze themselves amongst people of distinction, who only laughed at their pretensions."

CHAP. LXIV.

A candid Acknowledgment misconstrued.

MR. Seymour being released from his situation by the arrival of the visitants mentioned in the last chapter, to whom Mrs. Highman did not chuse to summon any of her nieces, walked, with a spirit much perturbed, into Mr. Eversham's garden, to which, from his intimacy with the family he always had free access. For a considerable period he sat revolving in his mind the circumstances which oppressed him. Lady Jane Sommerton, an admired young woman of quality with a very large fortune, was offered, doubtless with her own approbation, to his acceptance ; her partiality, of course, might be presumed upon. What *could* he—what *ought* he to do in such a predicament?—was his question to himself.

self. Accept Mrs. Highman's proposal, and marry Lady Jane?

Forbid it honor! Forbid it rectitude! —he replied; scarce sensible that love, unconquered love gave a stronger prohibition than either. Harriet Montague reigned unrivalled in his soul. Every other woman suffered in a comparison with that his only charmer. He indulged the reverie which presented her in all her beauties, and saw truth and affection beam from every lovely feature.

It was now impossible to think of Lady Jane Sommerton as his partner in domestic life. He arose, and with firm steps traversed the garden, almost forgetting that his Harriet had renounced him. At length recollecting Mrs. Highman had intimated her having mentioned to Miss Eversham, the subject of his attachment, the knowledge of which he imagined she might have gathered from one of the Percivals, he determined to speak to her upon the circumstance, little suspecting that she herself was
the

the supposed object of his predilection, and that it was under such a persuasion the good lady had, the day before, been talking to her niece, who was too suddenly and sternly accused of her partiality for Mr. Seymour to deny it. Her aunt, indeed, without any preface, gave her to understand she must resign her pretensions to her cousin Lady Jane ; respecting whom, she intended to make proposals to the young gentleman.

The amiable Olivia was nearly sinking to the ground upon this information. Till this moment, she was not conscious how entwined Henry Seymour was with her happiness, nor had she laid any claim to his favor or presumed upon his professed friendship ; but the mandate of her aunt pierced to her heart, and she felt inexpressible affliction at the idea of giving up a man for whom, half an hour before, she was scarcely conscious of entertaining any sentiment but esteem. •

As Mrs. Highman left Miss Everham, her sister entered the room, upon which she
caught

caught hold of her arm, leaned upon her shoulder and burst into tears.

Eliza, who was a lively girl ; of a tender disposition and had a sincere affection for Olivia, was greatly penetrated by her distress, and hastily demanded the occasion : but the afflicted fair could not readily give any answer to the question. She could only, with a sighing exclamation, mention the name of Lady Jane, upon which Eliza caught her meaning, and endeavored to soothe her sister into a belief that an union with their cousin could never meet Mr. Seymour's approbation, his disposition being diametrically opposite to her ; and she was assured he never would barter conjugal happiness for either riches or honor, as he had a sufficiency of both in himself.

Miss Eversham wished to be convinced by her sister's argument, but could not remove the weight which oppressed her spirits. The remainder of the day she passed in her chamber, and saw nothing of Mr. Seymour till the next morning, when he breakfasted
at

at Mr. Eversham's, and was, afterwards, detained by Mrs. Eleanor Highman, as has been related.

CHAP. LXV.

New Perplexity, and the Efforts of Heroism.

MR. Seymour walked out of the garden where we left him a page or two back, with a resolution to request an audience of Miss Eversham, who received his message with a quick beating heart, half persuading herself that he intended to speak in a language more congenial to her own sentiments than that of the esteem which he had hitherto professed.

Hapless Olivia! Thy disappointment was indeed a bitter one! When a pure and tender mind has suffered itself to be invaded by a youth worthy of its affection, what can exceed the distress of being told
by

by the beloved object himself that he is devoted to another—of being made the confident of an attachment which destroys every hope of its own happiness !!!

When Seymour first entered Miss Everham's apartment, he began the conversation by telling her that Mrs. Highman had informed him of her having mentioned the subject upon which he had requested permission to speak in private.

This address confirmed to the blushing, trembling Olivia that her conjectures were not ill founded, which so much agitated her that she was unable to make a distinct reply.

"Sir—Sir—If you please"—were the only words she could pronounce.

Seymour was in some degree surprised at her embarrassment, but as he himself was under considerable perplexity, he noticed it not so much as he otherwise would have done, and proceeded with acknowledging that the unabated strength of his attachment to the remembrance of Miss Montague,
with

with which circumstance he found that she was acquainted, must in justice prevent his soliciting the favor of any other woman ; that therefore he requested her to represent to Mrs. Highman, who he apprehended was offended with him, the ingratitude he must be guilty of to accept the honor—

Lifting at this moment his eyes, which before were rather cast down, to the face of Olivia, he perceived it overspread with a death-like paleness, and upon his looking surprised and alarmed, she fell back in her chair and was sinking to the ground, when he sprang forward and caught her in his arms, at which instant the door of the apartment was opened, and Mrs. Highman appeared.

“ So, so Miss ! you are acting a fine tender farce I perceive”—was the aunt’s exclamation upon seeing her fainting niece supported by her supposed lover. “ But I advise you to be careful how you proceed. Remember I have not yet made my last will and testament. As for you Sir !—If

VOL. III. C “ you

“ you are so grovelling as to prefer a daughter of Mr. Eversham to the heiress of the Earl of Broomley, I shall change my opinion of you, and shall pronounce that the nobleness of your appearance is degraded by your plebeian sentiments.”

“ Upon my honor, madam, you entirely mistake.”

“ Honor sir !”—interrupted Mrs. Eleanor—“ what have you to do with honor ! You despise it. But did she not yesterday as good as own to me your courtship ? Did she not confess her affection ? And do I not now see her very indecorously reclining in your arms ? What young woman who had the most distant affinity to quality would permit such vulgar freedom !”

“ For Heaven’s sake madam !” said the truly distressed Olivia, scarce able to raise her head from the shoulder of Mr. Seymour, who supported her, kneeling by her chair upon one knee, “ do not—do not thus ——” She could not say more ; her eyes

eyes closed, and she was insensible to the entrance of Eliza, who when she saw the situation of her sister, sprang to her assistance. Mrs. Highman, now growing alarmed, rang for some attendants and the lovely maid was conveyed to another apartment.

For some moments Seymour stood motionless. The preceding scene had stricken him with amazement, but starting from his reverie at the sound of approaching steps, he recollected the impropriety of lengthening his stay and precipitately quitted the house of Mr. Eversham. As soon as he retired to his room, he sat down to revolve the circumstances of the day, but the more he considered, the more he was perplexed. That Olivia Eversham, of whose delicacy and truth he was steadily convinced, could convey to Mrs. Eleanor an idea of a correspondence which never existed, was to him one of the most unaccountable circumstances that ever occurred. It never before entered his imagination that she entertained any other sentiment in his

favor than that of a friendly esteem. But entirely free as he was from that despicable vanity conspicuous in every gesture of the generality of our present race of young gentlemen, he could not shut his eyes against the incidents which raised the idea of a more tender partiality. Henry Seymour, unlike the powdered beau whose eye may perchance wander over these pages of our work, did not exult in the conquest he had undesignedly made of the heart of an amiable young woman. He did not sit down and contemplate his own prowess, or walk before a looking-glass to survey, with complacency, his own irresistible figure; nor did he study to keep, without entangling his own liberty, the valuable affection he had gained. No; he sighed, and was sincerely grieved at the event. He looked back upon his conduct, and was apprehensive that he had too ardently expressed his friendship; that the fervency of his language had led the lovely maid to expect an offer of his heart. This idea occasioned him to
censure

censure himself with some severity : yet he had only to lament a total lack of presumption and conceit, for his intention was unfulfilled, and he was unconscious of his own attractions. Deeply concerned for his fair friend, Henry Seymour now began to examine more strictly the state of his heart, and to inquire if it were possible to return the affectionate partiality of Miss Eversham. Carried away by native generosity ; by gratitude ; by the delight of being the means of happiness to an amiable woman, he almost determined to sacrifice the dear idea of Harriet, to Olivia, and was upon the point of springing to Mr. Eversham's to make her an offer of his hand. Thus did compassion and true tenderness incline, in favor of the gentleness, innocence and merit of Miss Eversham, that heart over which neither the honor nor riches offered with Lady Jane Sommerton could prevail. Seymour arose from his seat and walked across the room, meditating in what manner he should declare his intention, and he

C 3

experienced

experienced a considerable degree of pleasure in the premature consciousness of his heroism, when it occurred, for the first time, so absorbed had he been by subsequent reflections, that scarce an hour had elapsed since his acknowledgment to Olivia of another woman's being in possession of his unalienable affection. This recollection staggered him: the impropriety of pursuing his design was flagrant! What could he do! The offer would be an insult. He had affirmed that he could not with *justice* solicit the favor of any second lady; and so soon to act in contradiction to that assertion was impossible.

A secret complaisance now prevailed over the mind of our hero. Honor forbade him to make the sacrifice which a moment before he believed that honor demanded, and which he had brought himself to determine upon with a degree of pleasure; but it was the pleasure that a great mind experiences from the performance of great actions in opposition to its own interest and inclination.

tion. The pleasure of indulgence, was now rectitude. The figure of Miss Montague was allowed to pervade his imagination. He was glad that, without any motive respecting Olivia, he had unfolded to her his situation, and wondered what illusion had led him to form the inequitable design, which he now relinquished, of offering to her a heartless hand.

The recollection of Mrs. Highman's having intimated that Miss Eversham had acknowledged a particular correspondence with him, now recurred and perplexed him. It was impossible to account for this circumstance. He conjectured without coming to any conclusion; and in this uncertainty we must leave him, to finish the chapter, which is already of a convenient length.

CHAP. LXVI.

Contrasted British Females.

THE fair Olivia, whom we left under the care of her sister, was a considerable time before she recovered any composure, the abruptness of her aunt having disordered her much more than even the unexpected and unwelcome disclosure made by her beloved Henry. As soon as she was able to speak, she informed the anxious Eliza of the cause of her discomposure. Her affectionate sister inveighed with much warmth against the partial and indelicate proceedings of her aunt, of whom she declared that she would instantly demand an audience and represent the injustice of her conduct. She likewise said that she would speak upon the subject to Mr. Seymour ; but from this, Olivia requested her to desist, saying she had so strong a confidence in his honor ;

honor; was so assured of his delicacy, and had such an opinion of his generosity, and rectitude of thinking, that she was determined to summon sufficient resolution to speak to him herself, as she thought, after what her aunt had imprudently and erroneously intimated of her having acknowledged a particular correspondence with him, an eclairecissement was the only thing that could prevent such a coolness between them as, if not prevented, would probably deprive her of his friendship and good opinion; a loss, in her estimation beyond compensation. Beside, she believed that she owed such an explanation to her own character, and her sex's delicacy.

Eliza, in pursuance of her resolution, went in quest of Mrs. Highman as soon as her sister could be left with safety, and entered with some show of resentment into the subject of her errand, her affection for her sister urging her to speak very freely on the injury which might result from the incidents of the day. Mrs. Highman was

at first very haughty in her replies, but being at length convinced of her error, she expressed some concern at having made the mistake. She refused however to enter into any conversation with Mr. Seymour on that subject, or on any other, as she affirmed that the man who could be backward to receive the honor of Lady Jane Sommerton's offered favor, was absolutely beneath her notice, and ought to be held in contempt by every one allied to quality. Eliza was, therefore, obliged to rest satisfied with her aunt's acknowledgment of sorrow for the cause of Olivia's indisposition ; though she censured her with some severity for her confessed partiality, as she was not of a quality which entitled her to commence a negociation.

Eliza, on her return from Mrs. Highman's dressing room, met Lady Jane, who with a haughty air said that she hoped Miss Eversham was better than she had been.

Eliza offended by the manner in which she spoke, replied, " My sister is perfectly
" recovered,

“ recovered, for which your ladyship will
“ be more concerned than if she were ill.”

“ Who I child ! I concerned ! Of what
“ consequence is her good or ill health to
“ me, except from the affection I enter-
“ tain for her.”

“ O I know what your affection is,”
replied the other ; “ and I am perfectly
“ acquainted with the excellency and
“ sweetness of your disposition.”

“ Poor thing !” sarcastically retorted
the maid of quality, piqued at the manner
in which her cousin spoke, “ is it afraid I
“ should get its own, as well as its sister’s
“ lovers ! Well do not be very uneasy—
“ when I am settled I will provide for you
“ both as well as I can, if you will but
“ use a little patience.”

“ Your own patience may perhaps have
“ some exercise, if you are in haste to be
“ married,” returned Eliza ; “ and as to
“ your friendly offer of provision, I decline
“ it in my sister’s name as well as in my
“ own, as we should both be very sorry to

“ be united to any one who would listen
“ to your recommendation.” Saying this,
she hastened away and went to Olivia,
whom she found very low but tranquil, she
being possessed of those happy sentiments
which lead the mind to resignation to the
will of Heaven.

How little will the above character of
Miss Eversham exalt her in the eyes of the
modish fair ones of the present day. Piety
is such an unfashionable trait in a young
lady of distinction, that she who merits
what we are so *outré* as to call the hono-
rable appellation of pious, is avoided by
half her acquaintance. “ Oh ! she is much
“ too good for me,” exclaims Celinda :
“ it is time enough to think of another
“ world when we are about leaving this :
“ I should like to be an Angel, it is true,
“ because they are beautiful, but I do not
“ chuse to forfeit my present pretensions
“ for the title to a precarious right here-
“ after.”

“ Pray my good Lord Bishop, would you
think

think there are, within your diocese, many hundred pretty creatures of Celinda's kind? —Creatures who pretend to believe in futurity, yet ridicule and shun, as a nuisance to society, every one who pays any regard to either religion or morality? If your reverence is acquainted with this species of females, generally known by the title of fine ladies, we request you to give them a little wholesome admonition. Let them be informed that there are such principles as good and evil; virtue and vice; and that whatever they may think of their own conduct, it is truly contemptible in the eye of every wise person in his Majesty's dominions. As to their admirers—as shallow and as despicable as themselves—be so charitable as to assure them that these women will make miserable help-mates; spendthrift housewives, and destructive mothers.

If O ye wise and virtuous prelates! you have hitherto been unacquainted with these fair-faced crocodiles, look into the streets

and

and assemblies of your towns and cities—search even your villages and country places, and you will find some of the pestiferous race at every turning. View them, and you will perceive that they are watching to catch the admiration of passing eyes. Listen to their conversation, and hear them in bold and fearless language give applause to the prophane and destroying libertine; ridiculing the conscientious and the modest of both sexes, and endeavoring to bring into fashion, a behavior that in purer ages, would have scandalized a Heathen country.

And now if your lordship will point your view another way, you may behold a levy of beauties of a different description—charmners of the heart as well as of the eye; whose attractions will never fade; whose worth can never be too highly estimated—Lovely; lively; innocent: whose understandings are refined; whose hearts are pure, and who will prove a continual benefit, as well as a source of felicity to the favored mortals of their choice. These, though

though they cannot but be conscious of their superiority over the fluttering misses of the first description, are never heard to speak with severity upon their follies, and though they do not covet their acquaintance, treat them with good nature and complaisance.

Follow, O! my fair perusers! the example of these lovely maids and ever industriously shun those females, though abounding in riches or dignified with titles, whose manners violate the rules of modesty, or whose conversation tends to depreciate the beauties of morality and true religion.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Delicate Distress.

LADY Jane Sommerton, upon being left by Eliza Eversham, hastened to the dressing room of Mrs. Highman; to whom, swelling with insolence and resentment, she recounted her cousin's affronting language and then burst into tears.

Mrs. Highman was extremely displeased with Eliza for daring to insult her favorite, but after soothing her into a more placid humour, she informed her that she had been under a mistake as to the extent of Miss Eversham's confession, who had only acknowledged her own prepossession; and that it now stood evinced that there was no particular correspondence between the parties. The young lady was in high spirits upon this intelligence. Her countenance instantly cleared, and a malicious joy heightened the color of her cheeks.

She

She disregarded his prior entanglement, which she said was only a boyish attachment that would soon give way to the splendor of her alliance, as she would not stop at any measures to accomplish her design, were it only to chastise Olivia Evertham for presuming to vie with her pretensions. The aunt would have persuaded her niece to relinquish every idea of a man who appeared so insensible to the honors offered him; giving it as her opinion that it was a proof of his having a plebeian soul.

“Just the contrary,” said the determined girl. “It convinces me that he has a soul of quality, as his not being dazzled by such prospects, shows that ideas of grandeur are natives in his mind.”

When Mrs. Eleanor found Lady Jane so fixed in her purpose, she ceased to oppose her, promising, at the same time, to do all she could to accelerate the accomplishment of her wishes. With this promise

mise she professed herself to be extremely well satisfied, and retired to her own apartment to plan her proceedings.

Olivia, in the mean time, was consulting with her sister on the method which she should take to explain to Mr. Scymour the business of the morning, without injuring either truth or delicacy, and at length, she determined to write a note, requesting him to favor her with a visit, which she did in the following words.

“ SIR,

“ The perfect reliance I have on your
“ generosity and honor, has led me to
“ resolve upon a mode of conduct which,
“ in the opinion of the lightly thinking,
“ would seem extraordinary if not unjusti-
“ fiable ; but as a strange misconstruction
“ has been put upon my language, and as
“ I am not conscious of meriting the
“ censure I must necessarily have incurred,
“ it appears requisite I should explain the
“ mistake which occasioned the severity of
“ my

“ my aunt’s language yesterday. I there-
“ fore request to see you for that purpose as
“ soon as it will suit your leisure to oblige
“ me with a quarter of an hour’s audience.
“ This effort, I must own requires a great
“ exertion of my resolution, and I must
“ beg you will assist in making my task
“ easy by introducing the subject. In an-
“ xious expectation of your arrival,

“ I am sir,

“ your obliged friend,

“ OLIVIA EVERSHAM.”

Mr. Seymour received the above as he sat down to breakfast, on the morning which followed the preceding events. As Clifford was with him when his servant entered, he only wrote an answer of two lines, importing he would do himself the honor of attending Miss Eversham within an hour.

Seymour had no secret of his own that he concealed from this friend of his heart, but forbearing on the business in question to utter one alluding syllable, he only told
him

him that he had promised to attend at Mr. Eversham's after breakfast. As soon, therefore, as this repast was ended, Mr. Clifford took his leave and left his friend to his engagement.

When Mr. Seymour arrived at Mr. Eversham's, he was immediately conducted by a servant to whom previous orders had been given, into the room in which the young ladies usually received their morning visitants, where he found the sisters expecting his arrival. As soon as he appeared, they arose, but the presence of mind which Olivia had been endeavoring to collect, almost forsook her and she trembled in evident confusion. Eliza was greatly hurt at her sister's discomposure, but it lasted not long, for Henry Seymour with all the grace and elegance that ever was possessed by one individual, hastened to her, and taking both her hands, seated her and sat down by her. He then thanked her for the very great honor which her freedom had done him, and hoped that she
believed

believed him when he assured her of his conviction that every action of her life was not only justifiable but meritorious.

Olivia thus encouraged, went through her purpose with tolerable fortitude, and never appeared in a more shining light than when in the language, and with the manner of modesty's own self, she explained the mistake of her aunt, which of necessity included an acknowledgment of those favorable sentiments a sense of his merit had occasioned; adding that she considered herself under peculiar obligations to the confidence he had reposed in her respecting Miss Montague, as it was a circumstance which would effectually fix her his friend through every stage of her life, with sentiments conformable to his own.

The warmth and the delicacy in which Seymour expressed his admiration of Miss Eversham's proceeding, did honor to his sensibility, and afforded a general relief: the two sisters now spoke with the greatest freedom; and an unfeigned friendship reigned

reigned in the hearts of the amiable trio. Miss Eversham requested to be made acquainted with whatever should happen relative to Miss Montague ; and Seymour, with acknowledgment for the interest which she took in his affairs, promised that she should ; though he confessed, that notwithstanding his affection was fixed beyond eradication, he never expected either to see or to hear from her again. Other conversation ensued, and the party separated ; every one being satisfied with the event of the interview. After this, Lady Jane Sommerton took all possible pains to entrap Mr. Seymour, but vain were all her attempts. He saw through, and despised her blandishments, while he carefully avoided all appearance of disapprobation, lest the consequence should produce a prohibition to his visiting at Mr. Eversham's. The friendly intercourse, was, therefore, continued, and while the gentle, sensible Olivia was regaining her tranquillity, Lady Jane was flattering herself with the idea of being at last successful.

Soon

Soon after the events above related, a party from Beverly appeared at Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer; their three daughters; Mr. Ruffel; Mr. and Mrs. Percival; Miss Percival, and Miss Bullion agreed to visit the University. Where, notice being previously given, they were accommodated by Mr. Barker with handsome lodgings. Miss Bullion and Mr. Stephen Percival conducted themselves as betrothed lovers. Miss Percival took great pains to infuse an idea of a subsisting partiality between herself and Henry Seymour, while Lucy Spencer and Mr. Clifford were soon sensible of a mutual congeniality. Seymour saw the sympathy with peculiar satisfaction, as he was convinced that they were formed to constitute each others happiness. The prospect however was not unattended with pain as it suggested his own lost felicity, and presented an idea, which heaved his bosom with a sigh.

The Beverly party purposing to stay some weeks at Cambridge, they were introduced

to

to the acquaintance of the Evershams, whom they saw, soon after their arrival, at a concert given by the son of a nobleman at Pembroke Hall, upon his coming of age. Lady Jane Sommerton, who knew the connexion between the families, immediately singled out Miss Percival for her particular companion, intending to make her an instrument of her design upon Mr. Seymour, and began her manœuvres by insinuating the predilection of Olivia Eversham. This intelligence Miss Percival so industriously disseminated, that, in a few days it was known through the circle. Clifford was by these means first made acquainted with the circumstance, for so sacredly had the youth of real honor kept the secret, that neither he nor Mr. Barker had any suspicion of it. Stephen Percival, indeed, whose prying temper and native cunning rendered him an adept at discovering a mystery, had long been convinced of both Miss Eversham's and Lady Jane's partiality, but he reserved the discovery till a disclosure could
answer

answer some purpose to himself or his family. When Mr. Barker and Mr. Clifford understood the truth of the circumstance, they wished that their friend could return so prizable an affection. Even Miss Spencer, dear as to her remembrance were the excellencies of her Harriet, could not but acknowledge that she thought Mr. Seymour would be very happy with such an amiable woman as Miss Eversham. But no consideration could prevail with Henry to accede to their wishes, against which he said there were insuperable bars. He added, also that he was convinced the lady would not only refuse the offer of his hand, could he be so lost to sentiment as to make it, but, acquainted as she was with the prior engagement of his affection, would despise him for the tender: that, moreover, he was persuaded, however he might have been honored by her favorable opinion, that, at that period, she considered him in no other light than as a friend in whose welfare, un-

connected with any circumstance relative to herself, she professed to take an interest.

Thus, instead of expressing any insolent degree of pity for the soft heart captivated by the irresistible beauties of his person and dazzling qualities of his mind, as Beau Jefferson would have done, did this noble youth endeavor to obliterate, as much possible the idea which had been disseminated of the fair one's partiality—a mode of proceeding earnestly recommended to the practice of young gentlemen of the nineteenth Century, upon any real or imaginary conquest over the beauties in an assembly, who, probably, only wish to secure partners for the evening, but whose smiles they construe into symptoms of tender admiration, and then industriously proclaim, by intelligible inuendoes, the supposed effect of their prowess, which they even affect to lament.

When the friends of Seymour found him determined in his intentions, they ceased to solicit him upon the subject, and now a
violent

violent animosity broke out between Lady Jane and Miss Percival; each discovering the other to be her competitor for the affection of a man with whom scarcely any disengaged young woman could converse with indifference. He did, indeed, charm every heart. His acquaintance was courted by both sexes of all ranks, ages and dispositions; the good; the grave, and the learned, finding as much pleasure in his conversation as the young and the lively. Vivacious, to almost an extreme, as he naturally was, he had, notwithstanding, a fund of solidity which, though it never made him either pedantic or vain, rendered him a delightful companion to all those who loved to converse on rational topics; yet at a ball—who more gay than Henry Seymour! He appeared exactly calculated for the diversions of the evening. Every lady with whom he engaged looked upon him as her own; every mother was gratified when he singled out her daughter for his partner in the dance.

The two above-mentioned fair competitors could hardly confine themselves within the bounds of decency when they met in public company, but the respect, with which Mr. Seymour treated Miss Percival, as the daughter of his guardian, so enraged Lady Jane, as she construed it into a personal preference, that she absolutely refused making one in any party in which the Percivals were expected to join. For some days this proud girl suffered, on this account, many severe mortifications, but she was soon relieved by a summons which Mr. Eversham received to go to Bath in consequence of the death of a distant relation, by whom he had been left a considerable estate in that neighbourhood, where he afterwards resided.

Removed to a new scene, Lady Jane :Sommerton, soon forgetting Mr. Seymour, continued her endeavors to draw to herself the attention of every smart young man who distinguished her cousins, and was astonished at her want of success ; for notwithstanding

withstanding all her prodigious imaginary advantages; they were both married—Olivia, at the persuasions of her sister and other friends, to the eldest son of an earl, whose rank was his least recommendation; Eliza to a baronet—long before the haughty maid of quality received one proposal to which she would condescend to listen. Expecting a better and a still better offer, she began at last to despair of ever being married at all; and in this humor and satisfying herself with the retention of her own consequence, she gave her hand, without the consent or even the knowledge of her aunt, to a young attorney, whose father was butler to a nobleman. Chagrined and mortified by this event, Mrs. Eleanor Highman, now turned the current of her favor towards her other nieces.

CHAP. LXVIII.

A Letter from the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley to Mrs. Mitchel.

THE removal of Lady Jane Somerton and Miss Eversham, left Miss Percival imaginary mistress of the field. Her fears had, of late, been so strongly excited on account of these two formidable rivals that she had almost forgotten the greater obstacle to her success—Henry Seymour's remembrance of Harriet Montague. She had indeed nearly persuaded herself that though that unfortunate maid must necessarily live in his recollection, she could not be thought of by him but with abhorrence, and that, therefore, there was not much doubt of her own wishes being ultimately completed : so sanguine was this Lady's vanity, increased by her relations ; and so flattering the sweetness of Seymour's disposition,

disposition, which softened his manners even to those whom he disliked, and displayed itself in a constant native politeness to every individual.

About this period, Mrs. Mitchel, who remained at Beverly with Miss Deborah (she not being sufficiently recovered from the illness occasioned by her disappointment, to accompany the party) received a letter from the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley. This was immediately communicated by the insidious governess to Mrs. R. Percival, who with great art and industry circulated its contents amongst the friends by whom she was surrounded.

“ Dear Mitchel,

“ Just as your last reached my hands, I
“ was setting off for Tunbridge and only
“ returned late last night. During my
“ stay in Kent I was so intolerably engaged
“ that I could not find one half hour for
“ any absent friend, or your inquiries should
“ have been attended to, though I could

“ not then have given them any answer,
“ and now that, by means of an interview,
“ this morning, with Millemont’s cousin
“ Fitzgerman, I am empowered to trans-
“ mit you some intelligence, it is with pain
“ that I execute my commission, as I can
“ only inform you of the complete ruin of
“ one of the loveliest girls I ever saw.
“ When she first went off with Captain
“ Millemont, she seemed to expect his
“ instantly making her his wife, and Fitz-
“ german says held out resolutely some
“ time, but was at length obliged to yield
“ to the force of the captain’s battery.

“ You will, my dear Mitchel, excuse the
“ lightness of my dialect : the occasion de-
“ mands a greater solemnity of style, but
“ I chuse the exact words of my intelli-
“ gencer, who farther says that the terms
“ of Miss Montague’s surrender were, her
“ being allowed to wear her commander’s
“ name, and an actual solemnization of
“ the nuptials upon their arrival at Jamaica,
“ or before the birth of the first child.

“ This

“ This account seemed so highly incon-
“ sistent with the idea I had formed of Miss
“ Montague; that had it been given me
“ uncorroborated by her previous decamp-
“ ment with a known libertine, I should
“ not have credited a syllable; but the
“ last being a certainty, who could doubt
“ of the other?

“ The amorous couple sailed for the
“ West last week; not, to prevent pur-
“ suit as it was given out, immediately
“ upon quitting Beverly.

“ It is happy for your reputation Mit-
“ chel that your other pupils do so much
“ credit to your tutorage, else the morality
“ of your precepts might be brought into
“ question. The misses Percival are ho-
“ nors to your name. Miss Debby is a
“ charming creature; yet her sister, it
“ must be confessed, exceeds her. She
“ will be an ornament to her husband, and
“ I congratulate the family on the very
“ eligible union which, Wharton writes
“ me, will now probably take place be-

“ tween her and Mr. Seymour. I always
“ thought they appeared to be much more
“ formed for each other than that gentle-
“ man and the fair fallen Harriet, though
“ I do not pretend to have been possessed
“ of that prescience to which Nanette
“ Beever lays claim, as I did not suspect her
“ of such superlative flyness : nay, I even
“ thought the family, her grandmother, in
“ particular, blameable for the severity with
“ which they treated her, but they are now
“ justified, as it is proved that they were
“ better acquainted with her real disposi-
“ tion than those who judged of her more
“ favorably. Fitzgerman was in raptures
“ with her appearance, which he said was
“ brilliant, and even sumptuous ; indeed,
“ the account he gave of her habiliment
“ much surprised me, as I used to think
“ she looked the essence of elegant sim-
“ plicity ; but I believe when once these
“ kind of young women have parted with
“ their innocence they are in haste to part,
“ likewise, with its semblance.

“ Thus,

“ Thus, my dear friend, have I not only
“ answered your inquiries, respecting your
“ degenerate pupil, but have given you
“ my unasked sentiments upon the oc-
“ casion.

“ And now for a word or two of intel-
“ telligence relative to our old friends at
“ Tunbridge.

“ Mr. Beever has professed himself to
“ be mortally wounded by Miss Wilmot,
“ who with the utmost *sang froid* seems
“ perfectly unconscious of the important
“ conquest. You and I, Mitchel, have
“ seen too much of the world to be de-
“ ceived by appearances, else we should
“ think Miss Wilmot, Diana's own daugh-
“ ter, educated by Minerva. But ah !
“ I beg the chaste dame's pardon. Stranger
“ to *petites amourettes*—the icy fair boasts
“ of virginity unfulfilled, so I must find a
“ goddess more congenial with myself, to
“ honor as the mother of Miss Wilmot,
“ who will not raise my wonder by
D 6 “ showing

“ showing herself as another Miss Montague.

“ My dear Major is married and repents.

“ Miss Shetton still dies for Leeland,
“ and Irwin languishes for me.

“ I am, dear Mitchel,

“ Yours with all sincerity,

“ CATHARINE LUMLEY.”

This precious epistle was received by Mrs. R. Percival at the breakfast-table, in the presence of a large company ; Seymour and Mr. Clifford, being amongst the number. Having an admirable command of her features, her countenance as she perused the letter, was expressive of wonder and deep concern, upon which Mr. Percival asked with anxiety how Debby was.

“ As well as when we left her,” replied the lady.

“ You look uneasy,” returned her husband. “ What is the matter ?”

“ Nay nothing new, nor any thing unexpected,”

“expected,” was her answer, putting into his hand the letter enclosed, which he hastily perused, and returned with saying “What else could she look for?”

The subject was then dropped and a silence of two or three minutes ensued, after which a walk round the town was proposed by old Mrs. Percival, and acceded to by the rest of the party.

CHAP. LXIX.

*Miss Montague's Fall industriously circulated,
yet not implicitly believed.*

THE adroitness of Mrs. R. Percival soon made every one, who had any concern in the business, acquainted with the particulars of the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley's letter. To Mr. Clifford whom, in the course of the walk, she singled from the rest of the company, she

talked

talked upon the subject with an
ance of great concern, and asked
nion respecting the propriety of in
to Mr. Seymour the intelligence
she had received. Mr. Clifford
from an idea of the concern he
would experience on the occasion,
length concluded with thinking
fectly right that he should know
circumstance, as a full conviction
Montague's degeneracy would pro-
bably free him from every remaining
tenderness. When the letter was
to Miss Spencer, which Clifford re-
it might be, previous to its being p-
the hands of Mr. Seymour, she was a-
beyond description, and could fear-
prevailed upon to yield her assent to
dibility, but as its apparent auth-
was too strong to admit of contin-
belief, she was obliged to give up th-
of her Harriet, whose conduct she
endeavored to extenuate—in vain a-
ed to soften the evidence against it

repel the forcible accusations which were brought forward by Mrs. R. Percival. She sighed; she wept, and continued silent. Miss Montague was condemned to ignominy, and Mr. Clifford, after due preparation, put the insidious letter into the hands of Henry Seymour, whom it threw into a temporary frenzy. Had he sooner known the continuance of the culprits in England after their flight from Beverly, he would have explored their residence, and demanded an explanation of their conduct. *Nothing he averred, less than diabolical enchantment, could have drawn from the path of rectitude his Harriet Montague! Infernal arts must have been practised to have seduced such a woman from herself.*

In this manner, in a high tone of voice, did the enraged Seymour for some time exclaim; his friend rightly judging that it would be as ineffectual as unseasonable to endeavor to moderate at the moment the violence of his passion, and when Clifford, in due time, ventured to oppose the torrent,
and

and attempted to represent the matter as a common occurrence, springing from the frailty of womankind, Seymour turned short upon him and with a stern air said "Clifford! you did not know my Harriet, or you would not have talked of her in such familiar language. She was—Good Heavens! what was she not! She was all that mortals can conceive of beings angelic! But Oh!" continued he, after a pause "she is gone; she is lost, and my soul cannot form any idea of future felicity."

After this, he studiously avoided the subject, and whenever any of the Percivals insidiously endeavoured to introduce it, he arose and left the company: all conversation, therefore, respecting Miss Montague soon ceased, and Mrs. R. Percival was impatient for Mr. Percival's proposing to Seymour an union with her daughter while his mind was inflamed with resentment, as she concluded that it *must* be, against the lovely victim of her machinations; but her mother-

in-law advised a delay till the vacation, now approaching, should unite the parties at Beverly Lodge. How far this policy was preferable to the other, we will not take upon us to determine.



CHAP. LXX.

Kind Intentions to some of our Readers.

THE vacation is arrived. Our visitants who were prevailed upon to stay till that period, are preparing to leave Cambridge. The sorrow of Henry Seymour is unabated, though his native vivacity, which, when in company, he permits to disguise the real feelings of his mind, induces the Percivals to believe that Harriet is thence erased, and that Barbara, who is a pretty girl and whose beauties they view through a magnifier, will, of course, succeed to his affection, while she, tormented
by

by jealousy, watches every attention which the friendship of Henry directs to Lucy, and dreads, as many of our readers may judge with probability, lest their mutual sympathy should insensibly lead to a warmer sentiment ; for notwithstanding the congenial attachment between Miss Spencer and Mr. Clifford appears more conspicuous every day, yet as the gentleman has not formally avowed his *tendresse*, Miss Percival trembles with apprehension lest the soft allurements of her cousin should defeat the fond hopes which she has formed.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer see Mr. Clifford with partiality. Mr. Russell and Mr. Barker unite him in esteem with Henry Seymour. Matilda and Caroline Spencer wish to call him brother, while the family of the Percivals dislike him because of his attachment to the Spencers, to whom, notwithstanding great appearances to the contrary, they have an insuperable aversion. Miss Bullion *detests* him for his *insolence* and *stupidity*—we select the lady's own phrases

phrases—for not paying due deference to people of fortune, for he treats *her as if she were not worth a shilling in the world.*

Kind and gentle reader, we have now done with the present tense, and shall lapse into our old dull style of relating past events. If thou art tired, stop at the point to which thou art arrived. We will not lead thee on by promises of better entertainment than what thou hast already experienced, because we may thus perchance baulk thy expectations; but we will do our best to fill the vacuity of thy mind; inform thy understanding, and amend thy heart. We will entice thee to follow the examples set thee by our favorites and to shun the vices of those whom we disapprove. We will paint, in our most glowing colors, the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice; and if thou demeanest thyself with teachable humility, we will give thee all the praise that thou canst desire.

CHAP. LXXI.

*Those who have experienced the Cause will
excuse the Effect.*

WHEN the party we just now left at Cambridge reached Beverly, they received the alarming intelligence that the good old Mr. Spencer was taken dangerously ill about an hour before their arrival. Till this period, he had enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health, which increased the apprehension that the disorder would prove fatal.

The effects of this event on the minds of the inhabitants of Beverly were various. The major part greatly and sincerely lamented it, and offered up to Heaven fervent prayers for the recovery of their venerable friend and benefactor. Even children ran crying to their mothers, when they were told that Mr. Spencer would die, and the
general

general question from one individual to another, when they met, was, "How long is it since you heard anything from the "Aviary?" If the reply was favorable, the countenance of the inquirer instantly brightened, and "Thank GOD," with a real ardor, closed the conversation.

Reader! Thou didst not know our great, our beneficent Mr. Spencer; nor wert thou, I ween, acquainted with that kindred soul of his, which inhabited the form of the gentleman mentioned in the 28th chapter of the first volume of these our labors, by the name of KILDERBEE! If thou hadst witnessed, as we did, the closing scene of the latter, and of its effects upon the people in the vicinity, thou wouldst be able, without our assistance, to form an idea of the general concern which seized the inhabitants of the village upon an apprehension that the end of Mr. Spencer was approaching.

When Mr. KILDERBEE [kind, good, amiable father!—friend!] left these lower
Regions,

Regions, to join congenial minds above, the Parish mourned : the bond of industry was arrested : business stood still ; and silence expressed the universal sorrow which the sudden stroke occasioned.

Reader ! whoe'er thou art that feelest thyself displeased by an apostrophe to a man ever dear to our recollection—ever high in our remembrance, go thy ways. We write not for such as *thou* ; nor shall thy frozen criticism stop, or chill the filial tear which stealeth down our cheek.

Hail blessed Spirit ! And as on Earth thy glory was to aid thy Maker's praise, so now from Heaven come and influence us below to tread thy steps. Be thou our Guardian Angel and keep our souls from evil !

CHAP. LXXII.

Sorrowful Intelligence.

THE close of our last chapter has deprived us of all our juvenile and light-minded perusers, and we have a prophetic idea that our future pages will be opened only by the good and wise ; a number so inconsiderable when compared with the multitudes which incommode our friends, that did we not conceive *their* good opinion to be a vast overbalance to the disapprobation of the trifling many, we should fold our paper, and leave Mr. Spencer to die unregarded ; Miss Montague to be destroyed without a sigh ; Mr. Seymour to be wretched and Miss Spencer to mourn without commiseration, and the rest of our favorites to sink into utter oblivion, without the feeling of any compunction : but encouraged by the smiles of our lenient friends,

friends, we will proceed, and even attempt to entice our disloyal subjects to return to their duty, by promising to entertain them with the joys of folly and the triumphs of vice.

“ Mr. Spencer is ill.”

“ Mr. Spencer is *dying*.”

“ Mr. Spencer is DEAD”—was, by the progressive voice of fame, soon echoed through the village and vicinity of Beverly.

As we have already attempted a faint sketch of the sorrows of the friends of virtue upon an apprehension of losing the exemplary Philanthropist, we will now cast an eye upon those, who from an expectation of some advantage accruing to themselves from the occasion, received the intelligence without a sigh.

“ Is he dead!”—said Mrs. Quaintly.
“ Then Dorcas give me my hat and my
“ cloak and my clogs, and let me run up
“ to the Lodge. Perhaps the news has
“ not yet been sent there ; or if it has, my
“ good and dear friend, Mrs. R. Percival,
“ will

“ will have so much to do, that she will, I
“ know, be glad of my advice and assis-
“ tance.”

Mrs. Quaintly was, in some measure, disappointed. The news had reached the Lodge, but it wanted the confirmation which she was happy to bring, of its authenticity. The family and their partizans now entered into consultations upon the proper and the improper; and great resentment was expressed against *the people about the old man*, as they disrespectfully styled the reverend parent, for not immediately dispatching a messenger with the intelligence: but it was supposed that they staid to concert their measures, and to determine whether they should or should not, immediately quit the Aviary.

“ I thought madam,” said Mrs. Quaintly, “ Mr. Stephen Percival was entitled to
“ the estate upon the death of Mr.
“ Spencer.”

“ Why so he is, to be sure,” replied Mrs.

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E

R. Per-

R. Percival ; “ at least, *I* am, which is the
“ same thing.”

“ Certainly madam,” obsequiously re-
turned the other ; “ but how then can
“ those people hesitate about relinquishing
“ possession ?”

“ Why, Mrs. Quaintly,” said the first,
“ there is an awkward clause in my great-
“ grandfather’s will, which wants explain-
“ ing, as it does not definitively say who
“ is to enjoy the property in case of my
“ grandfather Spencer’s death before the
“ heir arrives at the age appointed ; but
“ there is not much doubt of its being the
“ *parent* of that heir : however, as Ste-
“ phen is so near of age, it would be mad-
“ ness in my sister or cousin to dispute the
“ matter.”

“ Certainly ; certainly.”

“ To be sure.”

“ Certainly”—exclaimed one, then ano-
“ ther, of this precious groupe, which con-
“ sisted of all the Percivals, Mrs. Mitchel
“ and Mrs. Quaintly :

Mr.

Mr. Barker and Henry Seymour were at the Aviary, where the first was in high esteem and the other so greatly favored, that Mr. Spencer always called him the son of his affection.

George Percival was the only one at the Lodge who expressed any sorrow for the event which so many deplored, and he was asked with sarcastic severity whether he shed tears because his brother would be lord of the village.

“ Yes,” said the angry youth ; “ because he never will cut so bright a figure in that station as my grandfather has done, who was, questionless, the best man in the Universe.”

Mr. Stephen was going to reply with a menacing air, when being told that the servant who was ordered to go express to Bullion Bower, waited for his letter, he instantly retired to write, and George walked into the garden to vent his grief without the danger of reproach.

CHAP. LXXIII.

The Percivals in Triumph.

Beverly Lodge, Tuesday morning.

“ **M**Y dear Miss Bullion is already in
“ my idea transformed into Lady
“ Beverly, and she will, I now hope, be
“ very soon the declared mistress of Spencer
“ Aviary.

“ After this it is needless to say that the
“ late possessor is no more.

“ Exercise, my dear madam, your fancy ;
“ prepare your ornaments, and enjoy in
“ prospect the astonishment which the
“ whole country will be under at the blaze
“ of brilliancy you will exhibit upon an
“ ensuing occasion, the delights of which
“ already fill the heart of

“ Your

“ STEPHEN PERCIVAL.”

The

The above was the billet sent by the heir apparent to his elected bride, and beyond expression was the transport with which she perused the fascinating tidings which it conveyed. She was seized with a delirium of pleasure, and actually, in the paroxysm, wrote an answer to LORD BEVERLY, and sent it to the Lodge with that address. She then ran up to her father and mother and acquainted them with the joyful event; congratulating them upon the prospect of her soon being the first lady in the country. She then began to arrange the articles of her intended bridal *habillement*, saying—"It was always my wish to be a mourning bride, there is something so novel and so elegant in the design that I am determined to be married in mourning. The dress in which I mean to make my appearance is silver tissue, which shall be spotted with black and trimmed in festoons with the broadest and finest black lace that can be procured. My ornaments shall be jet and pearls. Jet

E 3. "bracelets

“ bracelets with pearl lockets will have
“ a most beautiful effect upon my arms,
“ which, since I used milk of roses are
“ charmingly improved, and, in *my* opi-
“ nion, show more good blood than those
“ of the girl who ran away from the Lodge,
“ about which, the men used to make such
“ a fuss. Jet for my necklace and ear-
“ rings will likewise be of advantage to
“ the complexion of my face and bosom,
“ especially as the flightiness of my mourn-
“ ing will admit of powder in my hair.
“ My best shoes shall be white satin, my
“ others, black, with jet fastenings to the
“ first, and pearl roses for the second. The
“ ground of my watch case, too, shall be
“ pearls, with jet studs.”

Thus did the Nabob's daughter anticipate the delights of bridal finery, while her admiring parents sat looking first upon her and then upon each other with looks of the fondest approbation. After she had run over all the particulars of her intended dresses, the old people recapitulated the
articles

articles which had been previously agreed upon, respecting jointure; younger children's fortunes, and pin money, till miss recollected it was time to write orders to her tradesmen in London; which she did with all possible expedition and sent off the letters by express.

And now let us leave these exulting people to the only happiness which they are capable of feeling, while we follow the too long neglected Harriet Montague, or, as at this period, she was styled, Mrs. Millemont, through a series of incidents which led to the crisis of her fate;—a fate which affected even the hearts of Mrs. R. Percival and Miss Bullion, invulnerable as they ever had been to the sufferings of virtue, or the fall, with the ruin which generally ensues, of its votaries.

Reader, we again leave it at thy option to “pursue, or not to pursue” the subject of our pages. If thou art amongst the tender of thy species, close the volume, for thy soul will be pained by our relation. If

adamant surrounds thy heart, proceed, for the distresses of virtue, in all her loveliness, will not touch thy feelings. No pang for others can invade thy serenity ; no sigh for the wretchedness of a fellow-creature heave thy unruffled breast. Malus, we envy thee, for thou art defended against that sympathy—that compassion which often tears our hearts for the woes of another ; nor will thy brother's cries, though misery bends him to the ground, destroy one atom of thy felicity. But, Malus, we pity thee, for thou art lost to joys unspeakable—Joys which a frozen mind can never know, but which, as Amator thou canst tell are exquisite—the joys of lessening, by partaking of, a fellow-creature's grief.

CHAP. LXXIV.

*Love—improperly so called; and a few Ideas
on the Sale of our Fellow-Creatures.*

WE left Miss Montague in a situation sufficiently deplorable to excite compassion in the breast of a Spanish duenna, and it would have been an act worthy of the most renowned knight-errants of old Castile to have released her from the giant Millemont, pressing her, as we have said, to look forward to happiness when the gulph of destruction seemed opening to receive her. In vain were her entreaties for him to relinquish his purpose. In vain did she assure him that certain wretchedness to both, would be the inevitable consequence of his persisting in his design (which, at that time, she did not doubt to be matrimony), as it never could be in her power to make such a return of affection as he seemed to desire, or as a


wife ought to give to a husband. To all this he replied that he would trust to time and his own assiduity, which, he feared not, would conquer her prejudices and enable her to reward his *passion*—as he very justly termed it, for affection, in its genuine sense, was a plant of too divine a genus to flourish in the rank soil of Millemont's bosom.

Tired with the contest, she wept and was silent, till the libertine clasped her in his arms, with a rude fervency, and swore that moment was the most rapturous of his existence. The indignant maid, with all her strength, resisted his disgusting freedoms, and, thrusting her head through the window, wildly screamed for assistance; but there was not any near, for the ruffian had concerted his plan with too much policy for her efforts to be effectual. The carriage which conveyed the lovely subject of these pages had been lent by a young nobleman practised in exploits of this nature, and was well adapted for the purpose,
being

being furnished with spring blinds, that could be let down in an instant and which Millemont never failed to use, whenever any houses or passengers appeared in sight; by which means, and by being met, at proper distances, by fresh horses, they reached London without molestation on the following evening. Here the terrified and almost exhausted Harriet, who had refused all the refreshment which Millemont had provided for her, was entirely wrapped in a counterpane and carried into an elegant house in Portland Place. It belonged to the same nobleman who had accommodated the Captain with his chaise, and who had also left for his friend's use one of his carriages in town; his lordship being, at that time, at Bath, for the recovery of his early decayed constitution.

The wretch, who received the distressed beauty, was a practised pander, whose manners were perfectly genteel, and who appeared a man of fashion. His wife, equally polished with himself, and equally qualified

for the very honorable employment for which his lordship had selected them, was the daughter of an honest farmer who, contrary to his own judgment had suffered his wife to give her an education greatly above his situation. This injudicious measure had the ill effect of disposing her to listen to the adulation of the landlord, and in a short time, to fall a willing sacrifice to his allurements, a circumstance which broke her mother's heart and shortened the days of her father. After her lover was tired of his conquest, he proposed her as a wife to the confidant of his amours, who readily accepting the offer, received a very considerable sum for his compliance. This finished pair entered very warmly into each other's views, and losing their patron soon after their union, set up for themselves, and in a short time obtained so superior a reputation for *being useful*, that the noble lord, in whose house they now resided, determined to monopolize their services, by the settlement of a

 handsome

handsome annuity for the term of their joint lives, and a residence in one of the many houses of which this illustrious pillar of the British Senate was possessor. Fortunately for the purposes of our military gentleman, this Mr. and Mrs. Blarney were now housekeepers for his lordship in Portland Place, where he had purchased a tenement which, on account of the privacy of the back apartments, seemed purposely framed for mischief.

When Miss Montague was released from her cotton fetters, Mr. Blarney was the sole object that appeared in her view ; the captain being gone to give directions to the servants, who were to continue with him, and to consult with Mrs. Blarney the best method of procedure. As she gazed around her in astonishment and terror, her skilful attendant in the most consoling language requested her to be comforted and easy ; assuring her that she was in a house where she would be protected from every ill, and
that

that he should be happy to render her every possible service.

The distressed Harriet immediately caught hold of the hope which this address afforded, and clasping her hands with supplicating ardency, sprang from the chair, upon which she had been seated, and threw herself upon her knees at the feet of Blarney without his observing her intention in time to prevent her. In this posture she was beginning to thank him and to implore his protection, when the door was opened and captain Millemont entered, introducing Mrs. Blarney. Harriet now relapsed into her former terrors, and sank upon the floor, from which Millemont and Mrs. Blarney lifted her, and carrying her up stairs, another female attendant was summoned, who assisted the lady procurefs in putting her to bed. When she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, she demanded of Mrs. Blarney, who was sitting by the bed-side, *where she was, and under whose protection?* The experienced woman, putting on an
air

air of tenderness, assured her that she was perfectly safe ; that no harm was intended her, and that she might rely upon her for protection.

Harriet looked at her ; hesitated, and doubted ; for she thought that her countenance indicated duplicity ; but Mrs. Blarney most strongly protested that notwithstanding she had been prevailed upon by *her cousin Millemont* to receive (as she had been led to suppose) his intended bride, she was a woman of too much *conscience*, and Mr. Blarney a man of too nice honor, to permit any undue proceeding in her house.

Harriet was still apprehensive ; but totally overcome by fatigue, she yielded to the power of sleep, after having, with difficulty, been prevailed upon to take a little nourishment. A female servant, devoted to her employers, was left to attend in the room through the night, and Mrs. Blarney joined her husband and the captain in the supper room, where it was agreed that every
method

method of persuasion should be used to procure Miss Montague's consent to the wishes of her lover, as he falsely styled himself; that if her principles were inflexible, he would propose marriage; taking care, however, not to be legally fettered, and that, if this was rejected, she must thank her own obstinacy for ensuing consequences, as after their arrival in the West Indies, for which place he expected to sail in a short time, he would repay himself for his trouble, either with or without her consent. Till this period, she was to have all the liberty she could desire within the house, but not, on any account, to be allowed to go abroad.

Mr. Blarney thought Millemont had arranged the business very properly, and applauded his not intending to proceed to violence in Portland Place, as notwithstanding the convenience of the back rooms, if her resistance was attended with screaming, the people at the next house, who were strange precise creatures, might catch the sound and make impertinent inquiries.

quiries. Mrs. Blarney likewise spoke approvingly, but hinted that she thought his restraint might cease upon their going on board the ship, and that the commander ought to be prepared to expect Captain and Mrs. Millemont. The gentleman was pleased with the intimation; told her the plan should be pursued, and asked her to procure a proper person to attend *his wife* to Jamaica. Mrs. Blarney assured him that he could not meet with a young woman of greater fidelity than Hannah Jenkins, the girl who was then attending Miss Montague's bedside, for she believed nothing could corrupt her but gold; which, she presumed, the captain was too well experienced to permit his lady to possess. Hannah was proof as Mrs. Blarney was positive against prayers and tears, having no ears for the language of complaint on occasions of the present nature.

Thus was the destruction of our Harriet determined upon by three villainous conspirators, who paid no regard to the weight
of

of distress which the prosecution of their plan must inevitably heap upon the devoted victim:—and who deliberately resolved upon destroying—possibly the future, certainly the temporal felicity of one of the most amiable young women in the universe, for no other reason than that of her being beautiful; accomplished, and meriting the esteem of all who had any knowledge of her.

Captain Millemont was in love with Miss Montague! He adored her! It was she only who could make him happy!

What a prophanation of language! What an inversion of meaning!—for it follows—*And, therefore, he would render her the most wretched of existing creatures, and an object of contempt to all by whom she was formerly respected.*

Ye Millemonts of the Age! draw near. Hear, with detestation, the recital of your enormities, and avoid a recommission of crimes which mark, with infamy, the name of MAN! Ye advocates for the iniquitous
traffic

traffic of your fellow-creatures ! rejoice ; for while destroying libertines exist ye shall not be deemed the most atrocious of your species : for ye only ruin the worldly felicity of thousands—only lay waste united families and happy countries—only tear children from parents ; parents from helpless children ; husbands and wives from each other's fond embraces, and divide the dearest friends for their remaining term of years in *this* state of existence, after which, in that blest region where

“ No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,”

they shall be reunited in never ending joy, whilst ye, sinking under their accusation, shall be doomed to perpetual slavery in the only place calculated for the punishment of your crimes : but the libertine, who often gives death to both the body and soul of those whom he has ensnared, shall have the additional torment of being continually goaded by the wretches who were, by him, conducted

conducted to the horrid scene of their mutual punishment !

Yet vaunt not too much O ye fordid purchasers of human flesh ! that there are in the Creation finners of a still blacker hue than yourselves ; for deadly dark must be the corners of your flinty hearts. Your advocates—what cause is so bad as to be destitute of a pleader ?—your advocates advance the *necessity* of slaves to cultivate the Western Lands ; but we deny that such necessity exists ; and we deny it logically. Nothing can be necessary that is evil ; and that this practice *is* evil, may very easily be proved ; *therefore*, it cannot be necessary.

If your lordship and Sir Judas are so hardy as to refuse your assent to our assertion, that the sale of human creatures is an evil, the first question which we will ask you, is, whether an African be naturally inferior to an European in point of uncultivated intellect ? To this we conclude, as we suppose you to be possessed of common sense, that you will answer—No.—Say, then, what would

would be *your* sensations on seeing a hundred Englishmen dragged from their native shore—(whether without, or with, the authority of their king)—chained, and confined on board a trading vessel, and knowing that they were torne from their distracted friends for the purpose of performing the work of horses and of oxen ! What would be your sentiments of their *purchasers* ? And what your tortures, were any one of your own children to be seized by the ravagers !

Gracious Heaven, that any man who calls himself a Christian, can give his voice in favor of such execrable proceedings—such tolerated barbarity !!! That any nation which professes to believe the Gospel of Christ, can hesitate to abolish a traffic so diametrically opposite to its divine injunctions !!!

It has been urged that these Africans, till employed by Europeans, are a set of people entirely useless, and that we, kindly,
endeavor

endeavor to render them beneficial to the universe!

Blind! ignorant! stupid! sordid wretches! To suppose that the Almighty Father created thousands of rational beings for no end—no purpose! and that we have been very meritorious in discovering a method to make these supernumerary people of service to the rest of their species, by employing them in business for which, GOD and Nature omitted to qualify them! If the work of brutes *was* to be *their* work, we could teach the Great Omniscient to do much better than He has done: we could instruct him to send this part of the human race into this world without the reason with which it is requisite that *we* should be endued; and by taking care to blunt the edge of their sensibility; by preventing their having any sentiments of affection or friendship for their own species, AND *by rendering them inaccessible to torture*—to prepare them for the condition which is allotted to them.

Will

Will our readers excuse the above digression upon the miseries of thousands of their brethren now slaves in Christian territories? Will they heave the sigh of pity and drop the tear of sympathy upon human woes? Or will they, indignantly shut the book and descant upon the absurdity of mixing such a subject with the incidents of a novel?

But again let us remind our censurers that we are not amenable to their judicature. We are sovereigns in our own province, and consider ourselves as superior to every petty critic who shall presume to display his unripened judgment upon our performance.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Portland Place.

WE have given Miss Montague a long night's rest. Her sleep was sound and refreshing, notwithstanding the apprehensions under which she closed her eyes; and she arose in the morning perfectly recovered from her fatigue, though not relieved from her suspicions and alarm. She determined however to be as collected as possible, and to use every method to engage the friendship and assistance of Mrs. Blarney. But our Harriet had another—a greater resource. However unfashionable and, of course, contemptible, it may render her in the eyes of fine ladies and gentlemen, she raised her mind to Heaven. She implored protection of the Almighty, and in Him placed her confidence, while she prayed for death, or for deliverance.

As

As it was in Mrs. Blarney's instructions to endeavor to procure the good opinion of Miss Montague, she conducted herself with the utmost decorum; and talking in the language of virtue, lamented the infatuation of Mr. Blarney respecting *her cousin* Millemont, to whom he was so extremely partial, as always to comply with all that gentleman's requests. From this cause proceeded the restraint under which she was sorry to say that she had been compelled to promise to keep Miss Montague during her residence in her house, where she should be happy to make her abode as agreeable as a confined situation would admit. Mrs. Blarney then artfully painted, in glowing colors, the ardency of Captain Millemont's affection for her lovely prisoner, and enlarged upon the beauty and elegance of his person; the brilliancy of his understanding; the sweetness of his disposition; the magnificence of his fortune; the consequence of his connexions, with the reputation which he had acquired in the line of

his profession; and summed up the whole with an observation that his lady would be one of the most envied women in England. She was astonished, as she observed, on finding, *since her arrival*, that the violence of the captain's passion had impelled him to take an undue method of endeavoring to secure so lovely a prize; but she must needs say that the temptation would almost excuse the action, which she hoped a short time would induce Miss Montague not only to pardon, but reward.

To the above harangue, Harriet listened in almost perfect silence. Her grief, at first, prevented her from speaking, and as Mrs. Blarney proceeded, her manner and the turn of her countenance, notwithstanding she used all possible circumspection, infusing into the mind of Miss Montague a suspicion of duplicity, she instantly determined to be upon her guard, and to forbear saying anything which might inflame her goalers, or precipitate her wretched destiny. As she endeavored therefore to
assume

assume an air of serenity, Mrs. Blarney was persuaded that she would, in process of time, be induced to yield to the wishes of the captain. This idea she imparted to the two gentlemen below stairs, and it was in consequence agreed that Miss Montague should not at present be too strongly solicited; much less be treated with violence, as Millemont had so much sentiment mixed with his passion, as to lead him to wish for a continued, rather than a transient engagement. Our Harriet, therefore, enjoyed full liberty within the house; had free access to a large and tolerably well furnished library, with permission to use pen, ink, and paper, though not to dispatch any letters. She, however, addressed her writings to her Lucy, with a hope, that some incident might favor her transmitting to Spencer Aviary an account of her distress and of her residence: for being allowed to go in company with Mrs. Blarney, into the upper front rooms, the windows of which were well secured, she perfectly knew to

what part of the Town she had been conveyed, as (though the circumstance was not sufficiently material to our history to be mentioned) the Percivals had frequently made excursions to London, during her residence at Beverly, and she never was left behind.

Day after day, did Miss Montague watch and wait in vain for an opportunity of taking some step to procure her own enlargement. Every avenue to an escape was strictly guarded, and every possibility of conveying a letter out of the house, precluded. Reading and writing employed one great portion of her time ; but when Millemont was at home, she was obliged to hear his professions of affection, to which she seldom gave any other answer than that she was too much in the condition of a slave to talk upon a subject which required the determination of free-will. She urged sometimes on these occasions with unrestrainable vehemence, for the liberty of which, with unparalleled audacity and injustice,

justice, he had deprived her. To this, he made the replies usual on such occasions—that the little hope he had of being the object of her choice while she resided at Beverly—his unbounded affection, which rendered it impossible for him to think himself blest without her—his determination to make her the happiest of woman-kind, &c. &c. had impelled him to proceed in the manner which he had done—that he never could set *her* free till she had consented to bind *him*, and that she must be cautious not to drive him to acts of desperation; a menace which had at one time, so great an effect upon her, that she fainted; fell from her seat, and sank at his feet. By this circumstance he was, in some degree, affected; but Mrs. Blarney entering the room on his ringing the bell, he was by her intimations almost led to think that the fainting fair would be more reconciled when all was over, and was tempted to use the dreadful opportunity of ending that part of her distress occasioned by suspense.

But Miss Montague's fainting was attended with convulsions, and her situation appeared so alarming that every fiend in the house (for the servants all knew the business for which they were selected) was sedulous in assisting her recovery. After this, the captain laid aside all intention of proceeding to extremities till his entrance on ship-board, and the terrified Harriet was deterred from again expressing, in such strong terms, her indignation at being a prisoner; though she never would tarnish her sincerity by giving him room to hope that she would favor his address. When she was left to herself, her reflection a second time almost overpowered her senses. The idea of what her beloved Henry would endure, and what construction he would be led to put upon her disappearance, had always been the sharpest pang which her bosom knew, and at this juncture it so strongly recurred that it drove her to the verge of distraction. Terrified as she was, when she was first seized by Millemont and his myrmidons,

myrmidons, she was yet sensible by the conduct of the Percivals and of Mrs. Mitchell (which afterwards, more than at the time, struck upon her imagination), that they were necessary to the outrage committed upon her ; and as she did not doubt that their motive for the commission of so barbarous an act was to remove her as an obstacle to the views of Miss Percival, she naturally concluded that they would represent her conduct in very dark colors to her Henry : but she endeavored to console herself with frequently perusing the letters which had passed between them, during the several days of her confinement at Beverly ; having kept in her pocket-book those of Mr. Seymour and copies of her own, that she might show them to Lucy at their first interview. She was, likewise, more easy with respect to Miss Spencer, from the recollection of what she had written to her during the same period ; little thinking that the elucidating letters had never reached the hands of those kind, ten-

der, faithful friends to whom they were addressed, but had served as subjects of ridicule to the most destroying fiends that ever disgraced the name of women.

Hapless Harriet!! We lament, we deplore thy miserable fate! and are grieved that the truth of thy destiny commands us to proceed with an account of thy distresses, which we wish that we had authority to say had now reached their highest point: but alas! the heaviest pressure was yet unborne—the pressure which crushed her almost to the ground, and rendered her one of the most wretched of her sex.

As Millemont was desirous to amuse Miss Montague, and to render her confinement as little irksome as possible, he ordered a printer to supply her with the productions of the day; such as newspapers, magazines; reviews; light pamphlets, &c. that it might not appear that they were sent on her account, he directed them to be carelessly thrown upon the table in the library. Wandering about in a truly
“melancholy

“ melancholy mood,” she sometimes took up one or other of these publications, scarcely knowing what she did, or what she read, and merely because her own ideas were insupportable. It was in one of these hours of vacancy, that she accidentally unfolded a morning paper which had lain there several days, and skimming over the contents, a passage printed in rather distinguishable type, caught her eye. She read a line. She started. She attempted to read on, but was almost prevented by agitation. Her eye sought the end of the paragraph. She was still unassured of its import, and therefore began again, and, at length, reached the conclusion.

Our susceptible readers will quickly be alive to the feelings of the fair sufferer, when they peruse the copy of the paragraph by which she was so greatly affected, and which we here give verbatim.

“ The elopement mentioned in a former paper, of a beautiful young lady
“ from B-v-rly Lodge in a County not far

“ from that of Middlesex, with the gallant
“ Captain Millemont, is likely to be pro-
“ ductive of an immediate union between
“ Mr. S-ym-r, the deserted lover and Miss
“ Sp-nc-r, the bosom friend of the fair run-
“ away. Matters were instantly put *en*
“ *train*, as the young gentleman (contrary
“ to the wishes of his guardian, who in-
“ tended him for his own daughter) went
“ post to Sp-nc-r. Aviary upon information
“ of Miss M-nt-g-e’s infidelity, and offered
“ himself to Miss S. who, with the ready
“ concurrence of her friends accepted his
“ *tendresse*.

“ The fugitive fair embarked with her
“ military lover, the day after her arrival
“ in London, on board the Ceres, bound
“ for the West Indies, were the gentleman
“ has a considerable estate.”

With amazement—with a disbelief of
the evidence of her senses—with a persua-
sion that she was under the illusion of a
dream, did Harriet peruse the above intel-
ligence. Again she read it; and again;
still

still endeavoring to persuade herself that her eyes had deceived her. For a few moments, she laid down the fatal paper and endeavored to collect her powers of reasoning, but in vain ; the paper was again resorted to ; she once more read the passage over in astonishment and casting her eyes down lower, the following, amongst the articles of births, &c. presented itself.

“ Yesterday was married at St. John’s
 “ Westminster, by the Lord bishop of
 “ Norwich, Henry Seymoar, Esq. of Mar-
 “ tin’s Priory Leicestershire, to Miss Spencer
 “ of Spencer Aviary. The gentleman is li-
 “ neally descended from a noble family, and
 “ has a handsome estate. The young lady
 “ is perfectly accomplished and amiable,
 “ and will have a large fortune : the union
 “ therefore is a circumstance perfectly
 “ agreeable to the relations of both the
 “ parties.

“ N. B. Our second column which con-
 “ tains the paragraph relative to the elope-
 “ ment of Miss M-nt-g-e, was printed off

“ before we were favored with the preceding article. We did not then imagine the marriage would have been so speedily celebrated.”

Nearly petrified by astonishment, Harriet held the paper in her hand some moments after her eye had reached the last syllable of the above. She then ran to a window in a paroxysm of despair, thrust her head through one of the squares and seemed as if we wanted to burst the bars and jump down ; but her strength failed ; her reason was overturned, and she fell upon the floor in convulsions. The windows of the library opened into a back square surrounded by the offices belonging to the house, and the broken glass, falling on the pavement, alarmed the servants in the kitchen, who ran upstairs to Mrs. Blarney to acquaint her with the circumstance. On this alarm Mrs. Blarney hastened into the room and found Miss Montague upon the carpet entirely senseless and the handkerchief upon her neck stained with

with blood. She thereupon immediately rang for assistants to convey the seemingly expiring Harriet to her bed, and Mr. Blarney hastened to summon Captain Millemont, who was that day gone to dine with a nobleman in St. James's. When the gentlemen returned, they met Mrs. Blarney upon the stairs in the greatest fright imaginable. Miss Montague was ungovernable. She had recovered the use of her senses, but her reason was gone. She raved, and struggled for liberty; threatening destruction on all who opposed her going out, and vehemently insisted upon being her own mistress. With the assistance of the servants, Mrs. Blarney had endeavored to secure her arms, and stop the bleeding which issued from a wound on one side of her throat, given, as it was conjectured, by herself; but she could not effect her design, for the strength Miss Montague exerted on this occasion was astonishing. She furiously pushed away every one that approached her, and tore

off the bandage which they had put round her neck ; so, that locking the door, they thought it best to give way to her, in some measure, till the Captain's arrival, as by struggling they were apprehensive of increasing the bleeding, and by sending for medical assistance, they might expose themselves to detection : for Harriet in her frenzy, though as yet unacquainted with the full extent of their infamous designs against her, was perpetually charging them with being accomplices in her destruction.

When Millemont and the Blarneys entered the room, she sprang to the door and driving backward the lady as she followed the others, attempted to force her way into the gallery : but the Captain caught her in his arms, and with the most soothing words entreated her to be composed, assuring her that a coach should be called, and that she should go wherever she pleased, provided she would permit Mrs. Blarney to wash the blood from her neck ; dress the wound, and put her on some clean linen, as it
would

would be highly improper for her to appear abroad in her present condition. For a moment she seemed to listen, and looked as if she was considering upon the matter ; but presently she startled, and cast her eyes about in wild confusion ; then talked in incoherent language and again insisted upon going abroad *that moment*. After some time, her spirits subsided and she sat in a kind of stupor, during which, they washed, and inspected the wound, which (not thinking about the broken window) they still concluded that she had herself occasioned. Mrs. Blarney, at Millemont's instigation, gave her a cordial of a composing quality ; a dose in which this dexterous dame was perfectly skilled ; having several times administered it to stifle a sense of that distress which it had first assisted to create. Harriet, overpowered by previous contention, soon yielded to the powers of the somnific cup, and then they ventured to send for a man [he did not merit the appellation of a gentleman] of the faculty,
wit

with whom Mrs. Blarney had some acquaintance. The wound—upon examination found to be slight—was then dressed and some restorative drops ordered to be administered as soon as she should awake. When he had discharged his office, the man of medicine took his leave, carrying with him some suspicion, which he deemed it would be most profitable to keep to himself, respecting the truth of those circumstances to which he had been a witness.

For several days, the lovely object of the Captain's attention, continued in a state of delirium, and her fever increased with such rapidity that all her persecutors were alarmed with apprehensions for her life: at length however the goodness of her constitution surmounted her disease, and she was judged to be in a state of convalescence.

The sagacious reader need not be told that the paragraphs in the newspapers which had so deeply affected Miss Montague, were of Millemont's fabrication. He had,
indeed,

indeed, bribed the printer to alter the press for the one last struck off: and this produced in part the effect which was intended by it, as it persuaded her that Seymour was for ever lost to her, by his union with Lucy Spencer; but it created no alteration in her sentiments respecting the Captain. Her rejection of him was founded upon principle.

During the period of Harriet's illness, Captain Harding, the commander of the vessel, whom Millemont had engaged to carry himself; *his lady*; two men and one woman servant, to Jamaica, informed him that he should be ready to sail in a few days. This was a perplexing piece of intelligence, as Harding was a man who would not openly aid an illegal measure, though he would connive at what he called a trifling breach of the laws, provided the bribe was sufficiently large to overcome the whisperings of his almost conquered conscience. However, upon hearing a fabricated tale respecting *the unhappy derangement*
of

of Mrs. Millemont, on account of her having been detected in an improper situation with an Officer in the Guards, Harding, who pretended to believe what he suspected was false, agreed to receive the lady on board his ship while under the influence of a powerful narcotic. This Millemont suggested as a necessary expedient, assuring Harding that she had not only refused to go with her husband, as she had previously promised, to his West-Indian Estate, but had insisted also upon being separated from him by formal articles.

Preliminaries being thus arranged between these two noble commanders, Mrs. Blarney was commissioned to procure proper apparel and other necessaries for the devoted Harriet. She was to be attended in her voyage by Hannah Jenkins and the two footmen, who had long been retained by Millemont on account of their adroitness in managing his intrigues.

At length the fatal hour arrived. Miss Montague, by the force of medicine, was
thrown

thrown into a deep sleep ; put into a chair, and conveyed on board the ship in so gentle a manner that she never awoke till several hours after it was under sail. The dose indeed was so strong that it had nearly saved her from all subsequent distresses. When she first opened her eyes, she looked around her in astonishment : but, seeing Hannah at her bedside, she thought herself scarcely recovered from a dream, and after asking for something to drink, closed again her still heavy eyes, and remained perfectly quiet till a sudden motion of the vessel occasioned her to start up in her bed, and give a faint scream. Millemont now approached, and seeing her look wildly (for having been sensible of her former delirium, she believed that her reason had again deserted her) he endeavoured to soothe her with all the tenderness which he possessed, and upon her demanding to know where she was, he acquainted her by degrees with the truth of her situation.

And now, reader, we confess ourselves unequal

unequal to the task of describing the distresses of the truly wretched Harriet. The poignancy of her grief can only be imagined by those who, in some degree, have experienced similar anguish.

Pause here awhile my good friends; shut your outward eyes, and let fancy present Miss Montague in the confined cabin of a West-Indiaman, upon the bosom of the deep; sea-sick, and otherwise extremely ill; deploring—not simply the loss of a man for whom she had the purest and most fervent affection—and of a friend whose sympathy had hitherto softened all her sorrows, but in the union of these two, under the belief of her perfidy and depravity, an event which must render it impossible for either to be restored to her. The loss of their good opinion—the detestation with which they must think of her, was the severest part of her affliction. Could she have hoped that they remembered her with affection—that they pitied her destiny, and sympathised together for her loss, it
would

would have softened the sense of her sorrows: but to be considered by Seymour and Lucy Spencer as a deceitful, wanton, degenerate creature—as having preferred a man of *Millemont's* character—it was more than she could support. The deprivation of her other friends—the sentiments of the world at large, grievous as in themselves, were these considerations, appeared as trifles, when put into the balance, with the loss of Henry and Lucy. To fill the measure of her woes, she was entirely in the power of a *lawless* and abandoned libertine, of whose vile designs she could no longer entertain any doubt: for Hannah (more gross than Mrs. Blarney, whose specious manner and assumed gentleness, veiled, in some degree, her fraudulence,) talked to her in a language that shocked her sense of hearing, and disclosed the horrors of her prospects. Captain Harding addressed her as the wife of Millemont; and the two footmen impressed the ship's crew
with

with a belief of their mistress's faulty conduct towards her husband.

Thus was every resource, every ray of hope and comfort shut from the view of our poor Harriet. Without friends—without money to purchase assistance [for Mrs. Blarney, during her illness, had taken out of her pockets every sixpence, under pretence of its being impolitic to leave her the power of bribing her attendants]—what could save her from the destruction which awaited her!



CHAPTER LXXVI.

The Voyage.


THE ways of the Wisdom of Providence are unsearchable; and its goodness is a solid rock of never-failing defence to all who rest upon it in confidence. It never did—It never *will*—It never CAN deceive them.

The

The great—the Divine system of Christianity, disincumbered from the obscurities in which its pretended friends have involved it will infuse its consolation through the deepest adversity ; and with its “ small, “ still voice,” will assure its suffering votaries that the morning will at last dawn upon them, and that their souls shall again know peace and gladness.

Harriet Montague, young as she was, and gay as was the disposition which she inherited from nature, drew her support from the great resources of religion: a circumstance which, as we are apprehensive, will so far degrade her in the estimation of persons of the *ton* ; that the consideration of her youth ; beauty ; understanding ; sweetness of temper and various accomplishments will perhaps be insufficient to reinstate her in their regard. But she was more than paid O readers ! for your scorn, by the consolation which she received from her hope—her confidence in Infinite Clemency. Ye are not, ye unlearned in this science !

science! to suppose that she was happy, or even tranquil in her situation. No; she was weighed down by grief: she was oppressed by accumulated sorrows, and the most horrid prospects were presented to her view. Nay, sometimes despondency prevailed, and reason seemed to dictate to her that future happiness was an impossibility which she must not hope to attain. She would then wonder that she could ever cherish what she would then call so delusive an idea. *For had she her liberty, to whom could she fly for protection! The whole family of the Lodge, she was convinced, was privy, if not accessory, to the violence which had been committed upon her. And could she apply to the Spencers! The thought was torture. Could she undeceive them! Or if she could, would not the knowledge of her innocence fill them with regret, and poison all their felicity! But allowing there was a general reconciliation, could she support the idea of seeing her Lucy, Mrs. SEYMOUR! Oh! no! it was not to be endured. To*
what



what spot, then, could she, with safety, direct her steps.

This, when despair prevailed, was the substance of her soliloquies : for it is not to be supposed that the comfort which we have affirmed to be deduced from a perfect reliance on Almighty mercy, is constantly to banish a sense of misfortune. Surely not, for then suffering would be entirely at an end. All circumstances would be alike ; and troubles, which are sent with the benign intention of fitting us for a happier state, by purifying our hearts, would then be divested of their effect. It is at times, only, when we are under heavy afflictions, that this brightness illumines our prospects, and gives momentary but efficient vigour to our hope and faith.

Whoever has experienced the truth of the above doctrine, will subscribe to our opinion. Whoever has not, will ridicule our tenets and remain an infidel. Wishing, therefore, to the latter a portion of

valuable wisdom, we will proceed with our story.

In the depth of her distress, Miss Montague had hope of deliverance.

How shall that hope be realized ?

Must we raise a storm ; sink the ship ; drown all the rest on board, and effect her escape by means of a part of the wreck ? Shall Millemont be suddenly stricken by remorse ? Or shall a hero start up from amongst the sailors ?

No ; a cowardly avarice was the means of her safety through the dangers of her voyage ; for stealing one evening upon deck while the gentlemen were at supper ; the men servants attending and her guard Hannah overpowered by the fumes of rum, a liquor of which she was extremely fond, she hastily walked to the stern of the ship, and wringing her hands, in evident distress, appeared to one of the sailors who stood observing her, to have a design of throwing herself overboard. With this persuasion he sprang to her ; clasped her in his arms, and

and ordered a boy to call Captain Harding. He accordingly soon appeared, and understanding the circumstances, artfully began to expostulate with her, and advised her to conduct herself with more show of regard to a husband whose affection for her was, upon all occasions, very evident.

The indignant Harriet, upon this address, assumed a composed and determined air, bidding the commander, at his peril, countenance any farther illegal measures against her; telling him, in the presence of the sailors, who had gathered round them, that he very well knew that she was *not married* to Captain Millemont; that she never intended to be his wife, and that if Captain Harding persisted to aid her destruction, she would appeal to the laws in the first land upon which she should set her feet, where justice presided; that she understood Mr. Long was his employer, and she doubted not, as she was personally, as well as by character acquainted with that gentleman, that he would cause all possible

retribution to be made for what she might suffer in her voyage.

At the mention of Mr. Long, Harding stood aghast. He well knew the strictness of his integrity; and being convinced that he would not shut his ears to a complainant, till he had investigated the cause and found it groundless, immediately determined to change sides, and, Millemont that instant coming upon deck to learn the occasion of the commander's being summoned from his supper, he with settled assurance, upbraided him with falsehood respecting his pretended marriage; and observed that as he was now convinced the lady was not Millemont's wife, it was his duty, and should be his care, to see that no violence was offered to her person during her residence in his ship.

Harriet, upon this, was transported with joy, and thanked Harding with the liveliest expressions of gratitude, while Millemont stood astonished at the scene. Supposing however that Harding was acting an artful part,

part, in order to befriend him, he said only that he thought himself obliged by any sentiments expressed in favor of his Harriet, to whom, notwithstanding her unkindness to himself, he was most tenderly attached; and that therefore, though the doubts which had been suggested of his honor, called for his resentment, he would let them pass unnoticed; assuring every one present that the lady was truly and lawfully his, as his servants could testify.

“ I am *not*—I am *not* his wife—I never will be—” exclaimed the agitated fair. “ I would die sooner than give”—

“ Hush ! hush my love,” said Millemont in a raised tone, to drown her softer voice, as, assisted by his people, he carried her from the deck; “ your delirium will return if you thus permit the violence of your temper to predominate. You *are* mine, and *shall be* mine till the existence of one of us be terminated.”

In vain did the resisting Harriet endeavor to declare the truth of her circumstances

to the listening sailors. The prejudice was gone out against her, and they all adhered to Millemont, whose address and generosity had secured every voice in his favor.

On being carried to her cabin, she was consigned to the care of the too trusty Humphrey, till the evaporating fumes of the rum should leave the confused brain of the then snoring Hannah.

When Miss Montague was secured from again appearing upon deck, Captain Millemont returned to Captain Harding, to inquire into the cause of the bustle, when he was astonished at the continued alteration of Harding's language and manner, which Millemont had imagined to be only assumed, for the purpose of quieting his fair prisoner.

A sharp and long dialogue now ensued between these noble commanders, which, were it to be given verbatim, might exhibit a picture of the minds of many in the same distinguished situations; but the respect which we entertain for both our marine
and

and land officers, induces us to suppress the relation, lest our readers should imbibe prejudices to the disadvantage of these gentlemen in general. To secure Captain Harding to his interest, Captain Millemont offered him a considerable sum, in addition to what he had before received, but he was not to be corrupted by gold; at least not by the portion tendered by the other gentleman. He was in possession of the passage money for Millemont and his family, and he feared, from the threats of Miss Montague, the loss of his ship and entire disgrace, should his conduct ever reach the knowledge of Mr. Long. He softened however his refusal of assistance to the lover, by telling him that whatever favor he could procure from the lady's consent, he should congratulate him upon, though he could not permit any violence to be used during her residence on board his ship. Millemont now guessing the motive of Harding's refusal, ironically complimented him upon the purity of his principles, and

added, that he thought himself greatly obliged to so rigid a virtue for that relaxation of sentiment which gave him leave to make the vessel a brothel, provided that the commander could be secured against the consequences.

After considerable abuse on both sides, a reconciliation ensued on Harding's promising to facilitate Miss Montague's conveyance to the country house of Captain Millemont on their arrival at Jamaica : and this he effected by dispatching a boat to land with a servant, who had orders to wait with a carriage at a little distance from the town. The plan was executed to the wishes of its projectors, and after a stormy and otherwise distressing voyage of eleven weeks and four days, our lovely Harriet was conducted to her destined habitation, in a very pleasant situation not far from St. Jago, near which place Millemont's estate was considerable. Behind the house was an extended wood, the path through which, led to a plain that gave a prospect of Port-Passage,

Passage, a Sea-port town six or seven miles from St. Jago, and not far from Kingston.

The terrors which seized Miss Montague when she found herself in a spot secluded from all authority but that of the man whom she continued to detest, cannot be conveyed by any language with which we are acquainted. We will therefore leave it to our susceptible and sympathizing friends to form an idea of what she must have endured upon the disappointment of the expectation which she had formed of being carried to a town, where she hoped to be able to force an appeal to some person in power.

CHAP. LXXVII.

Scenes at Citron Grove.

FOR several days Miss Montague endured the *tender* persecutions of Captain Millemont, when foreseeing that persuasives would be vain, he began to assume a stronger tone, and to employ sterner language. After offering her his hand and fortune in a legal way, which he did not however intend, that she should legally possess, he bade her consider that she was totally in his power and that it was not likely that he should have taken such pains and have been at such expense without the assurance of reaping the expected reward : that, therefore, she would do wisely to comply with his offered terms, since, if she refused, he had determined upon her being his *without* terms.

This intimation had, in some measure,
the

the desired effect upon the attentive Harriet. She hesitated ; blushed, and looked confused ; and from these symptoms the sanguine lover presaged, what he thought, the happiest conclusion. He hoped that she would now accede to his proposal of matrimony ; which great point gained, he doubted not of succeeding in his more atrocious designs. But he greatly erred in his conjectures. Her hesitation ; her blushes, her confusion, proceeded not, as he imagined, from an inclining weakness in his favor, but from an increase of terror at the more immediate danger of her situation, mixed with a contempt which she did not dare to evince, for the principles that he now so plainly avowed. Struck with a thought that she must necessarily dissemble her abhorrence of both the man and his measures, she stood silent without daring to raise her eyes to his, lest any expression from them, of her sentiments, should precipitate her destruction. Millemont viewed her with rapture ; his soul was on fire, and

but for his expectation of the consent with which he now hoped to be favored, the next hour would not have left aught for *him* to wish or for *her* to apprehend. He now again addressed her in the kindest language; assuring her of his unalterable affection, and promising to comply with every thing which she could desire. Fortunately for Harriet, who was but little skilled in dissimulation, a summons just then arrived for Millemont to attend a gentleman at the gate, and this gave her leisure to collect her ideas; to see the necessity of concealing her aversion, and to ask a stated time for consideration.

When Millemont returned, he found Harriet in a deep reverie, and drawing a favorable omen from the placidness of her air, he not only complied with all her requisitions, but gave her even more time than she demanded; procrastination, with respect to the marriage ceremony, well suiting the villainy of his projects. He told her, and he told her truly that he
only

only wanted her consent to be his some time or other, and that he would rely on her generosity to fix an early period. Calculated as these assurances were to quiet the mind of Miss Montague, they were accompanied by a manner which only increased her alarms, and convinced her that she must pursue some desperate method, or be a sacrifice to the designs of an abandoned libertine. This opinion was confirmed by a conversation between Millemont and her jailor Hannah, which she overheard while she was in vain endeavoring to explore some means of escape from a long gallery that led to various apartments. When she was first imprisoned at Citron Grove—the name given by the Captain to his West Indian estate—her sanguine temper led her to depend on the assistance of some one of the many gentlemen who visited there, to whom she determined to appeal for redress. But this hope proved fallacious. The sentiments of Millemont's friends too well agreed with his respecting the fair sex, to induce
them

them to give her the protection which she demanded. Of this, she had very soon undoubted proof, for one evening, as the captain was surrounded by a large party, she rushed from her apartment, followed by the clamorous Hannah, who was unable to overtake her, into the dining room, where, almost frantic with distress, she told the circumstances of her situation with an energy and pathos that must have affected hearts of humanity, but which made not the least impression upon those of her auditors. Swearing that she was an Angel, they rallied the captain upon his keeping her so close ; telling him that it was a proof of his consciousness of his want of power to detain her by the ties of love. A great deal of ribaldry passed upon the occasion, and from indecent language, they proceeded to such acts of freedom as soon drove her in indignation from the room. After this she made another effort to procure a protector by appealing to another party whom she met, as attended by Hannah

nah (out of whose sight she never was trusted), she was walking in a piece of pleasure ground at a small distance from the house. By this groupe she was received in the same manner as by the first; and Millemont, proud of the praises given to Harriet's beauty, pressed her to grace his table by her presence at dinner: but this she peremptorily refused, being now convinced that all who visited him were of principles too dissolute to afford her any assistance. But still desirous of making one more trial, she took advantage of a slight indisposition, and requested to have some medical advice, reasonably concluding that she could not fail of securing to her interest a man who, by profession, was a friend to the afflicted. But disappointment again succeeded to expectation. Doctor Watson disgraced his fraternity; all his answer to the lovely Harriet's request for assistance, was, that he should be extremely happy to be able to benefit her *health*, but that he did not profess to be a physician to the
mind.

mind; that he should not suspect her's could be diseased, as he was convinced that the admirable qualities of Captain Millemont, whom he was proud to call his friend, were all employed to render her life a scene of felicity.

Harriet was, at once, silenced by this speech, which clearly indicated that she must not expect assistance from this Doctor of physic, who was, indeed, as much of a libertine as Millemont himself.

We do not intend to carry our readers through all the distresses under which Miss Montague labored, during her captivity at Citron Grove. It is sufficient that we prevent their forming so erroneous an opinion as that of her quietly submitting to reside there. Every moment was employed in planning the means of escape; but so faithfully were the commands of Millemont obeyed, and so strictly was she guarded by the female dragon to whose care she was committed, that her schemes proved abortive

tive

tive and she was left to bewail her destiny with unavailing lamentations.

We will now revert to the circumstance of Miss Montague's overhearing an alarming conversation between Millemont and the infamous Hannah. In this it was agreed that Harriet was to be treated with increased respect, and to have the liberty of walking where she pleased, with a proper attendant ; but not to be indulged in her frequent request of sleeping in a chamber by herself. Hannah had likewise orders to provide a second key to the door of their apartment, that after it had been locked by Miss Montague, as it regularly was, it might, without her knowledge, be again unlocked, if circumstances should render such a plan eligible.

When she had thus accidentally obtained this information, the terrified Harriet hastened to her apartment, more apprehensive of danger than at any former period. What then was her resource ! A very un-

genteel one in our opinion, though the

only one upon which mortals can rely with either safety or certainty. SHE BENT HER KNEES AND RAISED HER MIND TO GOD.

Her prayer was heard. Her mind was comforted, and she soon after endured the presence of her persecutors without any discomposure of spirits.

From whence, say O ye worldly wise ! was this serenity derived ?

Was it from a stoical apathy of thought ?

Was it from the dictates of taught philosophy ?

Was it from bravery of spirit—from the exerted resolution of a tender, timid female mind ?

No ; with only these assistants, the lovely Harriet must have sunk under accumulated and accumulating woe. Despair would have bowed her soul to the earth, and probably self-destruction have closed the scene of her sublunary wretchedness. But her soul was quieted. The tempest in her mind was bid to cease, and the “ *Still* “ *small voice*” assured her of the protection of Heaven.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

*Miss Montague determines to attempt an
Escape.*

OUR young readers, and perhaps many of their seniors, are disgusted with the serious sentiments which often irresistibly intrude with the incidents which we are busy in relating. An habitual belief of the constant inspection and protection of Providence renders us, we must confess, but ill-calculated to please the gay ones of the present age. We have notwithstanding, as much conviviality in our composition as any miss or master, old or young, in the gayest circles round the metropolis; and were it not for the misfortune of being possessed with an ardent desire of benefiting, as well as of amusing, our subjects in general, we could perhaps present them with *as much fun* as ever distended the rosy
lips

gentlemen were assembled in the saloon, and Hannah attended Miss Montague to inquire what she chose to eat.

“ Only a small piece of biscuit with a little rum and water,” was Harriet’s reply ; requesting some orange peel might be added to the beverage.

Rum and water—or rather rum without water, was, as Miss Montague well knew, Hannah’s favorite liquor, of which she would frequently drink very freely. The viands were soon set before her ; when, requesting Hannah to go down for a little more water, she poured into the mixture a sufficient quantity of laudanum for the purpose which she wished to effect, and complaining, on her duenna’s return of a disagreeable bitterness in the liquor which she did not like, she refused to drink it. It was in vain that Hannah assured her it was only from the peel of the orange ; Harriet continued obstinate, and said that she was convinced there was something more in it than usual. Thus did necessity
compel

compel one of the most ingenuous of female minds to practise an artfulness foreign and irreconcilable to her character.

Hannah, offended at the intimation of having infused improper ingredients, to prove the truth of her assertions, and probably to gratify her fondness for the liquor, took the basin, and to the great joy of the trembling maid, whose heart bounded at this beginning success of her design, emptied it at one draught. The effect of the medicated bowl was soon evident; and the sooner perhaps from the vile creature's having helped herself pretty largely while preparing what was intended for the lovely Harriet. In a short time Hannah staggered across the room, and throwing herself into an armed chair, sank almost immediately into the truly leaden chains of Somnus. Harriet watched the operation of the powerful drug some minutes in perfect stillness, when, being assured that the woman could not be easily disturbed, she ventured to search her pocket for the key of

of

of a door, which, by a private passage, opened on a pair of stairs descending to a back entrance to the garden, and readily found it. Possessed of this treasure, she essayed to go, being determined to risk any other danger than that which immediately threatened her; but a perplexity now ensued which did not at first occur to her recollection.

During the interval of the servants going to Kingston, Harriet had put a small parcel of clothes into a handkerchief to take with her, in case that she should be able to effect her meditated escape, and had laid them in her dressing room, against the door of which the sleeping Hannah sat leaning, and now, though she hazarded the trial, her strength was unable to draw the chair from its place. Struck with this unforeseen misfortune, she stood a few minutes in suspense; till recollecting that if that opportunity should be lost, another might never offer, she determined to commit herself and her future welfare, without any provision

vision for the next day, to Him in whom she trusted. On turning however to the door, a few biscuits which had been left upon the table caught her eye; these she put into her pocket, and resolutely quitting the apartment, descended the stairs with trembling steps, and arrived at the outward door. This she opened without difficulty and found herself in the garden.

Alone; in a Foreign Country; destitute of money; undetermined which path to pursue, behold the lovely—the truly charming Harriet Montague! Separated from all that she held dear!—deprived of fame and fortune, and with nothing but destruction in her prospect! Yet still she hoped—still she confided that she should find some place of safety!

The clock from the turret now struck eight; an hour in which the inhabitants of Jamaica are enveloped in heat and darkness, unless the silver luminary, which had not yet ascended the horizon, supplies the
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departed light of the scorching sovereign of the sky.

Fearful of delay, Miss Montague hastened through the garden and rushed into a little grove at the bottom of a sloping lawn, where she sat down to recover her breath, and to compose her fluttered spirits. From this place she had a full view of the house, which was surrounded by lamps, and presently she saw the party of gentlemen issue from the saloon and fix themselves upon the lawn, round a table which the servants were covering with bottle, bowls, and glasses. Alarmed by their appearance, she hastened through the grove, and pursued a path which, after walking near two miles in the greatest trepidation, led her to a thick wood, just as the moon's verge appeared over an opposite lake. In this place she determined to remain through the night, as the extended plain, on all sides, appeared of an immeasurable length : but she thought it most prudent

prudent to endeavor to find a passage through the wood to the other side, that the return of morning might enable her to form some idea of the Country, which she wished to explore. Having with difficulty effected her design, she ascended a tree by nature calculated to afford repose. It was a fine spreading cedar, whose branches, entwining gave a commodious alcove. Here she rested securely, and having been extremely fatigued by her exertions and her alarms, she soon lost every sense of distress in that soft and soothing sleep, which nature often gives to innocence, even when surrounded by dangers, but ever denies to guilt, though reclining on beds of down in palaces, and environed by a thousand guards. From her slumbers, which presented Guardian Angels hovering round her, she did not awake till the harmonious matin of a feathered chorister, that perched upon her easy canopy, called her to join his hymn of gratitude, for the protection which they had both experienced from their mutual Creator.

Her orisons gone up on high—her trust in Providence renewed—Harriet ventured to step from the place of her concealment and to take a view of the adjacent plain. This she now saw to be not so extensive as on the evening before it appeared to her terrified imagination, and she lamented that she had not endeavored to reach another wood at the opposite side, before she closed her eyes. To continue in that which she was, seemed to be dangerous, lest Millemont and his people, all of whom would doubtless go in search of her as soon as she was missed, should find the place of her retreat. Perceiving therefore the day to be scarcely yet broken, she determined to attempt reaching the wood before her, ere the returning light should render the design more hazardous. Nor think, gentle reader, her resolution was a rash one. Condemn not the lovely Harriet till thou hast weighed her reasons, drawn from the following considerations. The revels in Captain Millemont's family
never

never ceased till a very late hour, and consequently, it was not till a very late hour in the morning that either he or his family were awake.

She had told Doctor Watson, when he presented her with the laudanum, that as he was rather feverish and thirsty, and more sensible than usual of an inclination to sleep [which, for the honor of our Harriets's veracity, we would have her friends to know was the fact] she would not take any of the opiate on that evening, lest the effect should be more powerful than she wished. She then, in very complaisant terms, requested Millemont, who had been pressing her to favor the company below with her presence, that he would once more excuse her, as she was really indisposed. Watson, confiding in the future utility of his drug, gave the captain a sign to acquiesce, and Hannah was ordered to attend her lady with some refreshment and to keep the apartment as quiet as possible.

Add to this, that Harriet left her at-

tendant a in state of torpitude ; and that she had locked the door at the end of the passage which led to her suit of rooms. When all these circumstances are duly reflected on, our Heroine's intention of darting to the opposite covert at the breaking of the day, will not be deemed too adventurous. And dart she did ; for such was the celerity with which she crossed the intervening plain, and so beautiful her appearance, notwithstanding the discomposure of her dress, that an observer might have been excused for imagining that he saw an Angel glide over the verdant mead.

And now having screened our favorite in the friendly thicket, which she reached in safety, we will return and take a cursory view of the subsequent scene at Citron Grove.

CHAP. LXXIX.

*A violent Altercation between three worthy
Personages.*

IT was not till a later hour than usual that the family of Millemont was awakened on the morning succeeding the lovely prisoner's escape. The captain, within view, as he thought, of the summit of his wishes, had ordered his overseers to deal out the liquor with a more than usual liberality, and in consequence there was not an individual at Citron Grove who did not go to bed in a state of intoxication. An order had likewise been issued that the rooms under the apartments destined to the use of Miss Montague, should be kept quiet, and the order was obeyed till the potency of the libations drove it from remembrance. At the hour of midnight the whole house was a scene of confusion, and

so great was the uproar, that it awakened Hannah from her trance, who starting from her chair into which she had fallen, ran forward, perfectly bewildered, without knowing whither. Chance, if we can allow the existence of such a blind guide, conducted her to Miss Montague's sleeping room, where, unconsciously throwing herself upon the bed, she again sunk into a torpid state, from the narcotic power of the drug, which still acted with unexhausted force.

When Millemont and the company that remained at Citron Grove, were assembled at breakfast, Doctor Watson inquired how Miss Montague had rested, expressing his apprehension that their joviality had disturbed her repose. The reply to his enquiry was, that Hannah had not yet appeared, and as no noise had been heard from the apartment, it was concluded that they were both asleep. Upon this intelligence the Captain, by the Doctor's advice, again ordered that side of the house to be kept quiet. Breakfast then being over, the gentlemen

Jlemen sallied out for a walk : and at their return the enquiry after Miss Montague was renewed, Millemont having promised, a view of his enchantress to a young Baronet, lately arrived from England, who deemed himself a connoisseur in female beauty.

Hannah had not yet been down.

Miss Montague had not been heard of.

'This was surprising; very surprising!

What could be the occasion of this perfect stillness!—was echoed from one to another of the wondering party. Millemont, at length, became seriously alarmed, and demanding Watson's attendance, ascended the staircase which led to Harriet's apartment; but he found the door at the end of the gallery still locked. Here they called, and rapped violently for some time without effect; till Watson, observing that he was of that profession which, to the nicest delicacy would soften the invasion on a lady's privacy, proposed advancing to the chamber window, by means of a ladder.

Watson's observation with respect to his profession was a just one: A medical man ought to be particularly cautious to acquire and to preserve such a character as modesty and delicacy can confide in. Tenderness, and a perfect observance of decency in all his actions, ought to unite with a proper degree of fortitude in the man who, of necessity must often be admitted to the retirements of the fair. From which the bold, assuming libertine, however high his reputation for professional skill, ought ever to be excluded.

Millemont acquiescing in the Doctor's proposal, a ladder was immediately ordered to be erected, and the Doctor ascended to the window of the apartment lately occupied by our Harriet. The sash being partly open, but the blind down, he tapped against the glass, and demanded to know if Miss Montague was well, when not receiving any answer to his repeated inquiries he threw up the sash and entered the room. This he found empty, and on opening the door

oor of the inner chamber he saw Hannah just awakening from her sleep. Astonished at her appearance, which evinced that she had not been undressed since the preceding evening, he hastily asked where Miss Montague was.

“Miss Montague ! why bless my heart ! —why were am I ?” exclaimed the still stupid creature, while Watson stood fixed in astonishment. “Why for certain,” continued she, “I have been bewitched, for I know no more how I came here than the dead in their graves !”

“What the plague do you mean ?” sternly interrogated the wondering physician. “And where, I again ask you, is your lady ?”

“My lady !” repeated she, looking round her in wild confusion, “why gone down stairs to be sure.” Then running to the door of the first chamber she continued—“Mercy on us ! where can she be ! the doors have not yet been opened.

“ Why she must have got out at the window ! ”—but her escape that way appeared to have been impossible, as the height from the garden underneath was extreme, the rooms being all very lofty, and the first floors considerably above the level of the ground.

A violent altercation now ensued between Watson and the woman—he accusing her of misconduct, and she magnifying her care and watchfulness. Their vociferations soon reached the ears of the listening Millemont, who, with strong forebodings of misfortune, instantly mounted the ladder, and seeing the disputants in violent attitudes and with wrathful countenances, sprang in at the window and demanded his Harriet.

“ Your Harriet ” said Watson “ may be ascended to the moon or sunk to the shades below, for any attention this her duenna has paid to your injunctions. The lady is certainly missing.”

“ Missing ! ”

“ Missing ! !—” echoed the Captain in a rageful and distracted tone.—“ How !—“ Where !—How it it possible—” asking unconnected questions without waiting for any reply.

Were we versed in the language said to be in vogue within the precincts of Billingsgate we might endeavor with some expectation of success, to describe the torrent of abuse which resounded through the apartments; but the horrid oaths and execrations made use of by every one of the combatants (the woman being at least upon a par with either of her assailants) would, were we capable of transmitting them, shock both the delicacy and piety of our beloved readers. The Doctor was twice obliged to drop his own anger that he might save the culprit Hannah from the rage of her employer, who twice attempted to finish her pernicious existence by aiming a blow at her head with a mahogany basin stand, that being the only weapon within his view.

Defended

Defended by the Doctor, she escaped into the next room, leaving *the two worthies* to form various erroneous conjectures respecting the flight of Miss Montague. But they did not long continue that fruitless employment, for summoning some of the servants from below, they broke open the doors which were locked and ordered a general search and inquiry to be made round the place. Every individual was quickly in motion ; but vain were the toils of both servants and masters ; Miss Montague remained in security, and Millemont in furious despair.

To some of our readers it might be amusing were we to paint the uproar which prevailed throughout the house for several days succeeding the escape of our favorite ; but we have so little pleasure in scenes of this nature, and are so impatient to attend to her safety, that we must leave our friends to their own imagination : and these, if strongly exerted, may possibly give some
idea

idea of the almost undescrivable tumult, which subsided not, in any degree, till every probable place of refuge was explored, and hope gave entire place to absolute despair.

CHAP. LXXX.

The friendly Covert.

MISS MONTAGUE was detained a prisoner in the wood to which we last conducted her, all the day, the emissaries of the Captain having several times traversed it in divers directions, while she sat rembling upon the upper branches of a atalpin, whose broad leaves effectually screened her from their search. To this sylum she had with extreme difficulty ascended, upon observing at a distance, several

veral

veral people in much apparent hurry, approaching the place of her retreat. These, as she had apprehended, were really her pursuers, and she was but just secured from their observation when they entered the wood, and proceeded to examine it minutely; without dreaming, however, of her having attempted such an elevated situation;—a height which, perhaps, in calmer moments, she would herself have thought it impossible for her utmost efforts to reach.

For several hours after their departure, she continued in her position, though it now began to be very uneasy to her, but the dread of her enemies return prevented her from endeavoring to descend. Fortunately some wild grapes were just within her reach: with these she allayed her thirst and then eat one of her biscuits, and this was all the nourishment which she took during the day. Towards the close of the evening she essayed to descend from her sanctuary; but she found the attempt so dangerous

dangerous that she almost despaired of ever being able to succeed in it without assistance. At last, she was obliged to swing from a bough several yards from the ground, and from such a height as to bruise rather severely one of her arms. Terrified at the idea of passing another day in a place so near to Citron Grove, she determined to cross the other plain, and hastily rising with this intent, insensible almost to the pain of her arm, she ventured to the skirt of the thicket. Here looking eagerly around, she saw at a distance a gentleman and lady just alighted from an open chaise, which they had left to the care of a servant, and walking forward toward the place of her concealment. Extremely agitated, she stood irresolute how to proceed. The errors which for so long a time had been fixed upon her mind gave her a dread of danger upon the appearance of every human being. Starting almost involuntarily back to her covert, she seemed to wish to hide herself from view; till recollecting
the

the horrors of her situation and admitting a hope which quickened the beating of her heart, she rushed forward and hastened to the objects before her, who continued their direction to the wood. At the sight of so beautiful an appearance in such a place, they stopped in surprise and waited the approach of the lovely fugitive, who the instant that she reached them, sank, unable to support herself, at their feet.

“ For Heaven’s sake !—Oh !—A distressed !—” It was all she could utter as she attempted to clasp the lady, whose countenance beamed immediate sympathy, while the gentleman kneeling upon one knee, raised her head from the Earth, and reclining it upon his breast, assured her of the protection of himself and the lady, who supported her on the other side, and who, to encourage her reliance on his professions, he immediately informed her was his wife. Happy in this intelligence, she lifted up her eyes to Heaven in silent, but deep felt gratitude, then sobbing her thanks to her
supporters,

supporters, attempted to rise that she might release them from their position: they assisted her endeavors; and without inquiry, leading her between them, conducted her to the chaise; lifted her in, and ordered the driver to return.

CHAP. LXXXI.

An amiable Couple, and an affectionate Brother.

OUR new acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, deserve all the respect which we can possibly show to them. To them therefore we shall dedicate this chapter on their introduction upon our theatre. The wise and the good will esteem them because they possessed, and practised, every great and amiable quality of head and heart; but as this will be deemed

deemed a trivial recommendation to the gentlemen and ladies of these refined times, we are happy to be able to add that more unexceptionable one of their being both descended from antient and noble families; or, in other words, from ancestors who had long been dignified with what are commonly called titles of honor; and many of whom had verified these hereditary distinctions, by holding them in little estimation, and by respecting the character of a GOOD CHRISTIAN, as superior to that of a GREAT MAN. The major part of our readers will be apt to suspect that these people must have been affected by some unhappy mental malady; that either hereditary idiocy or lunacy was the source of such *outré* sentiments. We can assure them however that the conclusion would be entirely false: no such affliction ever had visited any individual of either family. The only reason which can be given for their singular way of thinking, was an unfortunate ignorance of genteel life, occasioned by their
having

having been educated under the inspection of people who absurdly thought more of the future than of the present, and ridiculously regarded the glories even of an English peerage as of inferior consequence to the happiness of angels—a happiness of such vulgar attainment as to be equally near to the grasp of the lowest plebeian, or the negro-slave, as to that of the noble or the monarch ;—a happiness too which is apparently at some distance, while the joys of mortal grandeur shine gloriously and immediately around us, and while poverty is felt to be disgrace and humble virtues are neglected as contemptible. It cannot, it is true, be denied that, to many of us, this other world may be disclosed to-morrow, and then we may possibly regret our not having cherished a thought of it sooner, and may deplore our having too far acted on the prudential maxim—of possession's being better than “reversion.”

Mr. Herbert, nephew of an earl and one
of

of the younger sons of a bishop, was educated with the brother of his Rosella, at whose father's he used to spend some of his vacations. An early attachment, between the future bride and bridegroom, took place: the friends on both sides approved of the union, and in due course of time it was agreed that the nuptials should be celebrated upon Mr. Herbert's return from an intended voyage to Jamaica; his father, who had several children, encouraging his wish to enter into life as a West-India merchant. Soon after Mr. Herbert's departure, Rosella, whose mother had been some time dead, lost her father, and in consequence of his dying intestate, depended for her support solely upon the generosity of her brother. But this she did not feel to be any misfortune, as the affection between these relations was more than what commonly subsists between children of the same parents. Rosella was assured that Frederic would make her happiness his first pursuit, and he did not disappoint her

her expectation. His wish to facilitate the union between his sister and his friend, was now more ardent than ever, and he did not permit one consideration for his own interest to impede that prospect. Rosella, when her father died, was just turned eighteen; and Frederic, only one year older, proposed that Mr. Herbert, who was just of age to execute the office, should be chosen their joint guardian. Pleasure, gratitude and modesty deepened the pink upon the cheek of his sister at this nomination, to which however she delicately objected, and intimated the greater propriety of requesting the favor in question from Mr. Herbert's father, the good Bishop of Chichester, to which see the prelate, who was distantly related to the Lord Chancellor and greatly esteemed by him, had recently been translated. Frederic, pleased with her motive, acknowledged the justness of her discernment. The Bishop was applied to; the office accepted, and every thing relative to the affairs of the deceased soon brought

brought into order and settled. Mr. Herbert's return from the West Indies was now expected with redoubled impatience, as it was the wish of the friends on both sides that the union should take place as soon as possible. The conduct of Frederic, became, in the mean time, an universal theme of conversation. The character of *a prudent man* was lost to him forever, and fathers warned their daughters against the specious appearance—for he was very genteel and handsome—of such a prodigal young fellow, who it was likely would soon bring a wife and family to beggary. His crime was indeed very great; no less than that of dividing, without being obliged to do so, the property of his father with a beautiful and beloved sister. Neither did his imprudence rest here: for he promised, should he outlive an old relation whose estate he must necessarily inherit, that he would present her with a portion also of that property. A too rare instance of disinterestedness

disinterestedness in a young man of the eighteenth century !

And now my dear readers stop and examine the texture of your minds. Your applause or condemnation of the conduct here related, will be a criterion by which you may exactly appreciate your own. If your hearts glow with pleasure in contemplating the generosity of the young Frederic, and you feel conscious of being willing, in a similar situation, to imitate his example, be grateful to Nature who has so nobly endowed you with her choicest gifts. You are deserving of the friendship of the judicious, and we congratulate you on your superiority over most of your neighbors. If, on the contrary, you think that he ought to have been *more prudent*, depend upon it you are weak and worthless, notwithstanding the plausible reasonings of self-love, which may whisper the tyranny of *frugality, economy, discretion*, and other similar virtues practised by avarice with such strictness, that nothing is retained

of the original principle but the appellation. Sordid in your natures, you have no relish for—*no sense of*, the beauties of disinterestedness and philanthropy.

Censured as was the conduct of Frederic by prudent fathers, it gained peculiar applause from the daughters of the vicinity. "The generous fellow!" "The noble fellow!" "The charming fellow!"—were the epithets which distinguished him amongst the juvenile fair; some of whom perhaps, however much they applauded him while they viewed his conduct distinct from their own interest, would, after marriage, have upbraided him with what they then would have thought an unreasonable generosity injurious to the nearer connections of a wife and children.

Before we finish the little history of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, we will stop to mention with some distinction our worthy friend the prelate. In early life he had formed an acquaintance with Mr. Spencer, but the distance of his residence and a multiplicity

plicity of family concerns, which confined him within the precincts of his diocese, had for late years interrupted the intercourse ; but their meetings, however, though rare and accidental, so intimate were their minds and so fixed their esteem for each other, that they appeared as if they had parted only the day before. Nor can this circumstance be wondered at when it is recollected that Mr. Spencer was one amongst the best men upon the habitable globe, and the bishop *was*—to comprise his excellencies in a short sentence—THE PATRISON OF HIS GENERATION.

CHAP. LXXXII.

Prosperity abated, yet Happiness continued.

WE will now suppose Mr. Herbert returned from the West Indies and made happy in an indissoluble union with his Rosella. With her, for a few months, he lived a life which potentates might have looked upon with envy : but the smiles of fortune were soon contracted, and in a short time the severest of her frowns darted upon the united pair. An eminent banking-house, in which Mr. Herbert had lodged large sums of money, stopped payment, just as he expected the arrival of considerable cargoes from Jamaica ; and about a week after he received an account of the death of Mr. Palmer, one of his correspondents

respondents in that Island, with the more distressing intelligence that the son of his friend had disappeared with all the property which he could carry off, and had left large debts upon the Firm, to be discharged by Mr. Herbert and the other partner, Mr. Cumberland. This stroke was indeed a heavy one: Mr. Herbert's property, in which was included his lady's fortune, was vested in this firm. Her brother had already assisted him to the utmost of his power. The finances of the good bishop were, at this period, very much perplexed, as he had lately been translated from Peterborough to Chichester and heavy expences had, as usual, attended the translation. His children were many, and it had cost him large sums to educate and fix them in the world. Early in life he had married an amiable young widow, whose first husband was Sir Samuel Herbert, to whom the bishop was distantly related. Lady Herbert was mistress of a large sum of money when her guardian disposed of her

to Sir Samuel, at the age of sixteen, and much against her inclination. At his death, which happened within three years after their marriage, she enjoyed a jointure sufficient to enable her to live genteely, but not adequate to the fortune which she originally possessed, that being settled upon her daughter; the only child whom she had by her first husband. Of this daughter, whose name was Bridget, we may perhaps speak something more hereafter; but at present we are so impatient to return to Mr. Herbert, that we shall only say she was in every respect widely different from the worthy woman who brought her into this state of existence.

The vexatious turn of his affairs rendered it necessary for Mr. Herbert to hasten to Jamaica, and as it was probable that business would require him to reside there a considerable time, Mrs. Herbert determined to accompany him, though she was then in a situation which rendered the voyage inconvenient if not dangerous: but the

the apprehended event was providentially averted, and Mrs. Herbert reached Port Adelaide in safety about three weeks before the delivery of a fine girl, to whom she gave the name of Almeria.

Mr. Herbert now exerted all his abilities to retrieve the affairs of the firm, and aided by the diligence of Mr. Cumberland, he succeeded greatly beyond his expectations. From the wreck of their banker's fortune they reaped, indeed, but small benefit, the dividend being only one shilling in the pound; but they were more fortunate in recovering great part of the effects with which young Palmer had absconded, he having been discovered at Philadelphia by the assiduity of Mr. Phillip Nicklin, a man with whom we have the pleasure of being personally acquainted, and to whose urbanity and integrity, we are pleased with this opportunity of giving our testimony.

Young Palmer was no sooner discovered than he was apprehended and put under proper security till he delivered up all the

effects which he had endeavored to secrete. When the business was put into a proper train for final adjustment, on his resignation and apparent penitence, Palmer was fixed in an employ that afforded him a comfortable maintenance.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert had resided at Port Passage nearly three years at the period to which our history is arrived, and during this time their family had received the addition of two lovely girls, and the lady was again *enceinte*. Their house was at the extremity of the town, in a very pleasing situation, and Mr. Cumberland resided with the happy couple.

CHAP. LXXXIII.

Miss Montague in Safety.

WE left our Harriet under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, returning to Port Passage. Were we not in some haste to arrive at a distant period, we could very much entertain and instruct our attentive perusers, by relating the first conversation, and the circumstances which occurred during the early part of Miss Montague's abode with her new friends—friends in the strict sense of the phrase, who merited that noble appellation. A mutual confidence soon took place between them; and Harriet related to them without reserve every recollected particular of her past life. To say that they greatly compassionated and truly admired her, would be what every ordinary reader would readily imagine, and would fall far short of the senti-

ments which her story and merits inspired. To her misfortunes they were, indeed, feelingly alive, and they entered so intimately into the sufferings of her mind that they determined to bring the abominable occasioner of them to punishment. But she entreated—the most earnestly supplicated them to desist, and to permit her to remain secluded in their house, during their continuance in the West Indies; alledging that a prosecution must be attended with great expence as well as inconvenience: that the result would be uncertain, as there was no question but the creatures of Millemont would give a testimony in his favor, and that, therefore, it was to be feared the event would inevitably be injurious to her reputation. She dreaded, besides, that the resolute libertine, stimulated by revenge, would not then forbear any means, however outrageous, to get her again into his power, and on the possible contingency of his success, her utter destruction would be inevitable:—that as it was, ill treated as she had
been

seen by the atrocious proceeding of a lawless villain, she could raise unfeigned thanks to her Great Preserver for having been rescued before she had suffered such irreparable injuries as must have excluded every ray of hope for future peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Mr. Cumberland were so convinced by this reasoning of our Harriet's, that they agreed in the propriety of keeping the matter as secret as possible; and if either of the gentlemen should, in company, hear any thing mentioned relative to the circumstance, they were carefully to conceal their having any knowledge of it. Mr. Cumberland, who was a wife and good man, further proposed that Miss Montague should assume the name of his maternal family, which was Mansfield, and pass for his relation during her residence in Jamaica. The proposal was acceded to, and the servants instructed what answers to give to any inquiries which might possibly be made relative to the lady.

Miss Montague was now in a state of some tranquillity, compared with what she had lately endured: but her mind was oppressed by the thoughts of what she had suffered, and what she had lost—fame! fortune! friends!—friends of the highest kind ever possessed by a human being. This last recollection so chilled every rising hope of ensuing happiness, that not all her native gaiety of temper, which habitually led her to rest her eye upon the brightest side of every prospect, nor all the affectionate soothing of her new and now dear friends, could remove from her constant idea her beloved Lucy Spencer, lost to her in Mrs. Seymour, or her still dearer Henry, separated from her for ever, by being the husband of the first friend of her heart. The family of the Shrubbery, as well as that of the Aviary, claimed her affectionate and tender regard. The Abingtons and Mr. Ruffel, were dear to her remembrance. The good Mr. Spencer, the report of whose death had never reached her, had a most particular

particular share of her attachment : yet the loss of all these, greatly as that loss alone would have grieved her, would have been supportable, had she still retained her Seymour and Miss Spencer. And then in what a light must she appear to them all !—for the fatal paragraphs which she perused in the newspaper, during her residence in Portland Place, so entirely convinced her of their belief of her infidelity and depravity, that no doubt could be made of their abhorrence of her credited ill-conduct. She could, it is true, endeavor to convince them of her innocence, and it was, perhaps, a duty which she owed to herself : but could she be sure of succeeding ? Was it not certain that the people at the Lodge, of whose atrocity she had full conviction, would take every method to prevent the disgrace which must necessarily fall upon them if she should be exculpated ? And to attempt and fail, would double the ignominy with which she was already branded. Better to hide herself forever from the
world

world than to live in open reprobation ! Beside ;—could she even exonerate herself, what would be the effect ? Her own distress on a new ground, and wretchedness to her dearest friends, who were, doubtless, at present happy under the delusion of thinking her unworthy ! These were the reasonings of the charming Harriet when she first began to ponder on future events : and the consideration last mentioned had more weight in determining the truly generous girl to remain in obscurity, than those which were more immediately interesting to herself. She now endeavored to fix upon some plan which might afford her a maintenance : but this consideration was soon rendered unnecessary by the earnest entreaty of Mrs. Herbert that she would not think of leaving her, as she had promised herself peculiar happiness from such a companion. Mrs. Herbert added, that any assistance which her friend would condescend to afford her in forming the minds of her little girls, would greatly over-pay the
the

he trifling accommodations which her house could supply. Harriet knowing the situation of their affairs, which, though recovering, were, nevertheless, not yet flourishing, diffidently refused the eligible proposal; till Mr. Herbert and Mr. Cumberland joining in an effort to convince her that *she* would be the obliger, she, at length, complied, with a grateful sense of the reality of the kindness they thus endeavored apparently to lessen. Mr. Cumberland now insisted upon her accepting a bank note for present exigencies, and on her consenting to the receipt of the same sum annually, for cloaths and other incidental expences. Miss Montague, the texture of whose soul was gratitude, was over-powered by these acts of friendship from people with whom she had so recently been acquainted. She burst into tears and vainly endeavored to express in words, her sense of their kindness. But we must close these scenes, pleasing as they would be to a few of our readers, and advert to other business.

The

The time of Mrs. Herbert's expected delivery now drew near. Harriet, in the interim, assisted in the preparations necessary for the event, and greatly endeared herself to those by whom she was surrounded; the natural vivacity of her temper enabling her to be a chearful, as well as an amiable companion, notwithstanding the unconquerable grief which embittered her solitary moments.

Mrs. Herbert, at length, produced another child of the female sex, who, in compliment to Miss Montague, was named Harriet Rosella. Soon after its birth several circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary that Mr. Herbert should fix his residence, for a considerable period, at Philadelphia. He therefore embarked with his lady, their three little ones, and their lovely friend, on board a vessel called the Harmony, leaving Mr. Cumberland in much sorrow for their departure, he having imbibed a partiality little short of parental for his adopted relation.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXXIV.

Our Favorites in Affliction.

WE congratulate our readers upon their return to their native Country, and will instantly waft them to the justly celebrated Village of Beverly, from whence we departed upon the news of the death of our greatly revered Mr. Spencer, which we will now give ourselves the pleasure to inform them was premature.

Mr. Spencer is *not* dead, but enjoys as firm a constitution and as sound health as a man of his age was ever blest with.

When we took our leave of Beverly in the Seventy-third Chapter of these our labors, he was, by all his attendants supposed to be drawing near to his translation—a phrase which we must always use, when we mean the termination of the earthly

earthly existence of such a man. Universal sorrow, and almost universal silence reigned throughout the place : every one was fearful of disturbing the general attention, and the minds of all present seemed impressed with a belief that Delegates from Heaven hovered over his bed, ardent to convey his departing Spirit to the Realms of Light and Bliss.

“ The Chamber where the good man meets his fate,

“ Is privileged beyond the common walk

“ Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven.

“ Fly, ye prophane ! if not draw near with awe.

“ For here, resistless demonstration dwells.

“ A death-bed’s a detector of the heart.

“ Here, tired dissimulation drops her mask :

“ Here, real and apparent are the same :

“ You see the *man* : you see his hold on Heaven.”

But the task of his Guardian Angel was not yet ended. It pleased the Great Director to postpone his entire beatification, and to spare him, for a still longer period to his surrounding friends. The crisis of his *disease* came on, and the disorder took a favorable

favorable turn, a salutary sleep ensuing, and at the end of two hours he awoke greatly amended. His physicians now ventured to express a hope of his recovery: every one was eager to catch the pleasing tidings, and to hear a repetition of the glad augury, which was verified by the event in a shorter space of time than the Doctors had dared to predict.

The family of Mr. Edward Spencer; that of Mr. Abington (Miss Martha excepted); Mr. Ruffel; Mr. Barker, and Henry Seymour, remained at the Aviary during the good man's confinement. During this period they mutually endeavored to administer consolation to all around, and now united in heightening the general felicity, by their sincere and fervent congratulations to each other. Seymour was scarce ever out of the apartment of his venerable friend; nor would Lucy Spencer often leave his presence. The whole party, indeed, was but in the next room during all
their

their waking hours, which were at least three fourths of the twenty-four.

With regard to Mr. Spencer's own conduct, we must remain nearly silent, as an attempt to describe it minutely, could not fail of tarnishing its glory. We have, it is true, *seen one good man die**—a man “who
“ had no fault that his friends could perceive, or his enemies remember”—and the scene is ever present to our mind. The recollection, therefore, of *that*, might aid us in depicting *this*; but though we retain the sentiments, we cannot speak the language which he used; nor can we do justice to the soothing and advice of Mr. Spencer to his weeping friends; for something super-human seemed to inspire him, and to irradiate his countenance. His temporal concerns did not interrupt the more important ones of futurity, as his accounts were always in a settled state, and his will had been made many years before.

When

* See Chap. 71.

When this more than nominal Christian perceived, by the altered countenances of his truly affectionate relatives and friends, that a hope was entertained of his recovery, and found by his own feelings that he was really amended ; he said, " And must I be longer detained where troubles exist ? I had hope that my release was coming. But *He who governs, gives us what is best.*"

And after a pause—" THEN BE IT SO"—and he bowed his head in resignation.

CHAP. LXXXV.

A bitter Disappointment to the Percivals.

THE anticlimax of mentioning such people as the Percivals, at the latter end of the last chapter, would have been so great, that every common reader must have been disagreeably affected by the sudden descent. Nor could we, without committing an outrage upon our own feelings, have visited the Lodge after our departure from the Aviary, till we had allowed ourselves a little leisure to moderate the sublimity of our ideas.

When we were last in company with the people above-mentioned, they were wondering at not having received formal intelligence of Mr. Spencer's death, of the certainty of which, however, they entertained not the least doubt.

When the good man was first taken ill,
a messenger,

messenger was dispatched to Mrs. R. Percival, who immediately ordered her carriage and was driven to the Aviary, and upon the declared increase of danger, Mr. Percival and his children followed. But when Mr. Spencer was apparently drawing near to his release, Mrs. Percival found herself so much agitated by a variety of passions, that her husband deemed it prudent for her to return to the Lodge, as she could not suppress the appearance of that joy which the idea of presiding as Lady of the Village inspired. Under pretence, therefore, of sudden illness, her family attended her home, Mr. Percival alledging, to Mrs. George Abington's expressed desire of her sister's continuance at the Aviary, that the house was already sufficiently full of trouble, and that, on that account, it would be most proper for her to be removed. Mrs. G. Abington, whose disposition was naturally very tender, and now, from the circumstances of the time, still more softened, reluctantly

reluctantly acquiesced, and the precious groupe departed to their home.

Continual were the inquiries from the Lodge to the Aviary, and the constant answers were that Mr. Spencer was still worse.

“ He holds it an amazing time ! ”—said his *affectionate* grand-daughter. “ I query “ if he will not weather it at last ! ”

“ Impossible,” said Mr. Percival, “ without a miracle. I think he will not survive to-morrow.”

“ I wish it was all over,” replied his lady, “ for I am fatigued to death with “ anxiety and expectation.”

A messenger now returned with the intelligence that Mr. Spencer was believed to be near expiring, and soon after, a servant arrived from the Village with an account, which was said to *come from the doctor*, of his death.

The case was this—Mr. Foster, surgeon and apothecary to the family, went from
the

the Aviary to a neighboring village, and upon his return home asked Mrs. Foster if he had heard from Mr. Spencer, and upon being answered in the negative, replied with a sigh "Then, without question that good man is dead!" This was caught by his apprentice, who intimated the circumstance to the next person who entered the shop, in terms which implied no doubt of the fact in question. This of course was instantly spread through the vicinity. Mr. Percival's servant received the intelligence from the man who had heard from the young apothecary, and he hastened with it to his master, shrewdly guessing that this gentleman would not be disaffected with the tidings. The messenger who was ordered to go with the customary inquiry, had now a countermand, and the family waited for a formal communication of the great event. They amused themselves in the mean time, with planning some method of taking possession of the long

wished-for habitation ; while the heir, in the fulness of his joy, imparted the event to his elected bride, whose fortune was to assist in rendering him one of the richest subjects in the three Kingdoms. Mrs. Quaintly aided the contemplating family in settling the ardent business of the moment.

What can be more evidently vain than the preparations of mortals for *to-morrow* ! What more common than plans for *coming years* ! We should laugh at a man who formed projects for a century hence ; but we call him long sighted, who determines what he will do upon occurrences which it is two to one he will never live to witness. The folly in the first instance is not more extravagant than that in the last ; and we only cease to wonder at this from its frequency.

The delay of the intelligence which Mrs. R. Percival so impatiently expected, vexed her beyond measure. Every rap at the door—every horseman in view, produced

duced the exclamation of—"A servant is now coming! Let Robert take the message."

Robert, whose countenance gave no specimen of what was passing *within*; prepared with fullen satisfaction to obey the commands of his mother every time that she fancied the messenger to be approaching: but the disappointments were so frequent, and the lady so fretted, that at length it was proposed that a servant should be dispatched with the usual inquiry, as if they had not received any information of the concluding event. He was accordingly commanded to go and return with the utmost speed, as no one, with the least degree of decency, could begin to order even a single article of mourning till they were made acquainted with the incident *in a proper way*. Mrs. Mitchel, however, to amuse the interval, observed that Miss Percival would look exceeding well in a black riding dress; especially as it could

not be necessary for her to relinquish powder.

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. R. Percival; "not do I know that I myself shall go without, any longer than while I am receiving the first compliments of condolence. I had almost," continued she, with a smile and downcast eyes, "said congratulation."

"For shame Eleanor!" said Mr. Percival, with the same kind of fimper on his countenance, "do let the old man be buried before you dance over his grave."

"Well it does not signify disowning it," returned the lady; "this certainly is the most joyful day of my life, and a day which has been so long in coming that I began to think it never would arrive."

"I wish every thing was settled, and that we were all fixed in the other house," was the rejoinder of Mrs. Percival the elder,

elder, while her countenance betrayed anxiety.

“ You will go immediately, I presume,” said Mrs. Quaintly : “ and you will go to your *destined* habitation. It was always in my three o'clock prayers that I might see the *blessed* day, and I have known long ago that my prayer would be answered, for this is an *ac-cepted* family ;” continued she, clasping her hands with fervency and hypocritically lifting her eyes to the cieling—we will not say to Heaven, for Heaven is not to be pervaded by eyes to which such a heart as Mrs. Quaintly's is united.

Our pious friends will not be pained by the foregoing observation, because it is not the real Religion of any sect at which we point, but the *assumption* of Religion to serve the worst of purposes. Mrs. Quaintly, it is true, professed Calvinism, but she hardly knew the principles which it taught. The outward sanctity it prescribed was what she was most sedulous

to observe, as under that disguise she could best pursue her designs, of patching a broken reputation, and in the character of a Saint, professing a holy friendship for those to whom it was her interest to appear attached. At the Lodge, she was always an acceptable visiter, because she flattered the vanity of its inhabitants, and was serviceable to many of their projects. She likewise made them acquainted with all the business of the vicinity, and apprised them of those who wished the continuance of the Spencers at the Aviary, and of those who waited with impatience for a change of its possessors.

With conversation such as has been related, did the waiting party amuse themselves till the return of the dispatched messenger; Miss Deborah wondering when her grandpapa would be buried; Miss Percival supposing that they would keep him as long as they could, that they might stay in their situation to the last possible moment; and Mr. Stephen, with the soft tongue

tongue of a Blifil, professing compassion
 for those whom the justice of the circum-
 stances rendered it necessary to expel from
 the Aviary ; and declaring his sorrow for
 the task which fell to his lot, of dispossessing
 them.

“ You may do as you please, I suppose,”
 said the generally silent Robert ; “ nobody
 will oblige you to go.”

“ *Rectitude*, Robert, obliges me,” re-
 plied Mr. Stephen. “ Every man ought
 to obey the will of his ancestors—ex-
 cept” [he would have added, had he
 spoken his secret sentiments] “ their in-
 junctions should oppose his interest or
 inclinations.”

The returning messenger now appeared
 in view.

“ He is coming !

“ He is coming !”

“ *It is he !*” resounded through the room,
 while they set themselves in order to hear
 the tidings, which Robert was dispatched
 to receive.

Robert who obeyed the command with more than his usual alacrity, staid some minutes with the servant, and then with hasty steps returning, exclaimed as he entered—" *Why, my grandfather is not dead!*"

"NOT DEAD!?!"—in the strongest tone of astonishment, proceeded from the lips of two or three at the same instant, while the silent ones seemed to have been stricken with inexpressible amazement.

"No; *not dead*"—replied the churlish youth, "but *better and likely to recover.*"

"Impossible!" said Mr. Percival; "this must be some mistake."

"You will not find it one, though," returned the former, as Stephen hastened out of the room in search of the messenger, that he might himself examine him; "my grandfather is *not dead*, but has had a fine sleep and is much better."

The surprize of Lady Booby, which our cousin Fielding so emphatically conveyed, when she heard a young man talk of his virtue,

rtue, fell greatly short of that which now
 lized the family of our Percivals and their
 lherents. They looked upon each other
 speechless wonder, till Mrs. R. Percival
 length burst into a flood of tears, and
 en exclaimed—"This is more than I
can bear! To be so near, as I thought to
 the attainment of my wishes, and to be
 disappointed in *this manner*—!!!"

Stephen now returned with unconceal-
 ble chagrin in his countenance; but strug-
 ling for composure and a smile, he said—

It is surely true; my great grandfather
 is not only still alive, but absolutely, in
 the opinion of the people about him, in
 a state of convalescence."

"*Curse* the people about him!" said the
 enraged and indecent Mrs. R. Percival.
 They are now triumphing in my mortifi-
 cation, and I dare say made more of his
 amendment than truth warrants, on pur-
 pose to plague me. I hate the whole
 crew!"

"Mother! Mother!" exclaimed the

K 5

equally

equally disappointed Mr. Stephen ; “ let
“ me beg of you to be moderate. My
“ grandfather, though somewhat revived,
“ cannot live for ever. He has now passed
“ his grand climacteric, and though after
“ that period, some constitutions mend, yet
“ shall not I soon be of age ? And will not
“ your wishes be as effectually accom-
“ plished by that event, as by his death ?”

“ Yes ; and *more* effectually,” returned
the mother, with eagerness, “ for I should
“ glory in driving them all before me ; but
“ who knows what may happen before
“ that period ? Your life is not ensured !”

“ But am not I the next heir ?” morosely
asked Robert. “ I am older than any of
“ my cousins. And will not that be all
“ the same to our family ?”

“ You are right Robert,” said Mrs. Percival the elder, with a significant nod ;
“ and your mother is blameable to be so
“ much affected by the old man’s amend-
“ ment ; which, however, after all, I can-
“ not but say I am sorry to hear.”

A silence

A silence of some minutes now ensued, during which every countenance betrayed expectation, Robert's excepted. The idea of his brother's death before his arrival at the age of twenty-one, now forcibly struck him as an event which would be highly beneficial to himself. Not that this was the first time such contingency had pervaded his imagination, but as it never, in his presence was made a subject of conversation, the confirmation which his grandmother gave of his having been right in his supposition, instantly sent a wish to his heart that his brother might die before his attainment of the age requisite for the possession of Spencer Aviary.

The disagreeable silence was first interrupted by Mrs. Quaintly's saying—"Mr. Stephen just now mentioned old Mr. Spencer's having passed his grand climacteric. I thought that period had been over with him long ago. I judged him to be eighty-five, at least."

"Oh he is not near that," replied Mrs.

K 6

R. Percival.

R. Percival. "All our family married very young; and he, himself, was a grandfather before he was forty-two."

A silence again ensued, for no one was in a humor to make conversation agreeable. We will therefore leave them to digest their disappointment, the bitterness of which every day increased, with the increasing strength of Mr. Spencer. In a short period, this good man seemed to be not only perfectly recovered, but even in a much better state of health than he had enjoyed for some of the preceding years.

The chagrin of Miss Bullion exceeded, if possible, that of the Percivals. In the midst of jet and pearls, did she receive the counteracting letter of *her dear Lord Beverley*, and after a paroxysm of rage, she sank into a fit from which she recovered to return to the violent agitation, the convulsive struggle of passion, which had occasioned her fainting. For several days she cried incessantly, and it was not till Mr. Stephen Percival had twice visited her and represented

sented how soon the time would arrive when the law would give her possession of all she coveted, that she was in any degree pacified. The disappointment was so extreme, and the countermand to milliners, mantuamakers, &c. so mortifying, that she could not, with any degree of decency, submit to the circumstance.



CHAP. LXXXVI.

The Codicil.

WE will now take a view of what is going forward at Spencer Aviary, beginning with the joy which all the family experienced upon the recovery of its venerable possessor. As soon as he was able, Mr. Spencer went with his truly grateful friend to the Parish Church to return thanks.

thanks to the Almighty Preserver for the blessings which he had received. Not that Mr. Spencer thought that his orisons would ascend more readily from the church than from the closet : but his intention was to set an example to those around him, and to evince his sense of the superintendence of the All-merciful and Supreme.

After the friends at Spenceer Aviary had recovered the serenity which had been interrupted by their late apprehensions, other interesting conversations began to take place amongst them, and no one subject more generally excited the feeling and expression of their regret than the loss of Harriet Montague. With Miss Spencer and Mr. Seymour this was a continual theme of discourse. They seemed to prefer the melancholy pleasure of talking about her to all the various amusements which surrounded them ; and as they often walked together to indulge in conversations relating to her former excellencies, it was soon buzzed about that their intercourse was
that.

at of love. To this idea, however, neither the Spencers nor the Abingtons gave any encouragement: not that any one of them could have formed an objection to such an attachment, but because they had daily proofs of Seymour's unbated affection for their lost and lovely favorite, and because they were not unacquainted with the partiality subsisting between Lucy and Mr. Clifford, who was now soon expected at Beverly. But from neither of these circumstances did the Percivals derive equal confidence against the existence of an attachment, which would involve the extinction of some of their dearest wishes, and most deeply founded plans. Their fears led them to believe its reality: and Miss Percival could hardly bear the severe mortification which she experienced. It was, indeed, a cause of keen vexation to the whole family: but as we have not leisure to attend upon them at this period, we must leave our readers to suppose what they

they endured from jealousy, pride, and disappointed ambition.

Mr. Barker and Henry Seymour spent the greatest part of the vacation at either the Aviary or the Shrubbery, and thus gave great offence to the people at the Lodge. By the advice however of Mr. Stephen no displeasure was expressed on the occasion, as that politic young man wished to have his family appear quite calm and complaisant, till he should get firm footing, and be established beyond controversy in the Aviary. The Percivals accordingly put on an abundant show of civility ; and visited at the different houses as usual ; but Mr. Russell always affirmed, with a single exception in favour of George, there was latent venom in the hearts of all the family.

Mr. Clifford now made his appearance at Beverly, and his presence brightened every eye. The ostensible motive for his visit was to see his friend Seymour, although
he

he resided at the Aviary, which would not be named Seymour's home. Hope now returned to the breast of Miss Percival, for it was soon known through the village, that Mr. Clifford had asked Miss Spencer of her parental friends, and that his petition had been well received.

All now was gaiety at the Aviary, every hour produced a festive scene. Parties of rural pleasure were continually forming, of which Mr. Russell was generally the projector, and at which Mr. Spencer, whose presence animated every heart, usually attended. The house was filled with numerous young visitants of both sexes, and everyone endeavored to please and be pleased. Yet a something still mitigated and chastised the happiness of the select society. Miss Spencer continued to lament the friend of her heart, and Seymour to sigh for the sole possessor of his affection: even Mr. Spencer himself was not without concern for the lovely favorite of his adoption. On his own account he was totally indifferent

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to every occurrence of life ; but as he was not so abstracted respecting the pleasures of those whom he loved, he saw with some regret the hasty approach of that period which must necessarily abridge his power of diffusing felicity through the vicinity ; and prevent the assemblage of such numerous young parties as he delighted to see happy in his spacious abode : for though the Shrubbery, to which it was intended that he should retire upon Mr. Stephen Percival's arrival at age, was an elegant situation and quite large enough for its destined inhabitants, yet the mode of living there could not be the same as at the Aviary ; a place which was doubtless calculated to afford as much rational pleasure as any one spot upon this habitable Globe. But the good man did not let any expression of concern for the expected change escape him. On the contrary, he endeavored to reconcile to the necessity, every person whom it was probable that it would affect, by painting the future prospect in the most glowing

owing colors, as well as by arguments of a more serious import. Mr. Ruffel was not so temperate in his conversation upon the subject. He frankly declared that it would be a very agreeable incident to him, if Stephen, Robert and Barbara Percival were to leave this world of trouble before their arrival at the age of twenty one, as when Lucy Spencer would incontestibly inherit the estate under the will of her grandfather, she being the next in seniority. Mr. Ruffel's declaration was not a commendable one. He was a really good man; but he was also a humorist, and had conceived a dislike to all the family at the lodge, their dispositions being diametrically opposite to his own, which was truly philanthropic. When Miss Montague was mentioned, he always shook his head; and often exclaimed—" *That old Hecate!*"— intimating that Mrs. Percival was, directly or indirectly, instrumental to the ruin of his favorite; from whose greatly superior charms she dreaded, as he averred, the disappointment

appointment of her plan for the aggrandisement of her son's family. For a long time he would not believe that Harriet had quitted the kingdom, and when, upon the most diligent search, he found that she had certainly departed from England with Captain Millemont, he continued to affirm that there was some mystery he could not then fathom, but which he would explore even though the investigation should cost him a voyage to the West Indies. He wrote in consequence to a former correspondent of his at Kingston in Jamaica, to request all the information which could be collected respecting what he termed the iniquitous business: but this letter did not reach the Island till Miss Montague had left Citron Grove. The gentleman to whom it was addressed being unfortunately at the time of its arrival a patient of Doctor Watson's, whom he knew to be acquainted with Millemont, apprised him of the inquiry which he had been directed to make. By the Doctor then he was informed that there
had

been at the Grove such a lady as the
 er described; that everybody supposed
 married to the Captain: that however,
 [the doctor] had thrown his doubts upon
 subject, as the lady, in a fit of anger,
 left the gentleman, and was somewhere
 reted with a handsome young officer
 who had accompanied her in her flight.
 his account which the ever-mischievous
 atson immediately fabricated, was trans-
 mitted to Spencer Aviary, to the complete
 molition of the fame of the spotless and
 arming subject of our kind reader's soli-
 tude. But it was not till after the period
 which we have brought affairs at Beverly,
 at this letter reached the hands of Mr.
 uffel.

We will now revert to the circumstance
 of Mr. Clifford's visit to Miss Spencer.

When Mr. Percival was convinced that
 the gentleman was well received at the
 aviary; and that, consequently, the idea of
 an attachment between Seymour and Lucy
 was a creature of the brain, he yielded to

the arguments of the female part of his family, and summoning the young gentleman to a conference at the Lodge, after some preparatory conversation, proceeded in the following strain—

“ You now see Harry, the absurdity of
“ forming any material connexion without
“ the advice, or at least the approbation of
“ those who from office, and experienced
“ judgment have a title to expect your
“ attention to their precepts. Had you
“ listened to me, you never would have
“ been duped by the specious appearance
“ of virtue in Harriet Montague.”

“ I do not recollect Sir,” replied Mr. Seymour, “ your ever mentioning any
“ thing relative to the subject you point
“ at. My opinion of Miss Montague was
“ indeed a high one; and that, at least,
“ she DID deserve it, I shall never cease
“ to believe.”

He spoke with an air so firm, and looked with such meaning, that his guardian was almost abashed. However, being a man

deep art, he disguised his confusion under an appearance of surprise, and exclaimed in a note of authority—"How dare you sir, thus peremptorily to profess sentiments so diametrically opposite to those of him who has a right to direct your opinion? Whatever may be your erroneously formed ideas, a regard to decorum—to modesty, ought to teach you to suppress an open avowal of what is so contrary to my declared judgment."

"If my manner has offended you sir," returned the ingenuous youth, with unabated firmness, but with an air of decent submission, "I am sorry for it; but it would be an ill compliment to your principles to suppose that you could wish me to reply to you with duplicity."

Mr. Percival saw with high displeasure the intrepidity of his ward, but, determining to avoid any farther altercation upon the subject, he only, with a half smile said, "Another guardian, young gentleman, might resent the freedom of both your
" speech

“ speech and manner, but as your candor
“ is some atonement for your incivility, I
“ am willing to overlook it, and will pro-
“ ceed to the chief business for which I
“ summoned you here this morning.”

Seymour bowed ; looked serious, and sat attentive, while Mr. Percival, not without some little confusion, continued his speech in the following language.

“ You were early made acquainted, Harry,
“ with the purport of your wife, good,
“ prudent and economical father’s last will
“ and appointment, which protracted the
“ term of your minority till the comple-
“ tion of your twenty-second year. You
“ likewise know that he gave me entire
“ power over the produce of the estate till
“ that period, leaving it to me to make
“ your allowance what, from circumstances,
“ should appear to me to be fit and dis-
“ creet.”

“ With all this, sir,” replied Seymour,
“ I am perfectly acquainted, and though
“ the circumstances are somewhat extra-

“ ordinary,

ordinary, I never permit myself to think about them with disapprobation."

"The circumstances Harry," observed guardian, "are not perhaps, so *very* extraordinary when it is considered that your father left you to the care of a man in whom he was convinced he could confide with safety; but there is one particular instance of his solicitude with which it has not hitherto been deemed proper to make you acquainted."

Seymour started, and Mr. Percival proceeded—"Not satisfied with the precautions in his will, your father, just before he departed, made a codicil."

"A codicil!" echoed the youth, considerably alarmed. "Why has it been kept so carefully from my knowledge?"

"Because had you sooner been told the injunctions it conveys, the wilfulness so natural to youth might have rendered you less disposed to fall in with our wishes than, left to your more ripened judgment, you now I hope will find yourself

“ to be,” was Mr. Percival’s reply with something like hesitation.

“ Pray fir go on,” said Seymour, “ I am all anxiety.”

Mr. Percival then proceeded to inform his listening ward that his father had expressed a wish that their two estates, which were not only contiguous, but quite intermixed, might, in process of time, be formed into one, which then, he observed, would be the first in the county ; that, therefore, he had promised to his dying friend to give to that daughter whom his son should prefer, the estate in question, upon his paying to one of the other children a stipulated sum : that the plan thus proposed so strongly possessed the mind of Mr. Seymour, that he would not permit Mr. Percival to rest till an attorney was sent for to make a codicil which should bind the young Henry to complete the scheme, under the penalty of the detention of the product of his estates till his twenty-fifth year. “ This Harry,” continued Mr. Percival, hold-

out a paper, “ is a copy of the codicil, which may be deemed your good father’s *1st will*, as the subject of it was that which most occupied his last moments.”

‘ It is with the utmost concern sir,” read Seymour, in a firm tone of voice, and near a minute’s silence; during which eyes were steadfastly fixed upon Mr. Percival—“ that I am taught to believe that my father, whose character, circumstances, as well as nature and duty, have directed me to regard with reverence, would have sunk into such an imbecility!—could have SANCTIONED [with peculiar earnestness of voice and manner he spoke the word] such *injustice*, as it respects posterity; and such *cruelty*, as it particularly refers to an only surviving child, for whose happiness I have understood that he always expressed almost unwarrantable anxiety.”

“ It was that very anxiety Harry,” answered Mr. Percival, endeavoring to retain placidness of manner, “ which induced

“ your father to comply with—to comply
“ with, did I say ! No ; to enforce his last
“ fervent wishes for your future welfare,
“ by binding you to pursue your probable
“ felicity. In this age, young gentleman”
[gathering resolution as he continued his
speech], “ daughters are so educated, that
“ a careful parent esteems it a blessing if
“ his child marries into a family which
“ preserves itself from the contagious vices
“ which infest our rising generation. Was
“ it therefore any impeachment of your
“ father’s prudence ; foresight, and pater-
“ nal regard that he wished to direct your
“ choice where it was likely that you
“ should escape the wretchedness of being
“ united to a mind corrupted by modern
“ manners ?”

“ It is not my intention sir,” answered
Mr. Seymour, in an almost angry tone of
voice, “ to derogate from the merits of
“ any individual of your family. Suffice
“ it to observe, that it is not always the
“ most deserving object who excites that
“ affection

affection which ought to precede an union for life. However worthy Miss Percival or Miss Deborah may be of my highest regard, I am sensible of its not being in my power to offer to either of them such sentiments with my hand as a woman of true delicacy would accept."

"All romance Harry!" returned the guardian, with an attempt at a smile.

Such boyish ideas are inconsistent with the strength of your judgment. The terms are—*The choice that has been made for you ; or the detention of your estate till you shall be five and twenty !*"

"Till that period then sir," said the indignant youth, rising from his seat, "I AM A BEGGAR. Circumstances may fetter my fortune, but not destroy the freedom of my mind. I own no director of my affection."

He bowed, and was leaving the room, but Mr. Percival desired him to stop: he obeyed, and turning round, stood in silence.

"You will think better of this matter

“ when you are cool Harry,” said Mr. Percival, as he rose from his chair, “ or I
“ have formed too high an opinion of your
“ understanding. Take therefore this copy
“ of the codicil and peruse it attentively.
“ You will there see the strength of your
“ excellent father’s reason and affection
“ united, and this may lead you to per-
“ ceive that there is some sense of kindness
“ due to myself likewise. The advantage,
“ Mr. Seymour, will not be all on one
“ side.”—While he was thus speaking he
put the paper into the almost passive hand
of his ward, who continued mute and trans-
fixed till his guardian had left the room.
Then sighing deeply, he walked with a
solemn pace out of the house and mounting
his horse, rode slowly towards the Aviary.
Mr. Percival went immediately to the
apartment of his lady, who, with her mo-
ther-in-law, was sitting in anxious expecta-
tion of the event of the negociation, which
they were so sanguine as to suppose could
not fail of being successful. Very great,
therefore,

erefore, was their disappointment upon the report of Mr. Percival, who was himself so chagrined, that he felt a pleasure in exaggerating, if that could be done, the determined manner in which Mr. Seymour had declared his nonacceptance of the offered terms. Mrs. Mitchel joined the malcontents, and increased, by her forebodings, the vexation of the party. When Miss Percival was necessarily made acquainted with the extinction of her hope, the variety of passions with which her breast was agitated, overpowered her; she sunk into the arms of her governess, and it was long before she would listen to any consoling suggestions.

Had Miss Percival really entertained a fervent affection for Mr. Seymour, we should not record the bitterness of her disappointment in such stoical language: on the contrary, the tenderest expressions of compassion would have accompanied the recital; for in our opinion the human heart cannot, *with innocence*, know a grief more poignant

poignant than that which is occasioned by the neglect of an object really beloved. Under such an affliction, every prospect is dark ; existence seems at a stand, and this fair creation, a dreary, disgusting wilderness : the pleasures that court the tender moments are refused with disdain : no possibility is allowed of future comfort, and nothing but that solitude which increases the sorrow of the heart, is willingly endured.

As a sense of meriting the grief we suffer, is doubtless a great aggravation of it, we once ventured to assert that a guilty person is more to be pitied than an innocent one under the same circumstances ; and we affirm, upon the word of our Royalty, that we meant to utter a Christian sentiment. An endeavor, however, was charitably, though rather unsuccessfully made, to correct the error of our ideas ; for being at that juncture in company with the reverend Mr. Sternhold, he told us that a man for whom we suffered our hearts

y heave a sigh, had no just title to our
 ompassion, as he had brought upon him-
 self the heavy load of misery, under which
 e groaned. We looked at the reverend
 gentleman with some surprise, and attempt-
 ed to exculpate ourselves by saying that we
 nly intended to observe, that as innocence
 such a sweet and solid alleviator of all a
 man can suffer, we could not but more
 eeply commiserate *him* who had deprived
 himself of this truly Divine Comforter.
 Mr. Sternhold then assured us that we were
 excessively wrong, and proceeded to inform
 us that the doctrine of "An eye for an
 eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was much
 more consistent with the *Justice* of the Al-
 mighty than that which says "If thine
 enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst,
 give him drink," and he declared his in-
 tention of explaining to his parishioners
 that misconstrued text—"I will have mercy
 and not sacrifice," which he assured us
 ought to be rendered, "*I will have sacrifice
 without mercy.*" The Christian preacher

(for so he really termed himself) finished his instructions with showing us that the doctrine of mercy, which the Great Gospel Teacher had every where so much insisted upon, had been more injurious to the interests of the Church than any other tenet or heresy which had been broached.

“ GOD forgive you sir,” said I as I left the room; but the reverend gentleman refused my prayer.

The passion which swelled the breast of Miss Percival was a compound of pride, vanity, envy, malice and covetousness. That she had a preferable regard for Mr. Seymour, we are ready to acknowledge; but had not his family been noble and his person handsome; had she not envied the beauty of Miss Montague and hated her for possessing it, and had not Martin’s Priory been a large and unencumbered estate, the *affection* of the young lady would not have been an obstinate one. In this case she would stoically perhaps have contemplated the more uncommon and more valuable

uable endowments of heart and mind which distinguished, our favorite Henry and placed him high above the multitude of his species: but that Harriet Montague could be preferred to herself—that the gentleman should be capable of seeing her own perfections with indifference, and could disappoint the expectations which her family had raised, and continued to encourage, was such a shock to her pride and self-love that it was not to be endured. We will therefore leave the mourning fair to the care of that only infallible physician ME, and advert to the indignant Henry Symour; whom our friends will excuse for having at this juncture more resentment than philosophy in his sentiments.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

A select Company of Anti-moderns.

AS we are in haste to attend to circumstances in a distant part of the World, we must exercise anew the imagination of our readers in the business which occupied our last chapter, leaving them to suppose what kind of conversation passed between Mr. Seymour and Mr. Clifford, on their meeting after the recent communication from Mrs. Percival, in the Aviary Park. Mr. Clifford on this occasion adopted the resentment of his friend without even attempting to mitigate his anger while it was in its height; a method frequently very injudiciously pursued by those who wish to calm an agitated breast. In earnest converse they proceeded to the house; where the assembled friends were made acquainted with the particulars before

fore related and the copy of the codicil read aloud by Mr. Barker. The astonished hearers expressed their amazement at the past silence of Mr. Percival, as well as at the injustice of the late Mr. Seymour to his son. "But be not under any undue concern, my dear Harry," said Mr. Spencer. "While I have a home upon this earth, that home shall be your's. My purse, likewise, shall be extended to supply all your wants; and, so well am I acquainted with your mind, that I hesitate not to say, your wishes too, till the proscribed period shall arrive."

Seymour, with tears of more than gratitude springing into his eyes, started from his seat and seizing the hand of the philanthropist, pressed it to his breast in silence; bowed and was retiring to his chair, when Mr. Spencer detaining his hand, continued—"I feel my good young friend, the sentiments of your heart: they are depicted in your face. Hear me a few words more, but answer me not. Should it be

"th

“ the Will of Him to whom [let it not
“ sound like ostentation] it is my supreme
“ pleasure to bow with resignation, to re-
“ move me from my present state of exist-
“ ence before you are put into possession
“ of your estate, have confidence in those
“ on whom I can with safety bid you rely.
“ Look around you, my dear boy : there
“ is not an individual present who will
“ not, with pleasure, supply all the services
“ which I can offer, when I shall be gone.”

The face of the venerable speaker shone as he spoke. The scene was affecting. Every one wished to say something, but all were silent. They could only bow and *look* a confirmation of the good man's assertion. Mr. Edward Spencer at length arose, and going to his grandfather said,
“ My dear sir I thank you for thus answer-
“ ing for me, amongst the rest of our as-
“ sembled friends. I hope that I shall
“ not disappoint your kind predictions.”

“ You never *did* disappoint my predic-
“ tions, Edward,” returned Mr. Spencer.

“ I always

I always foresaw that you *would* be what you *are*. If you fail in the present instance, you must do a violence to your nature."

A general conversation now ensued, in which every one spoke with energy the sentiments of his mind. Mrs. Spencer warmly coincided with her husband in assuring Mr. Seymour that she could not know a greater pleasure than that of being permitted to consider him as one of her family.

"Were I," she said, "capable of envy, it would I think, rest upon the woman who could boast of being the mother of such a son."

"Would to Heaven"—said Mrs. George Abington, and stopped; then resuming, added, "yet how can I suppress a wish that the descendant who is to succeed my grandfather resembled him as much as Mr. Seymour does; or at least, that he bore more of his image than Stephen Percival."

"It

“ It is a wish my dear Matilda,” rejoined her husband, in which every one present, and indeed all who are acquainted with the circumstances, must very cordially unite.”

Miss Martha Abington, who happened to be that day at the Aviary, rebuked her brother and his lady for their uncharitable innuendoes; adding—that it was “ evidently the intention of Providence the Aviary estate should pass to the family of her friend Mrs. R. Percival, who had been very unjustly stigmatized for what, *charitably speaking*, was only policy and prudence.”

“ *Policy, and prudence!*” echoed Mr. Ruffel. D-v-l-sh impudence and roguery! “ Policy and prudence indeed! Why Martha thou art as bad as she, and that is as bad as the d-v-l can make thee, if thou defendest her infamous conduct.”

“ *Infamous!* Sir,” replied Miss Martha, and was going on when Mr. Abington prevented her by saying, “ Patty I request you not to enter upon this subject.

“ *Charity*

‘ Charity is a virtue which I wish you to
‘ exercise upon ALL occasions”—[with an
emphasis he spoke, as the lady was not
particularly eminent for charity to her
neighbours in general]—“but in the pre-
‘ sent instance, too much lenity would be a
‘ faulty weakness to crimes that ought not
‘ to be patronized.”

“ Crimes! Sir,”—repeated Miss Martha,
when she was interrupted by her mother,
who said—“ Indeed child you are too par-
“ tial to the errors of Mrs. R. Percival.
“ You know your intimacy with her has
“ often been a source of concern to us all.
“ I wish you would not spend so much of
“ your time at the Lodge.”

“ Indeed madam,” returned Miss Mar-
tha, “ I think myself old enough to chuse
“ my acquaintance: but I suppose my
“ sister Emily is not fond of the Percivals.
“ She, perhaps has asked you to prohibit
“ my visits to that family.”

“ Nay, now Patty you are unkind,” re-
plied Miss Abington, a tear starting into
he

her eye. "When did I ever breathe a
" wish to deprive you of any pleasure con-
" sistent with your real happiness?"

Matilda and Caroline Spencer, between whom she sat, saw the falling tear and were affected; upon which Caroline, with a quickness natural to her, said. "How *can*
" you Miss Martha, say any think so un-
" kind of Miss Abington! Pardon me my
" dear friends that I take so much conse-
" quence upon myself as to speak on this
" subject, but when Miss Abington suffers
" I suffer likewise.

"Who can do otherwise?" said the meeker Matilda. "Miss Abington's cause
" is the cause of every affectionate heart."

Miss Martha arose and left the room, saying, with a curtesy, that she should not stay for any stronger hints to take her leave; and adding that notwithstanding the kind advice which had been given to her, she should seek that welcome at Beverly Lodge which she found was denied her at Spencer Aviary.

Her

Her departure cast a cloud over the countenances of her nearest relations : but it was soon dispelled, as her conduct was too often similar to what she now exhibited, to permit their being either surprised or lastingly concerned by its unpleasantness. As soon as the door closed after her, the business respecting the codicil of Mr. Seymour's father was resumed. Mr. Ruffel, who had proposed the measure of Henry's hiring another guardian, was informed by Mr. Barker who had attentively perused the will, that the step would be ineffectual, as the testator had absolutely constituted Mr. Percival, not only the sole guardian to his son, but an absolute TRUSTEE to the whole estate ; that Henry's choice therefore of a guardian could only give a friend the right of protecting his person " And *that* right," continued Mr. Barker, " we all agree in thinking cannot be consigned to a more proper individual than himself."

" You say true, my good friend," replied Mr. Spencer, " with respect to protection

" from

“ from personal injury, but the choice of
 “ a new guardian for the remaining term
 “ of his minority may lay some restraint on
 “ the arbitrary designs of Mr. Percival,
 “ who I am grieved to think will not stop
 “ at trifling oppositions to what now ap-
 “ pears to be his determined plan.”

Mr. Barker was convinced that Mr. Spencer judged properly, and Mr. Seymour, with a face glowing as he spoke, said to the venerable man—“ If I might be allowed to
 “ name you Sir as my protector, I should
 “ have hope that Mr. Percival would desist
 “ from undue proceedings. The bare no-
 “ mination would strike him with too much
 “ awe to permit his pursuit of any unwar-
 “ rantable project.”

“ Do you consider, my dear child,” replied the Patriarch, “ the nature of your
 “ request? Do you recollect that you are
 “ talking to an old man whose term of
 “ life is expiring, and who hopes ere long
 “ to—”

“ Dear sir!” said Lucy, interrupting
 him.

im, "do not hold such a melancholy picture to our view. Your presence is the life of your children; let us enjoy it while we may, without anticipating the dismal prospect of our deprivation."

Clifford was instantly by the side of his Lucy. He enforced her request and added—
'Permit me my venerable friend; to
'number myself amongst your children,
'and let me urge our Seymour's being
'made happy by your particular pro-
'tection."

Mr. Spencer was affected by the reverence paid to him by all around. His eyes were moistened by paternal pleasure, and taking a hand from Lucy he put it into one of Clifford's and pressing them between his own, said, "You *are* amongst the number of my dearest children. May the
"blessing of Heaven attend your union!"
He could say no more, but smiling benignly on the attentive circle, withdrew to his own adjoining closet. Lucy dropped her

her head on the shoulder of Clifford, who whispered an earnest entreaty that she would not, longer than circumstances rendered it necessary, preclude him from her grandfather's benediction. In a short time Mr. Spencer returned to the company, and the remainder of the day was spent in that peculiar happiness which such congenial minds were calculated to enjoy ; cheerfulness, and even mirth, soon regaining that place which, for a period, had been given to the more affecting presence of tender sensibility.

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

*The Scheme of the meditated Entré into Spencer
Aviary.*

THE last chapter introduced our readers to a conversation in which several of our favorites bore some part. Previous to the long leave which necessity obliges us take of the Aviary, we are desirous of giving every one an opportunity of delivering his opinion in his own words, though our scanty portion of time hardly allowed us to execute our wishes.

Mr. Spencer is now the chosen and declared guardian of Henry Seymour ; and Mr. Percival is alarmed by the transaction.

Mr. Ruffel, deputed by Mr. Spencer, investigates the legality of the late Mr. Seymour's dispositions, and finds, that though he had been induced, or, as some circumstances almost demonstrated, had been
compelled.

compelled in his latest moments, to put his signature to the prepared codicil of Mr. Percival's directing, he had no power to fix any limitations on his son's possession of the property after his attainment of his twenty-second year ; a term mentioned by the first entailer, a great maternal uncle, who having been enticed, on his entering on his fortune, to marry an artful woman with whom he lived a very miserable life, was determined to give his successors another year's chance for acquiring wisdom before they could legally sign their own ruin. The deeds of the entail had been carefully kept by Mr. Percival from the perusal of Henry Seymour, who was so young when his father died that he had no other knowledge of his own affairs than what his guardian chose to communicate. For a considerable time Mr. Percival continued obstinate and refused to come to any explanation with his ward's new protector ; but finding that the tide of circumstances ran too strongly against him, he at length
thought

ought it proper to make a seeming merit necessity, and lay every thing open to Mr. Ruffel's investigation. His conduct, he pretended, had proceeded from a pious intention to perform a promise exacted from him by his dying friend, of endeavoring to secure the young Henry from making an improper choice by connecting him in early life with one of his own daughters, and that he had not thought it right to inform the young gentleman of the full extent of his own power, till he had effected the wishes of his careful parent.

Mr. Ruffel was desirous to pursue a farther detection of Mr. Percival's interested and reproachable conduct; but as Mr. Spencer, who wished to preserve, at least the appearance of family amity, requested that this Gentleman might be let off as easily as was consistent with a due regard to rectitude, Mr. Ruffel, after setting in his own view the reprehensibleness of his proceedings, told him that if he would consent to make Mr. Seymour a

genteel allowance, no public notice should be taken of the affair. Instead of acknowledging himself obliged by the proposal, Mr. Percival's sense of his own degradation made him sullen. Assuming an haughty air, he said that he neither would nor could increase the annual sum allotted for the young man's minority. Injudicious as his conduct had been, Mr. Percival was determined to prove himself a faithful steward for him. What he had hitherto received, should still be paid to him, and as he had thought proper to chuse himself a *better* guardian, he might spend his allowance in any part of Great Britain, but he must on no account leave the Island, his father's dislike to a foreign education having been mentioned in his will.

As Mr. Percival's power could not be superseded, the gentlemen separated, greatly dissatisfied with each other ; Mr. Russell determining to furnish Mr. Seymour with whatever money he wanted till he should become possessed of his estate, and Mr.

Percival

mercival resolving to make the whole vicinity feel the effect of his influence when his son should be Lord of Beverly. As he left the room, he muttered something reflecting his vexation at the soundness of the *old man's* constitution, but at the same time intimated that by the protraction of the life of Mr. Spencer, even *he* would be made sensible of the power and consequence of himself and his family.

Spencer Aviary was now to be the residence of both Mr. Seymour and Mr. Barker during the periods of their university vacation. Circumstances were soon arranged; and the young gentlemen returned to College, where the same apparent unity prevailed amongst them as formerly. The prudence of Mr. Barker; the sweetness of Seymour's disposition; the urbanity of Clifford; the hypocrisy of Stephen; the subtle acquiescence of Robert, and the real good humor of George, all conspired to prevent any apparent animosity from severing the Beverly students. It was not, indeed,

deed, possible that such sentiments as possessed the minds of the two elder Percivals, could intimately or cordially unite with those which influenced the rest of the party, which were composed of materials the most rare and ornamental in our nature.

Clifford, in process of time found himself in a happy independency by the death of the relation mentioned in our first account of him. But neither he nor Mr. Russel, nor any of his Beverly friends, could prevail on Seymour to accept of an increase of income. He knew that if he should die in his minority, the debt would remain unpaid, and this consideration made him resolute in his rejection of any offer of this kind, greatly desirous as he was to make a foreign tour, and much as those who were interested in his happiness wished him, for a period, to leave the kingdom. To this wish his friends were induc'd by the belief that a change of scene would assist in obliterating from his remembrance the lamented Harriet Montague, whose image

continued

continued to obtrude, as they were sensible, on all his retirements, with unabated veliness. Of this, indeed, they were well convinced, though the vivacity of his disposition and manners prevented an ordinary acquaintance from any suspicion of such a secret attachment. In all parties of pleasure Clifford and Seymour stood foremost, and enlivened the rest of the company. Henry, in particular, yielded to dissipation more than a rigid tutor would have approved : but Mr. Barker who still continued with the young gentlemen as an advising friend (their public preceptor being a Fellow of the College in which they were entered) was far from discouraging these indulgences, convinced that they would not be carried beyond due bounds, and hoping that a diversity of objects would assist in liberating the too strongly fixed affection of his favorite pupil. Stephen Percival, who was not received with those smiles which never failed to welcome the arrival of Seymour and Clifford, often in-

timated to Mr. Barker the impropriety of such a conduct, and when he found that he could not prevail with that gentleman to advise Henry to be what he called more circumspect, objected the example and encouragement it gave to his brothers to relax from the necessary austerity of a College residence, where learning, he said, ought to be the only object in view. Robert, indeed, he hoped would not be contaminated, but the opinion and attachment of the more giddy George, might lead him to approve and follow whatever was taught him by Mr. Seymour. In opposition, however, to all the sophistry of Mr. Stephen Percival, Mr. Barker persisted in giving to Henry all the liberty which his bias led him to take; and without any alteration of plan the students continued at Cambridge till nearly the time at which Mr. Percival's guardianship was to expire, and at which it was deemed necessary for Mr. Stephen to make preparations for taking possession of the noblest estate in the country, together
with

h the hand of the opulent heiress of
 LLION BOWER.

When the gentlemen returned to Beverly, they were severally received with
 ely expressions of joy by their expecting
 ends; allayed, however, on the part of
 Mrs. R. Percival by her observing that her
 n Stephen, on whom all her happiness
 depended, looked pale and drooping. Miss
 ullion too was alarmed at his appearance;
 or though Robert was the next hope of
 oth, yet to both, *another* twelvemonth
 seemed an *Age* to wait for the completion
 f their wishes. But their consolers smoothed
 d the appearance of danger by represent-
 ng that in a very few months, possession
 ould be taken of the estate and the mar-
 iage solemnized; that immediately on
 hese *Lord Beverly* would be empowered to
 dispose of all the property, and that then
 here could be no doubt that his widow
 and his nearest relations would be the pe-
 culiar objects of his care. On these sug-
 gestions the ladies endeavoring to banish

their fears, began to prepare the most sumptuous attire that could be procured, and made such splendid arrangements for the *superbe entrée*, which was fixed on the day after Mr. Stephen's birth day, that nothing else was talked of in the vicinity. Six coaches with six horses to each; double the number of chariots, with chaises, phaetons and various fancy carriages, attended by multitudes of gentlemen on horseback, and a profusion of servants in the richest liveries, were to issue from the gates of Beverly Lodge, on the impatiently expected morning of the seventeenth of June. Every gentleman's family in the surrounding country was invited to increase the grand *cortège*: indeed no excuse was admitted for the non-acceptance of the invitation. The bells in all the neighboring steeples were to be in motion, and several bands of music were bespoke to attend the procession; which was to move slowly, that the foot-people, who it was expected would appear in myriads, might keep up
with

with this raree-show. The young women in the village were to be provided with white dresses, and to carry baskets of flowers to be strewn before the company upon their alighting from the upper avenue in the park at Spencer Aviary. From this place, as no doubt was entertained of the idleness of the day, the party were to walk to the house. On their arrival at the mansion the marriage ceremony was to be performed by the Bishop of the Diocese, who was to go in the state coach with Mrs. R. Percival and the bride and bridegroom. A great number of canopies were to be erected in the park, under which, it was designed that tables should be spread with a profusion of provisions for all the neighborhood; and to display the immensity of the estate, it was intended that the tenants should dine before the front windows. In the evening, the house and gardens were to be illuminated, and music was to attune its notes in every quarter for the dancers, both within and without.

An endeavor to describe the repast designed for the grand visitants, would be ridiculous, as nothing but the highest raised imagination can form any idea of it. The pen of even Sir Charles Morell would have found sufficient employment in the description. There was not one quarter of the Globe left unransacked on this occasion, nor was the greatest expense spared to make the slightest addition which was suggested by the fancy of any of those who were admitted to the consultation. As it was necessary that some of these designs should be forwarded previous to the period in which they were to be exhibited, it was likewise requisite that leave should be asked of Mr. Spencer for the artificers to enter the park for the purpose of raising tents, canopies, &c. On this account it was in debate whether a slight, but formal invitation ought not to be given to the inhabitants of the Aviary to stay and partake of the entertainment ; though it would be a matter of absolute indifference whether or
not

not that invitation was accepted, as their absence or their presence would supply the exulting Percivals with an equal occasion of triumph.

But gentle reader ! we cannot pursue a subject which it irritates us to contemplate. We cannot unmoved behold even in idea what the Percivals termed the disgrace of Mr. Spencer.

The disgrace of a GOOD MAN ! The words are incompatible with each other. *A Good Man !* my good friends ! cannot be disgraced. Clouded—eclipsed—he may be for a time ; but disgrace can only be fastened on those who wilfully offend their GOD, or—which is an expression synonymous—depress and injure their fellow-mortals!!!

CHAP. LXXXIX.

An aërial Tour without a Balloon—and a Letter.

IN our last chapter we resided in the dominions of the King of Great Britain ; a Monarch whose social virtues must endear him to every lover of humanity, and whose conduct renders him a proper example for every husband ; father and friend within his own territories. We are now wafted to the fraternal shores of Pennsylvania ; landed in the city of Philadelphia, and fixed in the house of Mrs. Montgomery, a widow who lets lodgings in Front Street, opposite to the beautiful Province of New Jersey ; which lies immediately on the opposite bank of the spacious River Delaware.

Mrs. Montgomery was an amiable, worthy and unfortunate woman. Did not circumstances press upon our leisure, we
would

would wound the hearts of our readers of sensibility with an account of her merits and misfortunes: but engaged as we are, we must forego the relation of them.

In the pleasant apartments of this gentlewoman—apartments in which we have spent many agreeable hours—we are now to suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, with their three daughters, and our lovely and beloved Harriet Montague, are comfortably established: and if our readers are not glad to be brought again into the society of these persons, whom we so strongly patronize, we must declare our decided disapprobation of their taste, and we shall not hesitate to disclaim their pretended allegiance.

There are in this foggy Island—an Island, by the bye, as well calculated for the practice of every virtue and the enjoyment of every happiness, as any tract of land between the Poles, from the first to the hundred and eightieth degree of east or west longitude from the meridian of London Bridge—there are, I assert, in this foggy
Island

Island, some strange, vacant faces of clay, united to solid heads, in which no brain ever worked ; and to hollow hearts which no affection ever warmed, that can read of—nay could have *seen* MISS MONTAGUE, without any other emotion than that with which they contemplate one of the finely carved busts which ornament the saloon of Lord Elmwood.

“ It is very beautiful indeed ! ”—would they exclaim in echo to the observation of some one capable of forming an opinion of his own, whether it was the head of Oliver Cromwell or the face of a Miss Montague that came under their investigation ; but if a greater personage should happen immediately after to find any fault with either the Usurper or the Venus, one of the same speaking statues would reply—“ I perfectly agree with you my lord ; I cannot, I own, see any beauty in it ”—That Miss Montague would not have been looked upon with approbation by such a being, is certain, because Miss Montague was not *rich*, a circumstance which would sink the
finest

finest features and the most estimable qualities to a level below the notice of these Knights of the stupid order; whereas a certain quantity of the shining ore would make the most homely face glitter in their eyes, and brighten the understanding of an idiot. Nor can such a standard of estimation, with such a class of the human race, be a just subject of wonder. Conscious that the gold which they possess constitutes their only superiority, they grow impenetrable to the sense of merit drawn from any other possession in the Universe.

The hospitality our sojourners experienced from the inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia, abated the irksomeness which the necessarily protracted time of their abode in that city would otherwise have occasioned. Mr. Herbert found it to the advantage of the firm to continue there much longer than he had intended: and though Mrs. Herbert sighed to return to England, she was too wise and too good to increase her husband's uneasiness, by any ardently expressed desire for a removal.

Our Harriet, respecting present circumstances only, was happily situated, as the high opinion her new friends entertained of her, led them to treat her with the greatest respect, while their affection, every day increased by an increased sense of her merit, found a solace in her company which greatly overpaid, in their estimation, all the services that they were empowered to render her. The frequent absence of Mr. Herbert, sometimes for months together, in both the southern and northern parts of the western Continent, would have been almost intolerable to his lady had not Harriet been with her; for though they were soon known and greatly esteemed by many very respectable families in Philadelphia, to whom they had brought letters of introduction, yet it was not from amusement that she could extract consolation. Sympathy and the pure balm of friendship only could soften the hours of anxious expectation, which, so fervent was her regard for her benefactor and protector, were almost as severe to the grateful Harriet as to Mrs. Herbert.

Amongst

Amongst the families which particularly distinguished our friends, those of Mr. Bond and Mr. John Warder stood foremost. The first gentleman was then Deputy Consul; but is now Consul General for the middle and southern States of North America. The other is a very respectable merchant; a man of the highest integrity; who carrying over to Philadelphia a very agreeable lady whom he married from Ipswich, was peculiarly sedulous to cultivate the acquaintance of respectable English people. These last mentioned hospitable Americans, if the lady can justly be termed one, were of the sect of Quakers—a sect more eminently remarked for acts of philanthropy and beneficence than any other under Heaven.

Our good orthodox readers are now all in alarm at the outrage of this assertion, and we are set down as enemies to the sacred rites of the Christian Religion. But softly my dear zealous friends! do not let your charity be ran away with by the warmth of your persuasion. Quakers are
Christia

Christians as well as you, and Christians, let me tell you, of the purest kind ; but as you are exceedingly angry with us for our lenity, we will, to appease you, acknowledge that there are in this flock, as in all others, many speckled sheep. We assert only that the *principles* of these people, however much some of their professors may tarnish them, are unadulterated, pure Christianity.

With Mr. and Mrs. Warder and numerous branches of their family ; Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Bond ; the amiable Mrs. Montgomery ; Mrs. Williams her very worthy aunt ; Miss Hawkins her sister, and Mr. Kensley, a facetious fellow-lodger, did Mrs. Herbert and Miss Montague sometimes lighten the heavy hours of Mr. Herbert's occasional absence, for the space of more than two years, during which time the gentleman was obliged to go again to the West Indies. This circumstance was a severe piece of fortune ; but his expeditions return, once more gilded the scene, and
after

after various perplexities, their voyage to England was fixed for the ensuing October.

When Mr. Herbert was last in Jamaica, he was greatly alarmed by the altered appearance of the worthy Mr. Cumberland, who seemed hastening to dissolution: an event of which he was himself perfectly sensible, but of which he had hitherto forbore to afflict his friend with the communication. He now however imparted his conviction of his approaching departure to Mr. Herbert, and advised him to select some person upon whose integrity he could rely, for the supplying the vacant situation, it being absolutely necessary that there should be one partner constantly resident at Port Passage. Mr. Herbert was extremely grieved at the prospect of losing this estimable friend; but Mr. Cumberland reasoned so forcibly and indeed so pleasantly about a removal from this world to the next, that Mr. Herbert could not refuse his assent to his arguments, or reject the consolation, which they offered.

“ I am,” said Mr. Cumberland, “ summoned”
“ none

“ moned at an earlier period than from
“ the apparent soundness of my constitu-
“ tion might have been expected. But to
“ what am I summoned? Not to another
“ life of toil and vexation. Not to ano-
“ ther land of fatigue and continual dis-
“ appointment, but to a region of unruf-
“ fled—unfading felicity! Think not that
“ I speak from one boasting—one pre-
“ suming principle. On the contrary, I
“ know, I feel, I confess that I have neg-
“ lected and abused the mercies of my
“ GOD, and that if I had my deserts, my
“ portion would be wretchedness. It is
“ not sufficient to plead my being left at
“ an early age to the bias of my own too
“ vivacious inclination. I always knew
“ what was rectitude and what was error.
“ I was always conscious that there was a
“ secret, whispering monitor fixed in the
“ awful recesses of my heart, whose voice,
“ when I stifled it not, told me in the most
“ friendly language, the path to duty and
“ to bliss. For a series of years I insulted
“ this truly Celestial Guide. I persuaded
“ myself.

“ myself that the voice was the voice of
“ superstition ; but He who presided over
“ this Instructor, at length softened my
“ mind to attend to His dictates. As
“ from a deep and dangerous sleep, I at
“ once seemed to be awakened, and stood
“ astonished at the unwearied care with
“ which I was now conscious that the
“ Almighty Father of the human race had
“ watched over me—over *me*, an unde-
“ serving individual who was utterly un-
“ worthy of His love. The awakening
“ impulse was so strong that it convinced
“ me my salvation was a subject of import-
“ ance in the eyes of Heaven. I saw the
“ watch that had been set over me. I saw
“ the precipices on which I had stood ;
“ the dangers from which I had been res-
“ cued, and was perfectly sensible that the
“ bliss of futurity was still, not only offered
“ to my choice, but enforced upon my
“ acceptance. The crisis was important.
“ I resolved to endeavor to free myself
“ from the shackles of pleasure ; from the
“ incitements of a life of dissipation : and
“ pur

“ pursue the resolution when it was once
 “ formed, was beyond my imagination
 “ easy and pleasant. I am not yet sixty,
 “ and yet I have outlived every relation of
 “ whom I had ever any knowledge. As
 “ you therefore must have the trouble of
 “ executing some of my last wishes, and
 “ as your presence in England will be ab-
 “ solutely necessary, I feel a peculiar an-
 “ xiety for your establishing, without delay,
 “ some worthy partner in our firm ; and
 “ from what I have heard you say of your
 “ brother Frank, I cannot but think that
 “ he would be a very eligible person for
 “ the appointment.”

And now my gay and critical readers, what have ye to say to the above oration of Mr. Cumberland's ?

Was he a Methodist ; or a Quaker ; or
 a Presbyterian ; or a Mahometan ; or what !
 An orthodox member of the Church of
 England he *cannot* be ; for though his sen-
 timents are conformable to the tenets of
 that church, they are rather opposite to the
 opinion and practice of many of its pre-
 sent

sent members. The fact is, that Mr. Cumberland's father was an old-fashioned preacher of the Gospel of Christ. He believed what he delivered from the pulpit, and his life was in harmony with his doctrines. Mr. Cumberland, therefore, who had imbibed his father's precepts, and had never lost sight of his faith, notwithstanding the deviation of his practice, was a professed and sincere member of the Church of this kingdom, though not perhaps a strict observer of all its forms, nor a zealous advocate for every ceremonial precept.

CHAP. XC.

What the Reader pleases.

THE sentiments of Mr. Cumberland deeply affected Mr. Herbert, the two gentlemen having lived upon terms of the greatest cordiality ever since the name of the last mentioned had been added to the
fir

firm. It was some time before Mr. Herbert could make any reply ; but at length he subdued his emotion, and assuring his friend that the strictest attention should be paid to every injunction, whether written or only verbal, he thankfully accepted of the nomination of his brother, to whom he said, that the offer would be very acceptable. Mr. Herbert accordingly wrote without delay to his father ; and Frank arrived at Jamaica in sufficient time to secure, by the regularity of his conduct, the confidence of Mr. Cumberland before that gentleman received the summons of departure, which, for a length of time he had expected with peculiar resignation.

END OF VOL. III.



